"JACK" PHILIP

REAR ADMIRAL, U.S.N.

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Maclay, A.S.
Life and adventures of
"Jack" Philip.

Rear-Admiral John Woodward Philip, U. S. N.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

"JACK" PHILIP

REAR-ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY

A MEMORIAL MAGAZINE IN FOUR NUMBERS
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Editor of the Journal of William Maclay (U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789-1791), and of the Diary of Samuel Maclay (U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, 1802-1809)

ASSISTED BY BARRETT PHILIP

With Contributory and Anecdotal Articles by

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To the memory of that

Gallant Seaman and Christian Gentleman

Rear-Admiral John Woodward Philip, U. S. N.

This work is respectfully

Dedicated

"Friendships are beacon lights illuminating our pathway through life—and the longer they burn the brighter they become. Happy the man who can pursue his journey to the end without his pathway being darkened by the extinguishment of one of these lights!"

FRANCIS JOHN HIGGINSON,
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

2022

Executive Mansion

Washington

September 1, 1900.

Admiral Philip's distinguished service in the war with Spain won for him a high place in the regard and affection of the American people and was a fitting climax to his many years of duty faithfully and most efficiently performed.

His untimely death will be long regretted, not only by those who were intimate with his sterling character and genial personality, but by all to whom his name and fame were known.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

THERE have been few officers in the United States navy whose careers have been so nearly ideal as that of John Woodward Philip. His life-long devotion to duty, his conscientious carrying-on of routine in the many weary years of peace—weary at least to sea-warriors—his entire innocence of newspaper press bureaus or politico-social influence, his superb conduct in battle, his modest, sailor-like acknowledgment of the plaudits of his countrymen, and, more than all, his beautiful Christian character have peculiarly endeared him to the American people. As a standard of naval excellence for the emulation of younger officers, the career of Philip is unsurpassed and cannot fail of beneficial results.

To know "Jack" Philip—as he always will be affectionately known by those close to him—was to love him; and, perhaps, the grandeur of his character is nowhere shown to better advantage than in his private letters and diary in which he unconsciously displays the full brilliancy of his soul. It is generally supposed—and to some extent true—that a diary is merely a monotonous entry of dates, conditions of the weather and other matters of purely individual interest. An exception must be made in the case of Philip. His private papers are replete with observations of the keenest human in-

terest, while his sense of humor—so characteristic of the man—bubbles through all his writings, rendering them in the highest degree readable. In his journal of a cruise in the Far East, 1865–68, are many incidents of historic value, his landing on Chinese soil and capture of the notorious outlaw, Hon, easily ranking with the most brilliant of our "lesser" naval exploits.

As a means of presenting these valuable records in the most readable form, the somewhat unusual plan of having the main narrative illuminated, here and there, by "cross-lights" from the pens of those who knew Philip best, has been adopted. The writer desires to acknowledge the great assistance he has received from Barrett Philip. To him belongs the credit for the conception of this work.

There has been some dispute as to the precise wording of Philip's now famous exclamation at the naval battle of Santiago: "Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying!" In some popular accounts the word "devils" is substituted for "fellows." It has been the privilege of the writer to read through the private papers of Philip for a period extending over forty years, and no where does the word "devil" or any approach to profane speech appear. It is highly inferential, therefore, that Philip, on this supreme occasion, was not guilty of any looseness of expression. E. S. M.

New York, April, 1903.

INTRODUCTION

Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. (retired)

ONE of the first impressions made upon an observant reader, by the articles which form part of this work, can scarcely fail to be how much of interesting incident, pathetic, amusing, characteristic, what not, must appear in the common daily life of any man, if only it were duly recorded; but which most often passes away with him and is lost, unless some unusual circumstances, as in the case of Admiral Philip, lead to a collection of reminiscences, before the deaths of those in whose memories they lie hid shall have covered the man's career with a veil of almost total oblivion.

Admiral Philip, however, was not an ordinary man. That he had a strongly marked personality, as well as a varied experience of life, is sufficiently testified, even to the most casual reader of the following sketches. Written, as these are, by many different persons, each cannot fail to emphasize from his own point of view those particular traits of character, or those especial incidents, which his own individuality has made him most quick to appreciate; but, nevertheless, the common humanity which underlies all our superficial diversities will also give its own coloring to each narrative. The uniformity of impression hence resulting, the unpremeditated accord of many witnesses, will give assurance of the broad outlines defining the man's character, of the

basis of principle and belief upon which conduct rested, of the nature, original or modified, which showed itself spontaneously when any special call elicited an external manifestation of the inner spirit that made him what he was; when, as it were, out of the abundance of the heart the very man himself has spoken, whether by uttered word or by silent deed.

I suppose that, with so many independent narratives placed in my hands, with the request to prepare an introduction to them, it is proper that I should contribute —not reminiscences of my own, but—an attempt, at least, to gather together into one the result of the recollections and of the traits of character presented by the other writers. To this, and to this only, in the scheme of a memorial to Philip, could my relations to his life at all summon me; for, while I knew him for over forty years, and always on terms of pleasantest intimacy when we met, our association was ever interrupted and infrequent. Except for the three months of practice cruise in 1857, during the summer after we both entered the Naval Academy, we never sailed in the same ship, and only for brief intervals were even in the same squadron. I have, indeed, my own clear and vivid sense of his personality, for he was not a man to glide smoothly over one's consciousness, even in a brief interview, and to leave no abiding trace upon memory; his glance, face and speech, keen and trenchant as a razor, were equally incisive and immediate in the effect produced. One understood something about him at once, and much more than is commonly gathered about the average man in an even longer period; but it was not my privilege to enjoy with him that continued intimacy, in virtue of which one can at last say that he knows his fellow.

Philip was fortunate in the choice, or chance, of his pro-

fession. Whatever in ultimate analysis was the groundwork of his native character, he found himself at once thoroughly at home and at ease in the seaman's calling. I remember that even in that early cruise, 1857, when probably he first saw the sea—for he came from inland—there was a happy forwardness about him in all the workings of the ship that showed he was enjoying himself. Whatever was going on, if you remembered anything about it afterward, you were pretty sure to remember also Philip's face, keen and smiling among the throng. He stood out among others by dint of the constant repetition with which the eye seemed ever involuntarily to light upon him, and simply because he was always there, where the weight of the work fell; at the bunt in furling, at the earring in reefing, and close to the block in a heavy drag. He was not one to be found "walking away with the slack," unless conditions justified the indulgence in practical humor—which was not the least developed of his characteristics.

This early fondness for the sea remained always. Coupled with the diffidence in women's company which so strongly marked him, and which is mentioned by more than one of the writers following, it prevented for many years the intrusion into his affections of the rival, whose demoralizing influence the profession in all ages has been prompt to recognize. The droll story told of Philip in Captain Delehanty's paper is the echo of Lord St. Vincent a century ago, "When a man marries, he is d—d for the service"; and the remark was certainly not original with St. Vincent. There is in this, doubtless, a certain amount of humorous exaggeration; yet there are few officers who have not known cases where it was literally true, and all have seen in many instances the weakening effects of the struggle between the two

masters—the home and the profession—which is, perhaps, of all hardships the one most peculiar to the naval career. Philip married comparatively late in life; and hence, for many years, while habit was hardening into character, he ran his naval race in the light of a single eye, undistracted by cross-lights and unimpeded by external cares. His heart was in his command, and nowhere else; he had at that time what Marryatt called "the bad taste to prefer a fine ship to a fine lady." Thus it happened that, beyond almost all men of his time, he was recognized as typically the seaman; not merely in professional capacity, for there he had many rivals, but in that strong personal identification and attachment which have found definition in the forcible old phrase—"All for the service."

Under these circumstances, it would be expected that the finer type of naval character would develop freely in him and become predominant; and so it was. Those traits which the consensus of professional opinion—the best qualified of critics—has pronounced to be foremost in the equipment of a seaman and an officer were prominent in him. First of all, the sense of duty, the tendency to foster which is one of the highest and most distinctive privileges of a profession which has many drawbacks to overweigh.

The sobering, yet stimulating, effect of responsibility is doubtless felt in every profession, and receives noble illustration in all; but the comparatively small inducement which the prospects of the naval profession offer for the play of self-interest throws men back, in the many moments of monotonous weariness, almost wholly upon the sense of duty as the sufficient incentive to action, until the constant repetition of willing obedience to its dictates results in habit practically unconscious. So,

too, the visible reliance and utter dependence of the small ship family upon the fidelity of each member to his allotted function in the organization, are so constantly obvious in the exigencies of sea life, that obligation cannot be ignored as easily as it can in occupations where a man's relations to others, and the effect of his action upon their welfare, are less immediately and less constantly evident. It is easy to forget that which is not under one's eyes; but in the narrow life of a ship no permanent condition can long remain out of sight, or be thrust out of mind, as the homes of the rich can forget the slums. And hence, also, it is that the superior can enforce unpleasant tasks, and, as it were, excuse his own insistence upon them by the same appeal to duty, knowing that not only it cannot be resisted, but that also it relieves him from the imputation of inconsiderateness to which a distasteful order is apt to give rise. The feeling, therefore, is all-pervasive, thoroughly mutual, and, in its action, incessant.

That Philip was swayed and characterized by this motive was, therefore, not singular nor especially distinctive. It was part of his training, of his environment, something he shared with many others; a trait professional as well as individual, differing from man to man not in kind but in degree, according to natural temperament and faithful observance. But what was distinctive in him—although not, we may thankfully say, distinctive of him alone—was the mighty working of this same characteristic under conditions where there lay no obligation of duty, narrowly considered; no professional obligation, but that only of a conscience consecrated to the Divine Service and illumined by the new light which Christianity sheds upon man's relations to his fellows.

The service which he did to the poorer among these sprang not only from a nature originally compassionate and kindly—for such is often combined with, if not even the result of, an easy good humor, as averse to exertion as it is to severity. It was not so with him, although by temperament and in practice he certainly inclined more to indulgence than to harshness. I remember once that we were both members of a court-martial in a case of very aggravated misconduct, and after sentence a recommendation to the superior authority in favor of mitigation of the penalty was proposed. I declined to join in it, whereupon Philip turned to me and said, "The Saviour forgave." The argument did not convince me, but it was illustrative of his temperamental mildness of character, as well as of the control his Christian belief exercised over his action; and that control was one which worked not only in accordance with native disposition, as in the incident narrated, but against it when need was, constraining him in his later life of service to combat and subdue that retiring shyness which so markedly characterized him, and which is in a way one of the most incapacitating of influences. It seems so small a matter, and withal so creditable a frame of mind; it so readily counterfeits modesty, that a man easily dignifies by that epithet a weak acquiescence in inaction, an abandonment and withdrawal of himself from exertion which it is a duty to make.

This duty his Christian conviction and allegiance enabled Philip both to recognize and to perform, at whatever cost. It is needless to enlarge upon the painful acceptance of public appearance, the reluctant forwardness with which he entered into, and against strong natural repulsion carried out, the appeals, personal or general, which it fell to him to make for that beneficent under-

taking, the great building in the neighborhood of the New York Navy Yard, for the housing and entertainment of naval seamen when on leave from their ships. Enough about this subject is said by those who follow me. The work itself is a monument of the benevolence of a Christian woman whose name will live in connection with it; but not least among the strong foundations of the enterprise was the sustained sacrifice of natural inclination which Philip made during those two closing years of his life.

Nor should there be overlooked the immense help that derived to the undertaking from the general recognition of his strong professional character. All know the ready sneer, or where the sneer is absent, the doubting shrug of incredulity which often meets the proposal to make a strong and prolonged effort to uplift a class of men, or to place them under conditions more favorable to moral growth. Nothing so effectually meets and disposes of the vague and impalpable, yet stubborn, resistance, which such incredulity opposes, as the "assurance of a man" at the back of the movement; and there were few in the service so universally known for a combination of virile efficiency with true kindheartedness and piety.

The dependence upon God which Philip openly avowed was not by any one understood to mean that he had not confidence in his own ability to contribute man's part—to do what a seaman could and should; nor did others doubt that he had a seaman's capacity to do a seaman's work. His reputation stood him in stead there; and so likewise when he proposed to further an effort which had for its object the bettering of the condition of seamen on shore, the facilitating their leading a happier life, more sober, more pure, more comfortable, it was not forgotten that his administrative capacity, energy

and tact, as well as his sailor-like qualities, had given him also the reputation of one of the best first lieutenants—executive officers—of his day. There was no disposition to belittle as impractical any scheme which Philip indorsed by his active support.

His sympathy, in short, dignified the effort by identifying it with a man whose reputation, personal and professional, rested on the firm foundations of established character, consistent with itself, understood and known by all who belonged to the service of his choice. Naturally a leader to his men, through his well-tried professional competency, and through their experience of his just, firm, and yet considerate rule, he readily led them to look on what he did, as in the instance before us, with a trust and a favor not always extended to efforts equally well-meant, but which the natural misgiving of the seaman induces him to fear may tend to commit him to a degree of goodness greater than he is yet prepared to accept. They knew that Philip would not go further than to open to them surroundings of decency and comfort, leaving these to work their natural results according to the disposition of each man; and that he would not compromise their acceptance by any of the misplaced urgencies of indiscreet zeal, eager to force the ripening of fruit before its due season. Among the many hindrances to the progress of a good work among men like seamen the fear of such indiscretion is one of the greatest, and is often a strong instrument in the hands of those who withstand good because they have a personal interest in evil. To remove such impression the support of Philip—and, it must in merest justice be added, that of other officers imbued with the like spirit and trusted like him—powerfully contributed.

It was from the midst of work of this character, unob-

trusive but not undistinguished, that Philip was called away; two years, nearly to a day, after his last battle, which may be considered to have terminated his active service afloat. Of the part taken by his ship, the *Texas*, in that action, he has fortunately left us a memorial, told in terms the incisive charms of which, with their occasional racy expression, bear distinctive marks of his personality. Strongly illustrative of these characteristics is the brief mention of the imminent threatening collision between the *Texas* and the *Brooklyn*, as the latter loomed suddenly before his eyes through the smoke when she was describing her since celebrated loop. Few in the profession will be found to question the probable accuracy of Philip's judgment of the situation, and that his quick appreciation and instant seamanlike action averted the chance of a collision, which, had it occurred, would have marred the glory of the day, and, by materially reducing our force, might have rendered success most incomplete—even if it had not converted an occasion of rejoicing into one of general mourning. There are many certainly who could and would have acted with equal accuracy and promptitude, but this also we can assuredly say, that in this incident, little noted because all ended well, Philip not only contributed directly to the success of the day, but showed an adequacy to unexpected emergency which surprised no one; simply because his professional reputation stood so high.

For the rest he tells us much of the ship and somewhat of his own experiences—of what he underwent—but is silent on those more strictly personal actions which others, fortunately, have preserved to us. His gathering of the ship's company after the battle for silent thanksgiving has high professional precedent; Nelson did the like after the battle of the Nile. The complete-

ness of our success at Santiago, and the comparative immunity of our fleet from injury, either to ship or men, permitted an immediate spontaneous demonstration such as Philip made, differing therein from the more deliberate method of the English admiral. But the interesting feature in both cases is the indication how close under the surface, how real and how operative, was the feeling of dependence, and of its correlative thankfulness, that so naturally and immediately broke out into utterance.

It is this, also, which imparts its peculiar interest to those other words of Philip, which have rung throughout the country and are become household words with many who never looked upon his face. It was not a happy facility for phrase-making, but a deep inner spirit of compassion and charity, that in the full heat of strife and victory, still recent, found voice in the words: "Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying."

It was because Philip was what he was that he then said what he said. It was, indeed, but the echo of the humane spirit that turned the victorious seamen from their guns to their boats to save their drowning foes; nor is it the prerogative of one race or of one navy only to show this generous ardor. Our English brethren of that day saved the Spaniards from among their exploding battery-ships at the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, at risks like those of Trainor, the boatswain's mate of the *Iowa*, told by Captain Evans, and of others mentioned, either generally or by name, in the stories of the American captains at Santiago.

These not only saved others, but ventured their own lives to do so. But it fell to Philip to give this spirit expression, as it fell to Lawrence to say: "Don't give up the ship," and to Craven, willingly sacrificing his life

at Mobile, to yield precedence of escape from the very jaws of death, and to bequeath as his last words the memorable phrase: "After you, pilot."

Such eloquence—such outspeaking of that which is within—is not idle breath, but fruitful in lofty ideals and in future noble acts. Words and deeds remain from henceforth forever irreversible, monuments to the departed whose spirit they summarize, and a heritage to the living whom they challenge to emulation. In them, as in the lives of the heroes themselves, the American navy is rich in example and in remembrance. They are a noble company, those among whom Philip was worthily numbered when he entered into his rest.

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY—BOYHOOD—ANNAPOLIS

IT has been a tradition in "Jack" Philip's family that one of the line had the distinction of jilting George Washington. It is a well-known fact that the course of true love did not run smoothly with the Father of His Country, in what was probably his first attempt at matrimonial entanglement. One branch of Admiral Philip's family (and possibly more than one) was accustomed to adding a final "se" to the name, so that it became Philipse. Owing to some difficulty between the Revolutionists and Tories, at the time of our struggle for independence, the branch of the family from which "Jack" Philip descended dropped the superfluous and aristocratic "se" in the name and thenceforth became plain democratic Philip.

It was the bewitching Miss Mary Philipse who won the open admiration of George Washington, and, according to some accounts, rejected his proffer of marriage. Washington Irving, in his Life of George Washington, says: "Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two sojourns in the latter city [New York]. He found there an early friend and schoolmate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipse, a rich landholder, whose manor-

house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robinson, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Philipse, sister and co-heiress with Mrs. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivalled her reputed wealth.

"We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life, however, of constant activity and care, passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society, had left little mood or leisure for the indulgence of the tender sentiment; made him more sensible, in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

"That he was an open admirer of Miss Philipse is an historical fact; that he sought her hand, but was refused, is traditional, and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished presence, were all calculated to win favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief, he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version of the story is, that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege to the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender." Miss Philipse soon afterward married Captain Morris, who, with Washington, had been an aide-de-camp under Braddock.

"Jack" Philip, on his father's side, descended from solid Dutch ancestry and from his mother he inherited those sterling, Puritanical qualities of New England, which have exerted such a powerful influence on the destiny of this great nation. "Jack's" paternal great grand-

father was Captain George Philipse or Philip, whose father came from Holland and settled in Germantown, Columbia County, N. Y. The Dutch always did set a good example in the matter of increasing and multiplying—a duty in which "Jack" Philip seems to have sadly fallen from grace—so that it is with no surprise that we learn that the original American Philip enriched his country with six able-bodied and sound-minded sons. Four of these, George, William, Henry and David—they were satisfied with one Christian name apiece in those days—at an early age moved to Claverack (now in the same county and a venerable seat of learning) the first named being the great grandfather of Rear-Admiral Philip.

This George Philip was a captain in the American army during the Revolution and served as Commissary of Subsistence. He was active not only in state but in church affairs, for we are informed that he was one of the deacons who signed the call for the Rev. Dr. Gebbard, to the Claverack Reformed Dutch Church, and was a trustee when the congregation was incorporated, 1782.

The present pastor of this church, the Rev. John H. Wyckoff, says that George Philip "belonged to the immortal roll of patriots whose devotion to their country, to liberty and to the rights of man cannot be too highly eulogized, since it is to them that we owe the possession of our free institutions"—a good solid Dutch sentiment, and one that cannot be too assiduously kept before the minds of our present cosmopolitan generation.

Captain George Philip married Jane Ostrander, July 15, 1776—a month and year glorious in American history. They had the local distinction of being the first couple united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the venerated Dr. Gebbard in his new pastorate.

Captain George Philip died in the year 1806, at the age of fifty-four. His sixth child, John G. Philip—it will be noted that the good folk of this country began assuming the middle name about the close of the eighteenth century—was born in 1789 and died in 1834.

John Henry Philip, son of John G. Philip, and father of the rear-admiral, was born in 1811. After receiving his rudimentary education in the schools of the neighborhood he entered Troy Polytechnic School, from which he was graduated, and then studied in the Vermont Medical College. He married the daughter of Dr. Theodore Woodward, who, at that time, was professor of surgery in the institution and from whom "Jack" Philip derived his middle name. John Henry Philip entered upon the uneventful practice of a country doctor in Columbia County, N. Y., beginning his career in Kinderhook, and moving, in 1843, to Stockport, where he remained until 1851, when he returned to Kinderhook.

Rear-Admiral John Woodward Philip was born in Kinderhook, Columbia County, N. Y., August 26, 1840. In those days many of the good folk of Columbia County spoke two languages, Dutch and Anglo-Dutch—each equally distressing to the English ear. The English language was held in some contempt. In fact, any Kinderhookite who had the temerity to affect broad Anglo-Saxon was promptly crushed by a ponderous Holland sneer. Seldom was the venture made twice. Philip's family, it cannot be denied, strongly favored the Hollanders, so we find that our brilliant rear-admiral was brought up with the Dutch fairly well conquered. All the ordinary conversation in the Philip household was carried on in this language. It is related that a member of the family who had been "abroad"—that is, to New York—on returning home, aroused not a little

ire and contempt among his relatives by "affecting the English tongue," as they were pleased to term it, and finally, in self-defense, was compelled to resort to Dutch.

Kinderhook, during "Jack" Philip's boyhood, was an important village. In the estimation of the natives it was the seat of an empire. It was here that Martin Van Buren, the eighth president of the United States, was born, and where he resided when public duty did not call him away. The Van Burens and Philips attended the same church. In those days it was customary to build several pews, nearest the pulpit, for the special use of notables. The word "pew" but faintly pictures to people of this generation the vastness and amplitude of these singular structures. The expression "box-stall" would better convey the idea to us. The Reformed Dutch Church of Kinderhook had two of these ponderous pews, veritable chambers, with a fair-sized door opening into it and a table in the center around which the august family could sit and dream away the hours with almost as much immunity from observation as if in their own homes.

No living member of "Jack" Philip's family has ventured to relate the tricks "Jack" played on the occupants of these awe-inspiring pews, but when we remember that the Philip's family pew directly faced the Van Buren "stall" and that "Jack" was bubbling over with merriment during the long hour of the sermon, with his keen sense of the humorous, it is a foregone conclusion that the cannon-ball head of the redoubtable Martin, appearing as it must have, just over the top of the stall rail, came in for a good share of the persecution which could not be properly entered in the sober records of the church.

Like his venerated ancestors who cut off the super-

fluous "se" in their name, "Philipse," "Jack" early evinced the strongest dislike for unnecessary frills, fuss, furs or feathers. There were, of course, the ubiquitous children with a "rich pa" or "ma" in the quaint old village of Kinderhook, who delighted in showing their affected superiority by wearing fine clothes and in fixing their hair just a little bit differently from the "common" children. There was one of these "rich boys" who especially aroused the contempt of "Jack" Philip. He was always "dressed up"—something "Jack" could not tolerate in "kids"—and with his long hair carefully curled, would strut along the village street with an air that was peculiarly exasperating.

One day Jack's opportunity came. He caught the youngster in the fields and holding him fast, filled his hair with burrs, rubbing them in so that it became necessary to cut off the long tresses. "Jack" was duly punished for this "flagrant violation of the rights of a neutral," but he stoutly declared that he was more than satisfied with the situation, as the youth never again dared to allow his hair to grow long.

Mrs. Wheelock, in her interesting article on her brother, Admiral Philip, mentions his having worn kilt skirts. The rest of Jack's costume in early childhood is revealed in a story which comes from another source. Like most of the well-seasoned Dutch boys of the village, "Jack" wore a loose blouse, gathered at the waist—and thereby hangs a tale.

Noticing that some chickens had dug a hole under a fence that separated him from an orchard of ripe fruit, he reasoned on the lines of the celebrated Darius Green, who said: "If birds can fly, why can't I," and asked: "If chickens can dig a hole under a fence to a peach orchard, why can't I?" And forthwith "Jack" en-

larged the hole sufficiently to enable him to enter the desired enclosure. In a jiffy he had filled his blouse with creamy peaches, the gather at his waist enabling him to stow away several quarts of them.

All went well until "Jack" had started to return, when the owner of the orchard hove in sight and gave chase. "Jack" made a dive for the improved chicken-hole. But here his poor generalship was demonstrated—he had not adequately provided for his retreat, for, while he had dug the hole big enough to admit his body, he had not counted on the substantial enlargement round his waist caused by the peaches under his blouse. The upshot of the whole affair was that "Jack" "got stuck" when half way under the fence, so that the irate owner of the crushed peaches had him at a painful disadvantage.

There was nothing extraordinary in "Jack" Philip's early education. At the proper age he attended the celebrated Kinderhook Academy, and did the usual "home work" at nights with the light of camphine or sperm oil lamps. That the lad, however, had an unusually bright and receptive mind is shown in the manner in which he "appointed himself" to the Naval Academy. An uncle, Peter I. Philip, in those days was one of the School Committee of the village. There being a vacancy in the Naval Academy, the Congressman for the district, Killean Miller, wrote to Uncle Peter inquiring for some bright boy suitable for the place. It happened that "Jack" was dining with his uncle when this letter was read and the youngster quickly asked: "Uncle Peter, do you think that I could fill the place?" Peter said yes, and "Jack" was finally selected.

That there's many a slip 'twixt consent and appointment was singularly illustrated in the case of "Jack" Philip. As we have seen, the selection of young

United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Philip was satisfactory both to Uncle Peter and Congressman Miller—and what greater powers were there on earth than these two mighty men of Kinderhook? There were no competitive examinations in those days, and save for the entrance ordeal at Annapolis young Philip was "as good as" there. Therefore, it was openly announced that "Jack" was going to Annapolis and after having received, with all due modesty, the usual congratulations, he set about counting the days to come before the Academy would open its doors to new comers. As yet no official notice had reached him—but that did not worry him, in fact, it was the merest trifle after Uncle Peter and "Kill" Miller had "settled" the matter.

It was within a day or so of his time for starting that this "merest trifle" (the official appointment) began to assume alarming proportions, for without it his trip to Annapolis would be useless and the alternate would, without doubt, get the prize. Much distressed by the unaccountable oversight of the President in this grave affair of state, "Jack" was disconsolately stubbing his toes along the village street, almost convinced that his opportunity for entering the navy was gone forever, when he chanced to notice in the gutter a large envelope where it had been, apparently, many days, greatly soiled with water and mud. Picking it up he was astonished to find that it was addressed to himself, and on opening it found that it was the long-expected appointment. Whether that letter was intentionally lost by some over-anxious relative or whether it was maliciously mislaid, Philip never was able to ascertain; in any event it all ended well and "Jack" Philip was appointed to the Naval Academy September 20, 1856.

The arrival of newcomers at Annapolis each year is

watched by the upper classmen with an interest the plebian can never hope to understand. In these days, when steam and electricity have brought all parts of the country into the closest touch, the styles of dress, habits and customs of the people are very generally alike; but at the time "Jack" Philip knocked at Annapolis' gate he found there congregated a curious assemblage of would-be naval heroes, dressed in as many fantastic styles as the length and breadth of the land afforded. Those were days when stage coaches were commoner than railroad trains, when to get beyond the borders of your native county—and to return alive—was a matter of public rejoicing, when the man who touched a telegraph key was deemed to be in unholy communication with the evil one, and when people in each separate state, county and village dressed in whatsoever manner that seemed good in their own particular eyes.

No wonder, then, that at the annual opening of the Naval Academy, the upper classmen gathered to see the "sights" that had drifted in from all the nooks and corners of South, North, West, East and Midland to present their credentials at Uncle Sam's navy school. Coming from the more central state of New York, and having been in closer touch with the metropolis, we can imagine that "Jack" Philip—though, doubtlessly savoring somewhat of the Dutch at Kinderhook—did not present the entirely original appearance of, for instance, the appointee from Alligator Bayou, Louisiana, or Dead Horse Gulch, out West, or Codfishville, "Way de-own East."

At all events we know that "Jack" immediately became a favorite with the instructors and classmen alike. One of his chums at the naval school says:

"Rear-Admiral Philip, known to his class and afterward throughout the service, as Jack Philip, was one of the best all-around fellows in his class. He was a favorite not only in his own class, but in all the classes while he was in the academy. At times Jack was 'sly, devilish sly, sir,' for he could create a sensation in the class-room by getting his section in a roar of laughter while he sat with as stolid a countenance as an Indian. Jack received more demerits for one particular offense than any one of the class. It was almost daily that he was on Conduct Report for 'loud laughing' in the mess-hall. I remember on one occasion when two of his classmates were walking down Stribling Row with one of the famous beauties of Annapolis, the lady heard of Jack's bashfulness and said that she would like to meet him. As they happened to be near his room, the two classmates went in and brought him out by sheer force and introduced him to the fair one. But just as soon as they released their hold—Jack sloped.

"Another story about Jack was how he bluffed a professor. In those days the sections were very large and the instructors few, so that it was impossible for each middy to recite every day. The fellows figured out the days on which they were likely to be called and prepared that lesson and neglected the others. On this occasion we had a new professor who did not understand the situation. Jack had been called on for three days in succession, so he felt safe from further recitation for the rest of that week. The fourth day, as soon as the section was seated, the professor said: 'Mr. Philip, you will recite.' Jack stood up, turned red from his neck up, but finally recovered sufficiently to calmly ask: 'Professor, have you not made some mistake? I have recited three days this week, while some of these fellows

have not recited at all.' The professor quietly referred to his record-book and said: 'Mr. Philip, I beg your pardon, you are quite right. You may take your seat.' The professor could not account for the commotion in the section room."

Although later in life he may have changed his mind on the subject of hazing, "Jack" Philip fully committed himself to the practice while in school, for one of his friends tells how, one night, he led a hazing party which had for its object a specially unpopular midshipman. They literally made him "take up his bed and walk"—it was a feather-bed—and gaining a secluded spot gave him a coat of tar and then, ripping open the bed, rolled him in the feathers.

One of the instructors at Annapolis during "Jack's" novitiate was a greatly beloved man whose only fault—so the middies declared—was that of stammering when unusually excited or nervous. One beautiful spring morning, when the middies were drilling in infantry tactics under the care of this officer, the youngsters were marching toward the sea-wall and were within a few feet of it when their commander endeavored to give the order "Halt!" The middies heard the hissing and spluttering noise behind them and knew perfectly well what the instructor was trying to say, but, in that spirit of mischief so natural with boys, they marched right over the sea-wall and waded into a considerable depth of water before the instructor finally gave vent to the word "Halt!"

Very few laymen appreciate the severity of discipline to which these budding seamen are subjected during the four years of their stay at Annapolis. Demerit marks were freely given, and when the number reached above two hundred the middy was dismissed. "Jack" Philip

had the distinction of incurring two hundred and twenty-one demerit marks, brought on principally by "loud laughing," smoking and in endeavoring to cover the shortcomings of others—and, had it not been for his sterling good qualities, he undoubtedly would have been dismissed. As it was, Commodore Craven, then Superintendent, on receiving "Jack's" promise to mend his ways, very graciously "called it one hundred and ninety-nine."

And while we are on the subject of smoking it will be well to give the testimony of a shipmate of Philip, Chief Engineer Edward Biddle Latch, now retired. Mr. Latch says: "Among the reminiscences of the late Rear-Admiral Philip I think that his meerschaum pipe, with a big dent in it, should not be neglected. Besides being an excellent pipe it was a souvenir of the civil war; the dent, I think he said, befell it while he was attached to the monitor *Montauk*. Anyhow, it was the only pipe, with one exception, he smoked in the three years' cruise of the *Wachusett*, and many and many are the associations that cling about it. As an expert in blowing rings I never saw his equal. By some peculiarity known only to himself he would puff out a dense volume of smoke when, suddenly, a huge ring would emerge from it, reminding one of the occasionals that spring from a nine-inch gun or from the smoke pipe of a locomotive. A picture of that pipe, together with the mysterious paraphernalia which are supposed to accompany such things, would seem like a visible presence of an old friend to scores and scores of brother officers."

It is a matter of some interest to note that on leaving Annapolis, "Jack" Philip began his first active service in Uncle Sam's navy in that grand old frigate, *Constitution*. Shortly afterward he was transferred to the

Santee, and having been promoted to the rank of acting-master he was ordered to the sloop of war *Marion*, of the Gulf Blockading Squadron. He had been in this ship only a short time when he was attached to the *Sonoma*, of the James River Fleet. On July 16, 1862, Philip was commissioned a lieutenant, and from September, 1862, to January, 1865, he was executive officer of the *Chippewa*, *Pawnee* and of the monitor *Montauk* in succession, these vessels being actively engaged in the naval operations connected with the siege of Charleston. It was while he was in the *Pawnee* that Philip received his first serious wound, the attending circumstances of which are fully detailed in Admiral Balch's article. On being detached from the blockading force off Charleston, Philip was sent to the *Wachusett* as executive officer, that ship being ordered on a three years' cruise in the Far East. The *Wachusett* left Boston early in March, the career of the young officer being largely followed in his own private journal which begins in Chapter III.

CHAPTER II

PHILIP'S FIRST TASTE OF WAR

Rear-Admiral George Beall Balch, U. S. N.

I HAVE been asked to contribute an anecdotal sketch of the late Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, so far as it relates to the civil war and to his services in the U. S. ship *Pawnee* under my command. He was then a lieutenant and executive officer in that ship, and ever evinced the truest patriotism as well as love for the service. His shipmates and comrades throughout the navy need not be told that he was beloved and admired by all as the embodiment of a gallant and brave officer, ready at all times for any duty.

During the year of her service in Stono River, South Carolina, the duty of the *Pawnee* was to protect the interests of the Government, and the indefatigable efforts of our Southern brethren to destroy her were often shown. These had expression in the action of July 16, 1863, at which time the *Pawnee* was, with other naval vessels, covering the troops under General Terry, and on the day above named a simultaneous attack was made on the troops and naval vessels by two batteries on James Island—the batteries being distant (by Confederate accounts) three hundred and fifty yards.

It is not surprising that the *Pawnee* was hit forty-six times in the fight; but strange to say only a few were wounded, among whom was the subject of this sketch, John W. Philip, executive officer, who was struck by a

splinter and knocked ten feet across the deck. But with that invincible pluck which was characteristic of him he kept on in the fight and I noticed, with pride in our noble profession, that his wound did not interfere with his work, for he coolly went aft and fired off one of the 9-inch guns which had had the lock shot away; and after the action he went and counted the hits, forty-six, as he reported to me. I observed during the fight that Philip had been injured, but the hot fire we were under did not permit the usual civilities of the day, as our duty was in the action then taking place.

It may be of some interest, as connected with the movements of the army under General Terry, to state that on that day it was expressed to me by him (Terry) that we (meaning the naval force under my command) had saved them; a fact of which I had no doubt, and to my gallant and efficient executive I felt much indebted for this result.

In these days of battleships and protected armor vessels it may not be out of place to state that after the action of July 16, 1863, there were swept up from the deck of the *Pawnee* enough splinters to cook breakfast for two hundred and fifty men. This is mentioned as showing a startling difference between the system then existing and that of the present time.

Although having no connection with our service together it has often afforded me great satisfaction to repeat an anecdote of Philip, who on noticing the inscriptions "Rebel trophies" in the New York Navy Yard, said: "I don't like that, there are no rebels now." This shows his largeness of heart, and that however sturdy a fighter he may have been in the war, now that it was over, he bore no ill-will to them who had been lately arrayed against him.

Midshipman John W. Philip, 1861.

On board the *Pawnee* it was often the occasion of merriment when ladies visited the ship that, at these times, it was the habit of Philip (owing to his great diffidence) to dodge the fair visitors by going fishing—and as they were being received on board, on *one* side of the ship, Philip would disappear over the *other* side.

A short time before Philip passed to his reward I received a letter from him, in reply to one I had written him, expressing my satisfaction with his distinguished services during the Spanish War, recalling our service together in the *Pawnee*. He told me of an interesting episode he had had while in command of the *New York*. A lady and gentleman were stopping at the same hotel with him, whom he invited to visit a modern man of war. The invitation being accepted, they were received by Captain Philip, who showed them over the ship, giving them an opportunity to inspect the guns, machinery and everything likely to interest strangers. They then adjourned to the cabin, where cake and wine were set before them—the lady remarking to her husband: "How strange it is that we should be on board a Yankee man of war," for it must in candor be stated that they had not been reconstructed and were from Charleston, S. C. She added that she would *never* be reconstructed until she had met an officer from "*that hateful old Pawnee,*" and could give him a piece of her mind.

Philip said: "Oh, it is a long time since then and all feeling should be past and gone."

But the lady still asserted that she would not be satisfied until she had had the opportunity to speak her mind. Then Philip said that if she would promise to be as pleasant to the officer as she had always been to him he might present one to her—and she promised. He then rose and stated that *he* had been executive officer

of the *Pawnee.* And he asked her if there was a St. Michael's Church in Charleston.

"Yes," said the lady, "and we lived right opposite."

To this Philip replied: "Well, we used to make the steeple of that church our target!"

As commander of the *Pawnee* it may be proper for me to say that making a target of St. Michael's spire is a very good story, even if not true. It is needless to add that this revelation of his identity with the *Pawnee* did not alter the feelings of the lady toward Captain Philip, as she had been entirely won over by his kindness and gallantry.

But to return to our service together in the good old ship. The exigencies of the service called him from the *Pawnee* to other duties, and from that time I have never failed to watch his course through all the intervening years, and have had cause, many times, to exult in his fame and to remember the days we served together. But alas, my dear friend and comrade has been taken from his host of admirers and is waiting the last call.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

CHAPTER III

OFF ON HIS FIRST LONG CRUISE

AS Captain Mahan has well said, in his Introduction to this work, "Jack" Philip was not an ordinary man. This is especially apparent to any one who reads the diary kept by Philip during his cruise in the Far East, 1865–68. Frequently the daily record of a protracted cruise in a war ship becomes a monotonous entry of weather conditions, number of knots logged, an occasional burial at sea etc., details of little or no interest to the average reader and valuable in an historical sense only as they confirm the time or place of a ship's itinerary in some episode of national importance. There is, necessarily, some of this "dead matter" in the diary of "Jack" Philip, but the writer has endeavored to eliminate it, so as to leave only those bright, witty and thoroughly human observations which were so characteristic of the man Philip.

The *Wachusett*, the ship in which Philip made his three years' cruise in the Far East, was one of the prominent war craft in our struggle with the South. She was a sister to the famous *Kearsarge*, a wooden steam frigate with a detachable propeller, carrying nine guns and a complement of one hundred and seventy men. It was when the Confederate commerce destroyer *Florida* put into the Brazilian port of Bahia, October, 1864, that the *Wachusett* (then under the orders of Commander Napoleon Collins) deliberately ran under the

nose of a Brazilian corvette—stationed expressly for the purpose of protecting the Confederate ship—smashed into the *Florida* and after firing several shots, compelled her surrender. Taking his prize in tow, Collins carried her to the United States.

Of course this act was a flagrant violation of the rights of a neutral port—but no more so than many England and France were guilty of in the same war—and it was promptly disavowed by our government; but before the *Florida* could be restored to the Brazilians she was "conveniently" (as some writers have expressed it) sunk, so that her usefulness as a destroyer of Uncle Sam's commerce was ended. The Brazilian government, very properly, was highly indignant over the affair and issued an edict prohibiting the wicked *Wachusett*—under direst penalties—from again darkening Brazilian waters with her shadow. How, like an avenging Nemesis, this prohibition brought about a serious, and even perilous condition aboard the *Wachusett*, on the cruise in which Philip served in her, is interestingly described by the hero in his journal.

To the average landsman so little is known of the romance, daily peril and personal adventures of our naval officers while at sea, that the writer feels justified in giving a larger measure of Philip's diary than would ordinarily be advisable. This is the more appropriate in view of the fact that Philip's inspiring conduct in the naval battle of Santiago has peculiarly endeared him to the American people, so that they have a praiseworthy interest in the details of his private life which are so engagingly set forth in his diary.

Before entering upon the incidents of Philip's experiences in the long cruise in the *Wachusett* it will be well to give a list of her officers as they appear on a fly

leaf of his journal. Many of these names are familiar to older officers in the navy to-day. Her commander was Robert Townsend, and the executive officer was the then Lieutenant Philip; and it may here be noted that Philip filled the most trying and difficult office there is aboard a war ship engaged in active cruising. The other officers, as given in Philip's diary, were: W. M. King, surgeon; William Bogert Newman and Thomas B. Grove, acting masters; J. C. Pegram, ensign; Benjamin Haskins, acting ensign; Edward H. Sears, acting assistant-paymaster; Edward Biddle Latch, M. H. Knapp, Edward Lincoln, J. H. Barton, W. M. Senss, J. M. Brown and Joseph Forbes, engineers; Paul Atkinson and James Russell, boatswain and gunner; R. Rich, James Kelly and Joseph Moran, acting master's mates; Samuel Townsend, captain's clerk; Robert Thomas, paymaster's clerk. In all there were two hundred and two souls aboard the *Wachusett* when she sailed.

That there was some "sporting blood" among the officers of this gallant ship is indicated by the fact that Philip gives up the second page of his journal to the "guesses" they made relative to the duration of their cruise. The entry is as follows: "The *Wachusett* sailed from Boston, March 5, 1865. The officers think that she will return on the following dates":

Mr. Newman	October 13,	1867
Mr. Grove	October 13,	1868
Mr. Pegram	December 20,	1867
Mr. Latch	October 20,	1867
Mr. Sears	December 20,	1868
Dr. King	April 20,	1868
Mr. Haskins	March 15,	1868
Philip	June 20,	1867

As a matter of fact the *Wachusett* arrived at New York, on her return from the Far East, January 29, 1868, so that Mr. Pegram is entitled to the credit of having come nearest to the date. But here, at the very outset, we have an illustration of Philip's fighting capacity. Even in the matter of a guess he was unwilling to admit defeat, for on the last page of his journal he records that his guess was "miscalculated," he having intended the date given by him, "June 20, 1867," as the time of the ship's arrival at Shanghai, China. But even in this "miscalculation" he found little comfort, for the *Wachusett* arrived at Shanghai April 24, 1866, some fourteen months before the date of Philip's prediction.

We will now proceed with the private journal of "Jack" Philip, the writer taking the liberty of making some condensation.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE.

Mar. 1st, 1865.—The ship [*Wachusett*] still lying alongside of the wharf at the lower end of the [Boston Navy] Yard. About 10 A. M. the draft of men came aboard from the receiving ship *Ohio* and with them our duties began in regular order. About 3 P. M. we hauled out from the wharf and anchored in the stream off the *Ohio*.

Mar. 2d.—Cold and rainy all the time, but busy in getting the ship ready for sea. I was engaged in berthing and organizing the ship's company into watches, quarters and stations. On the 4th expected to sail every hour, but small things would arise to delay us, and I went on shore in the afternoon to bid farewell to the kind friends I had become acquainted with during my short stay in the "Hub of the Universe." On returning to the ship in the evening, with spirits very much depressed, I came to the conclusion that going to sea was well enough to talk about while comfortably situated and surrounded by pleasant companions and friends on shore, but the stern reality was not so pleasant;

and I was for the time being very sorry that I had chosen the naval service for my profession.

Mar. 5th.—This day dawned remarkably clear and pleasant for this season of the year in Boston and so continued throughout the day. About 10 A. M. orders came to the commander to "get under way as soon as possible and carry out the instructions of the Navy Department." The pilot came on board and everything was put in motion to get the ship started on her long cruise; all the officers and sailors were eager to "be off," but of course some of us were exceedingly sorry to break off the pleasant associations that had been formed on shore, and to form new and not such pleasant ones in foreign lands.

The ship was surrounded by small boats containing the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of some of the sailor men, all asking permission to "come on board" and see their Tom, Dick and Harry before the ship sailed. But of course I had to turn my ear and heart from them and give them the stereotyped answer: "No, I am sorry, but you can't come on board"; and, perhaps, receive a cry or sniffle in return and perhaps be called a cold-hearted wretch! And this all for attending to the required duty as the executive officer! !

About 5 P. M. we called "all hands to up anchor," and really made the commencement of the cruise—to where I now cannot tell. On "breaking ground" and starting ahead with the engines, the crew of the *Ohio* gave us three long and welcome cheers for a pleasant and happy cruise and to return home in safety. We steamed down the harbor very nicely and took our last view of Boston for some months to come. About 7 P. M. we passed Fort Warren with its brave garrison and a few Confederate prisoners on its parapets, and a few minutes afterward we discharged the pilot, sending our last letters with him, and then headed the old *Wachusett* seaward, rang "four bells" [full speed] and shotted the guns fore and aft.

At sunset the sky was most beautiful over the land and everything seemed to smile upon us as we were fast dropping our native land beneath the western horizon. How many of us will live to see it again? The Lord alone knows, but *all*, I sincerely hope; for we are too nicely situated at present to be broken up.

Mar. 6th.—Clear, pleasant and cold. The ship under steam and plain sail heading eastward to clear St. George's Bank. There

being quite a sea on and the ship rolling very deep and heavily an unusual number of the officers and men are down with seasickness. They all are to be pitied but cannot be helped. [It is said on good authority that "Jack" Philip never was seasick. E. S. M.] Having so many seasick ones aboard I did not attempt to exercise the crew.

One sail in sight to-day, under all sail and heading in for Boston. How I wished that I was on board, just returning from a cruise, so that I might again visit my home on the Hudson!

Mar. 7th.—Much warmer to-day, as we have cleared St. George's Bank and are in the Gulf Stream in the latitude of the city of New York. The ship is rolling extremely deep and heavy to-day, much to the discomfort of the officers, for we are obliged at mess to hold our soup dishes etc., in our hands and to keep time with the roll of the ship, and although having large racks around our mess-table and taking all the extra precautions, we have been obliged to sacrifice a large amount of crockery and small stores—just because the ship will roll about and not keep steady!

I think that the man who wrote "Life on the Ocean Wave" was anything but sane or rational, for if he had been in his right frame of mind he never would have misused our English language in the style he did. I have heard several officers to-day wish for the author of that piece, to be dropped overboard for misapplying words in so bad a manner.

To-day I tried to exercise the men at the broadside guns, but made only a starting, to be completed and perfected during the cruise. A few sail in sight, all being honest Yankee traders bound home and we did not trouble them. In the evening, feeling quite low spirited again, as the shades of night began to approach, I passed a long time in Pegram's stateroom, where we talked over our hard luck and the misfortune of being a naval officer in Uncle Sam's service; and made several resolutions some of which I am fearful I cannot keep in case I do return to the United States in safety.

Mar. 8th.—To-day we were all in excellent spirits, for it being a lovely spring day, with the sea unusually smooth and seasickness almost gone, we seemed to have changed ourselves into other beings. Instead of being downcast and troubled with homesickness, we seemed to be enchanted with the sailor's life and eager for the cruise, and now would not turn back for anything. Yet

A Group of the Wachusett's Officers—From a Photograph.

to-morrow, if we should happen to have a gale with a rough sea, we would, no doubt, change our minds and again wish ourselves on shore. Thus it is with most naval officers; one day, when it is beautiful, they are "dead in love" with their profession, but as soon as a gale comes on, any of us would be willing to exchange places with any hackman or stage driver on land. But fair weather cannot last always, no more than the smiles of the fair ones are allowed to remain on our memory.

To-day busy in cleaning the ship fore and aft and exercising a green but willing crew at the great guns.

Mar. 9th.—Delightfully warm and pleasant for a day in March and the sea is again unusually smooth; but as we are now below the latitude of Cape Hatteras and approaching Bermuda I think that we can expect our good weather to desert us and in its place receive a succession of gales and rain until we are well to the south of these islands. In coming from the south and heading northward, the old man-of war's man has a saying that: "If Bermuda lets you pass, then look out for Cape Hatteras." Now whether this will apply to ships bound southward I cannot say, but I hope it is a sailor's rule that will *not* "work both ways," for we have passed Hatteras with scarcely enough air stirring to make it agreeable, and as we have yet to pass Bermuda I hope that the clerk will postpone his visit in our latitude for days to come.

Have been busy all day stationing and exercising the ship's company at the great guns. Nothing in sight, so we are obliged to entertain ourselves the best we can. Once in a while some member of the mess would bring up the good times we had on shore, only a few days back, and start us in a homesick mood. Consequently all such conversation has been ruled out of the mess until we are again accustomed to the lonely sea life.

Mar. 10th.—Clear and very pleasant all day. In the morning we had a delightful breeze from the east, and we were in hopes that we had at last reached the northern limits of the "trade winds" and then be able to make faster time than we have yet done. But toward noon the wind died away and then came out directly ahead and fresh, so that at the present time we are not logging one-half what we have been doing. So much for hopes on the water! You can scarcely tell one hour what the next will bring forth!!

On leaving Boston we anticipated going either to Madeira or to

the Cape de Verdes for coal but on getting outside of St. George's Bank and seeing the ship heading southward, instead of eastward, I asked the captain: "Where the present course would take us for coal, provided we continued standing on the same?" He then informed me that before leaving Boston he had decided to coal in the West Indies and then go to St. Helena, and hearing that the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* was at the island of Martinique he had concluded to go there on our way out, in hopes that we might fall in with her.

So we are now on our way to Martinique and are below Bermuda; but nothing has yet appeared in sight that at all resembles the commerce destroyer. Although having a new and green crew, we are all anxious to meet the *Shenandoah*, and although we might not make so pretty a fight as our sister ship the *Kearsarge* did in the English Channel, yet we are confident that we would not disgrace the *Wachusett's* fair name and would rid the seas of another destroyer. I would not so soon boast if I had not the greatest confidence in the true blood of our Yankee crew.

Mar. 11th.—This day extremely warm and sultry for this season of the year, but not for the latitude the ship is in. It seems quite strange to be able to wear summer clothing when, in less than a week, we were all bundled up in furs and great coats.

To-day passed two sails, both Yankee brigs bound to the north under all drawing sail. They seemed to be rather nervous when we steamed toward them, and no doubt, with the careers of the different Confederate cruisers fresh in their memories, scenes of confiscation and burning ran through their minds. But seeing us pass without offering to molest them, they no doubt felt relieved, and were thankful that we, too, were Yankees and not of the tribe of the *Alabama* or *Florida*.

Passed a large bale of cotton floating in the water, but did not pick it up. No doubt it was a portion of the cargo of some English blockade runner which had escaped the vigilance of our blockaders off Charleston or Wilmington in days when the Southerners still held those ports. Passed the day in the usual man of war's Saturday style, *i. e.*, in getting ship's company ready for Sunday inspection.

Mar. 12th.—To-day, Sunday, was a beautiful summer's day. The sea was as calm and smooth as a mill pond, of course with the exception of the gentle and graceful swell setting in from the

northeast. At 10 A. M. we carefully inspected the ship and her crew of bluejackets. Considering that it was the first Sunday "Off the guards" they made a very fine appearance, which pleased our captain very much and he remarked, in passing down the line, that "With the present crew I would be very glad to fall in with the *Shenandoah* or any of her sister ships."

After inspection the captain read divine service to the officers and men assembled aft on the quarter deck for that purpose; afterward "mustered all hands" around the capstan and "piped down." The usual routine of work for a man of war being over for the day [Sunday] the men were allowed to smoke and the officers passed the time either on deck or below, in little groups, reading or writing.

If the sea could always remain as it has all day and we had nothing but fine, fast steamers, there would be no profession so fine and enchanting as that of a seafaring man. But in a few days, if gales should overtake us, then we would all change our minds in regard to life and profession, and all wish themselves quietly settled ashore. So we change, with the weather, from praise to fault-finding, and, sailor-like, are never satisfied with our lot as it is dealt out to us.

We are fast approaching the tropics and are in great hopes of falling in with the northeast trade winds very soon, as our coal is getting rather low and we are obliged to economize; we have about nine hundred miles to run before we will be able to replenish the supply. We are compelled to run at reduced speed, and when in the trades can set our sails and go into port independently of our engines. A large amount of Gulf and seaweed in sight, but of course, did not stop to pick up any of it.

Mar. 13th.—We are at last in the trades, having struck them in the night, and they are blowing about as hard as we desire for the present. It has been beautiful all day, the sea quite smooth and the ship logging twelve knots under less than half steam. Although having such a fine breeze we are unable to carry all sail, for as we were about to give her all the port studding-sails we discovered that the head of the fore topmast and jibboom were sprung, so that instead of making more sail we were obliged to reduce it by taking in the topgallant sails and flying-jib, in order to save our spars until we reach port. Fortunately for us, we brought out a spare set of spars for use in the next three years, but

had no idea we would need them so soon. And now we will be detained in Martinique until these are rigged—but it's "all in the cruise!"

The bilge water being quite offensive to-day we started the men, directly after breakfast, at the bilges and storerooms, fore and aft, to clean them out and whitewash them again, which is our only remedy for this obnoxious and sickening smell. We are in hopes to subdue it in a few days.

To-day we crossed the tropic of Cancer and are now fairly in the torrid zone, and wear summer clothing while our friends at home are still huddled up in their great coats and furs. To-night we are only four hundred and ninety miles from Martinique, but I wish it was only that from China, with the expectation of getting letters at the end of that short journey—how much happier we all would feel.

A flying fish came on board this evening and I will have him for my breakfast in the morning. I suppose he was misled by seeing a light on deck and was thus entrapped.

Mar. 14th.—Trade winds blowing very fresh from the north and east. Ship averaging nine knots under very little sail and no steam, having stopped the engines and disconnected the propeller. During the afternoon we had two or three heavy rain squalls and quite a large water spout was in sight to windward. It not being near enough to be dangerous we did not fire at it, as is generally the custom on board any vessel having a gun. They are extremely dangerous to open vessels, when at too close quarters, and a gun is fired so that either the shot or the concussion will burst it, and let the immense body of water fall harmlessly into the sea instead of on a ship's deck.

Employed the time to-day getting up preventer back stays for the fore and main topmasts, so that they will stand until we can reach port and replace them with new ones. Exercised the crew at great guns, cleaned storerooms, etc., and exercised *well* the blacklisters at the pumps. [The "blacklisters" were sailors whose misconduct had caused them to be placed on the blacklist. As punishment they were assigned to all the disagreeable work of the ship. E. S. M.]

Mar. 15th.—Extremely warm but quite pleasant all day, the ship sailing along very comfortably but rolling very heavily. Exercised the crew at the great guns, but was obliged to secure

the 100-pounder rifles for fear of losing them overboard when the ship made her leeward rolls.

At 1 P. M., being satisfied with her performance under sail alone, and that very much reduced, we connected the propeller and started ahead with the engines, so as to take it easily and get into Martinique some time to-morrow forenoon.

At sunset we sighted land from the masthead, which proved to be a little island northeast of Guadeloupe. It is a low, rocky island and can be seen at the distance of fifty-seven miles. We will pass it to-night and steer directly for Martinique, hoping that to-morrow evening, this time, we will be on shore in St. Pierre enjoying ourselves after the first stretch of our cruise, and preparing for the second or longest and most disagreeable portion of the trip to China.

Large schools of flying fish in sight to-day, but could not catch any.

(*Philip's Journal continued in Chapter V.*)

CHAPTER IV

AS SEEN BY HIS SISTER

Mary Philip Wheelock

"YOU break my back. I wonder if by and by you will break my heart." These words fell from the lips of a *petite* young mother as she lifted her sturdy two-year-old son into her lap from the ground where he had been playing. Nearly half a century has passed since the eyes of the fair questioner were closed on the face of her eldest born, and her ears became deaf to any answer that Time might have brought to her.

We, who have been witnesses of the almost innumerable testimonials of loving admiration and tender regret after the sudden death of Rear-Admiral Philip, believe that all the maternal desires and ambitions would have been satisfied; none of the anxious fears and forebodings realized—two possibilities that must inevitably confront the mind of every conscientious parent when a little baby-life is launched on this world's turbulent sea.

Descended on the paternal side from rugged Holland ancestors whose names appear among those of our Revolutionary heroes, and from hardy New England, Puritanical stock on his mother's side of the house, no wonder that "Jack" Philip early developed marked fighting propensities and that reports are still extant of how he and his brother disturbed family prayers with their fisticuffs long before either child had substituted

trousers for kilt skirts. Doubtless there are still living some people belonging to his native village whose memories will supply instances of his undisputed local fame in the same direction, and of the mischievous lad full of pranks, of grit and cleverness—just a duplicate of many another wide-awake American boy.

A curbless well near his father's barn, usually protected by heavy planks, one day had been carelessly left open. "Wood," as he was then called, had failed to notice the omission, and instead of quietly leading "Old Grey" into the stable, as he was expected to do, he enveloped himself in a buffalo robe and assuming as nearly as possible the appearance of a wild animal, accompanied by groans and hideous sounds, rushed toward the gentle old equine. The "second act" had an additional feature that was not down on the programme, for "Dobbin" backed down into the well and his young tormentor was obliged to hasten for assistance.

The same buffalo robe did service a second time, with a little variation in the handling, and was lowered from the haymow before the faces of two restive colts, who immediately began to prance and kick with such vigor that the floor was demolished to such an extent that the strong halters which prevented the complete precipitation of the animals into the cellar only increased the danger of their being choked to death as they hung suspended between the manger and the cellar floor.

It was on such and similar occasions that the youngster's father found it necessary to test the infallibility of "Solomon's Wisdom," which centuries before had given to the world the now sometimes questioned adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

When about eight years of age, "Wood" was sent

by his father, a practicing country physician, to an adjoining town to purchase some medicine which was needed immediately. When but a short distance from the house the carriage, owing to an accident, became disabled for continued use. Instead of retracing his tracks and reporting the condition at headquarters he unhitched his horse, and leaving the vehicle by the side of the road, mounted astride his steed and rode on to a smithy's where he left orders to have the wheel reset during his absence; then resumed his journey to the apothecary's to fulfill his original order. The miles were eventually retraced, the carriage found satisfactorily repaired, and home was reached within the stipulated time. The recital of his adventure elicited the remark, "An old head on young shoulders."

Whether at work or play, whatever was the order of the hour, he did his part well, and as he grew older and could vie with the other village boys in their sports and games, he would dive deeper from the projecting timbers of the old covered bridge, stay longer under water and appear again farther down the stream than any of his rivals. In the winter his sled was the swiftest on the hill and his skates could outrace nearly all those possessed by his playmates.

He never had the reputation of being a "great student," yet, occasionally, if a young boy was wanted for a day or two in the village store while the regular clerk was absent from his post, "Jack" would be recommended because he was "quick at figures." And the same talent furnished "extenuating circumstances" that prevented, at a later period, his dismissal from the Naval Academy when the number of his demerits, some self-inflicted, rapidly approached the danger line.

His ideas of honor and truth were marked character-

Philip at the Age of Eight.

istics from his boyhood, as the following incident will illustrate. One day when he and a number of his playmates were interesting themselves in various ways, long-distance stone-throwing became the momentary attraction, and Jack's "eye" following the course of a pebble that had just left his hand, saw the stone shatter a pane of glass in the gable end of a neighbor's house. "Jack" left his companions, notwithstanding their protest at the folly of his intention, proceeded directly to the house and informed its occupants of the mishap; adding that he wished to pay for the damage he had done. The proffered money was accepted to replace the 7 x 9 inch window pane, although it was well known that the twenty-five cents would make a greater hole in the boy's pocket money than a thousand times that amount would if subtracted from the man's large income.

"Jack" expected everyone to believe in his integrity, and if ever it was subjected to doubt he was willing to undergo deprivation in order to demonstrate that "his word was as good as his bond." Having given his promise not to smoke when allowed outside the Naval Academy grounds, he preferred being detained within the inclosure for nearly a year rather than sign a declaration to that effect; saying to the officer in command that if his promise was not a sufficient guarantee of good faith, certainly his signature on paper could not be of any great value.

In later life when his bump of curiosity—a trait frequently attributed exclusively to women—had piloted him within the doors of a sham auction, and he had "bid in" enough cigars of the "sweat shop" order to close out the whole concern (although thinking he was purchasing only one box as a sample), he did penance

by denying himself a decent smoke until his investment was burned to the last stub. Nor did his friends have much pity on him, certainly not enough to make martyrs of themselves by helping him dispose of this "White Elephant" unless, perhaps, they surreptitiously destroyed the offensive weed when "Jack" was not cognizant of their purpose.

For the belief that his religious convictions were not of recent development we find several confirmatory instances. On the fly leaf of a very old copy of the New Testament, still extant in the house of a relative, there is written over his own signature, in irregular boyish penmanship, these words: "Would I were a Missionary."

Many a child imbibes principles at his mother's knee at such an early period of his existence that even memory fails to remind him that they were not acquired intuitively. Once, while staying in the home mentioned above, "Jack" overheard a little child repeating an ancient couplet to the effect that:—

> A Sabbath well spent, brings a week of content
> And peace and joy for the morrow;
> But a Sabbath profaned, what e'er may be gained,
> Is a certain fore-runner of sorrow.

His quick ear caught the words and he asked where the child had learned the lines. On being told that they had come down from his own mother he exclaimed, "Why, I've always known those verses and wondered where I had learned them."

When, after the battle of Santiago, Captain Philip called the crew of the *Texas* to quarters that he might acknowledge in their presence his desire to thank God for the victory, silently and with uncovered heads, even

his nearest friends were surprised that he had broken through the silence he had usually maintained on religious subjects. But although his reserve had been habitual, the explanation, not only for this act, but also for the work in which he engaged after the war in connection with the naval branch of the Y. M. C. A., is to be found in his own words, spoken fifteen years ago when he was about to become a member of the church. He was much troubled at that time lest some one might think he considered himself "good enough" to take such a step; and in explanation of his act he said to the writer: "If we want a child to learn to read we send him to school, do we not? And so is not the church a school where we are to learn of Christ, and Christ said if men refuse to confess Him before their fellow men He would refuse to confess them before His Father in Heaven."

CHAPTER V

AT MARTINIQUE

THAT Philip, first, last and always, was an ideal seaman has been fully evinced by his splendid professional career. How strong was his love for the service, and especially for "his" ship, is touchingly illustrated in a reminiscence from one of his brother officers in the *Wachusett*, Chief Engineer Edward Biddle Latch, U. S. N. (retired) who says: "By the arrangement of the mess-table in the *Wachusett* during her cruise to the Far East, 1865–68, it so happened that I sat on his right for the two and one-half years—or from the time the *Wachusett* left Boston until she was ordered home from the China station, at which time Philip was detached and ordered to the flagship *Hartford*, Rear-Admiral Bell. The transfer almost broke Philip's heart; not only because his vessel, the *Wachusett*, was homeward bound, with her homeward pennant streaming from its halliards at the main topgallant masthead until it gracefully touched the water far astern as a parting salutation, but because he felt a true affection for every plank and spar, every shroud and brace of her; he had made her a sailor's ideal home."

Speaking of an incident that happened while the *Wachusett* was at Martinique, which reveals Philip's singular ability to read character, Mr. Latch says: "Philip was a good judge of character and also a good

rememberer of faces. As to the latter characteristic, I recollect that when the *Wachusett* was being coaled at Martinique there was a long gang plank leading from the ship to the wharf. As was customary at this place, a large number of women bearing baskets of coal on their heads came aboard in an unbroken file, discharged their burdens into the coal bunkers and returned for more, thus forming a sort of an endless chain. This method of coaling, together with the weighers and tally men, implies a very busy scene. At least so it seemed to strike one of the ship's company, for he doffed his sailor's clothes, donned a citizen's suit and started for the gate of exit, thinking to enter upon a lark of unlimited extent. It happened, however, that Mr. Philip was at the gate and recognizing the man asked him: 'What are you doing here?' Without any hesitancy the man replied 'Me no speakee English,' but Philip, taking in the situation, without more ado turned him over to the corporal of the guard, who was watching for just such an attempt. Philip narrated this episode at the mess-table with considerable glee, for he was keen to see the humorous side of life.

"As a judge of character, in speaking of a certain petty officer, I heard him say at the mess-table: 'That man is a rascal. He is a good seaman and all right as far as his duties go, but I believe that he is a rascal.' Well, strange as it may appear, it came to my knowledge, after the return of the *Wachusett* to the United States and the discharge of the ship's company, that the man of whom Mr. Philip had spoken was arrested for some offense and sent to an institution for the betterment of sundry wilful personages; thus bearing out the pre-conception of his character as expressed above. In the sequel, however, the poor fellow met there an untimely

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death, having been caught in the belting of the machinery in his effort to save another."

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE.

(*Continued from page* 45.)

Mar. 16th.—To-day broke perfectly beautiful but extremely warm, with the land in sight and quite near at daylight. All during the night we were under very low pressure of steam, so that we might arrive in port comfortably after breakfast. The island abeam was Guadeloupe and that directly ahead Martinique. The latter is a beautiful island, about thirty miles, with a population of some thirty thousand, nearly all being negroes and the greater part of these children, judging from the number I saw in the streets this afternoon.

The island presented a magnificent appearance as we were steaming along its coast. It is very high and mountainous, and filled with deep ravines and caves. But it is under almost perfect cultivation from the top down to the sea coast. Sugar cane and coffee plantations are in sight as far as the eye can reach. At 9 A. M. we steamed past St. Pierre and at 10 A. M. hoisted the "jack" for a pilot and stood into the harbor of Fort de France, anchoring under the guns of Fort St. Louis.

We were immediately visited by an aide to the Governor, who informed us of the regulations of the port from the Emperor in relation to vessels of the "North and South United States," and were told that we could not remain longer than twenty-four hours, except by permission of His Excellency, the Governor-General. On telling this officer our wants and requirements he said that he would grant us the necessary time (for the Governor) to make our repairs and coal ship. Of course we accepted it and will remain about a week.

Our consul not residing here but in St. Pierre, we received an official visit from our agent (a Frenchman) for the port. The ship is surrounded by "bumboats" containing half clothed natives and all kinds of tropical fruits. At 3 P. M. I went on shore with our captain to pay an official visit to the Governor-General. On landing at the wharf we met an aide from the Governor, who conducted us to the palace, where we were presented to the Governor

in official style. He is an officer (captain) in the Imperial navy, and was extremely polite and attentive, as Frenchmen generally are. After sipping wine and smoking a cigar he showed us all about the palace and grounds. And I can only say that they were magnificent as compared to anything in the United States. His yard and grounds were beautifully laid out, and filled with all the tropical flowers and fruit. It now being in the height of the season of course everything was overflowing with "some of its kind." He has a great many pets about his grounds, such as the American dove, deer, birds and fowl innumerable.

But his particular pet is a horse and buggy of pure Yankee breed and manufacture, they having been sent to him by an American gentleman in New York. They are great curiosities here to the natives, but looked perfectly natural to us, excepting the absence of one of our U. S. Internal Revenue stamps stuck on the buggy.

What a great change this is to us, for about ten days ago we were in the ice and snow-bound city of Boston, and here we are in the tropics wearing summer clothing, with all sorts of fruit ripening. But what seems strangest to us is that, instead of handling greenbacks and shin-plasters, we have solid gold and silver in our pockets and are not obliged to ask: "How much is gold to-day?"

Upon leaving the palace we received a very kind invitation to dine with the Governor-General, which we, of course, were obliged to accept in a military point of view, however much we may dislike it socially. The town is composed mostly of two-story houses with red tile roofs, the streets are broad, beautifully shaded by tropical trees and are remarkably clean, but filled with children, all asking money from the "rich Americans."

Sent Mr. Pegram to St. Pierre in a French steamer to communicate with our consul. Sent down the topmast and found it to be in a very serious condition. There is great excitement here over our recent victories, and they look upon us in a different light from what they did a short time ago, and the time is fast coming when both France and England will heartily repent of their conduct toward the North in the late war.

Mar. 17th.—Passed to-day aboard ship. Having carried away our topmast and jibboom on the passage down here I was obliged to send them down and set new ones, also "set up" the standing rigging fore and aft. All the officers visited shore to-day and came

off in the evening very much pleased with the city and natives. The American consul, Mr. Givens, came down from St. Pierre and visited the ship.

Mar. 18th.—I spent most of this day aboard ship superintending setting up rigging, while the rest of the officers were on shore seeing the town and enjoying themselves. In the afternoon I went with the captain and our consul to pay an official visit to the senior French naval officer in the sloop of war *Achéron*, but he was on shore and consequently we did not see him. We inspected his steamer in the Yankee style, and after pronouncing her to be miserable and dirty from truck to keel, and leaving our cards, we took leave of the polite officer of the deck and his dirty craft and went on shore to see their naval dry dock and government yards; and they, also, cannot compare in any respect with those of like kind in the United States—that, at all events, is the opinion of two New York Dutchmen.

Afterward we walked over a portion of the city to see it in its different locations, so as to be better able to judge of it as a whole. After seeing all we desired we adjourned to the French clubrooms, where we spent a portion of the evening in a very pleasant manner with some of the first French gentlemen of the island; afterward we returned to the ship and I finished the evening with Pegram, talking over old times, etc., where we were two weeks ago, namely, in Boston, enjoying ourselves at Parker's.

Mar. 19th.—After attending to the regular Sunday routine of the ship I went ashore with Pegram to see how the town looked on Sunday. After doing some business with our tailor and shoemaker we walked about the place and then went to the outskirts to see the Crucifix, which is on a hill in view of the whole city from below, and is intended to represent the crucifixion of the Holy Saviour and the two thieves. The figures are life size, in marble, and around them are small images, holy water, burning wax tapers etc. Afterward we visited the monument of the Empress Josephine, which is in the principal square of the city and is made of the finest Italian marble and most beautifully carved. She was born in Martinique and the palace is in full view of our anchorage.

To-day being Sunday the city was very lively, it being a holiday with them, and all the people from the country coming in town to enjoy themselves. On returning to the ship and completing my work for the day I spent the evening in a very pleasant con-

versation with Pegram and Latch, the subject, of course, being professional, and branching off on the days of the past and plans for the future.

About 10 P. M. the officer of the deck sent word down to me that "a large steamer was standing in toward the harbor." Of course, we all wished it to be the *Shenandoah*, in order that we might try the *Wachusett* and *Florida* game over again, only transferring the scene of the affair from Bahia to Martinique. But on coming in she proved to be a French passenger ship, and again our hopes were blighted.

In reference to this Chief Engineer Latch says: "The episode was rather startling. The *Wachusett* left Boston in the early part of March, just prior to the close of the war. Ostensibly she was bound for China but incidentally for the West Indies, in hopes of meeting the *Shenandoah*. Of the private instructions as to her itinerary nobody on board knew excepting those immediately interested, namely, the commanding and executive officers. But that they included a lookout for Confederate cruisers was obvious. Had this strange steamer really been the *Shenandoah* none could have foretold the outcome, whether on the *Wachusett-Florida* style, or with the disastrous results which attended the British boats when they attacked the American privateer *General Armstrong* in the harbor of Fayal, in 1814. In any case it is altogether improbable that the *Wachusett* carried instructions to violate the neutrality of any foreign port. A good deal, however, is left to the discretion of the commanding officer, whatever his nationality may be. Still, the mess-room talk, as indicated in Philip's diary, showed not only a readiness but the strong desire of the officers, and, indeed, of the whole ship's company, to meet their antagonist in a lawful fight —blessings on the paradox.'

Mar. 20th.—About 6 A. M. the pilot came aboard to take the ship to the coaling wharf. Made all preparations for getting under way and about 9 A. M. made fast to the wharf. The government authorities would not give us coal, so we were obliged to purchase it of a private company. When all was ready the company sent a force of about two hundred women and one hundred and fifty men to "coal us." I was amused to see how nicely they managed it, for coaling with baskets is done very rapidly. The men filled the baskets from an immense pile of coal, while the women took the baskets on their heads, brought them on board and dumped the coal into our bunkers. It seemed quite strange to see the men do the lighter work and the women the heaviest of all. Although they are all negroes I did not exactly approve the style—although I do approve of making negroes work.

They coal ship very fast, but they also make a tremendously dirty ship, fore and aft, low and aloft. The company has a very nice plan of paying the natives for their work. Instead of hiring them for the day or week, as we do, they pay them for each basket, so they can take their time or work fast, just as they please. For every basket of coal they bring aboard they receive a check, and at night get pay for work actually done. Although the ship is very dirty, several visitors, including ladies and gentlemen, came aboard to-day; but of course they could see but little outside of the dirt and coal dust.

At 6 P. M. I went with Captain Townsend to attend the dinner at the Governor-General's, to which we had been invited on the first day in port. We met the Governor and about ten French naval officers, from captains down to sub-lieutenants. We had a delightful time and a pure French dinner in the very best style, and talked or tried to talk first French, then English, and then a mixture of the two; at all events, we got along remarkably well—considering circumstances. After dinner we returned to the sitting room, sipped coffee, smoked cigars and then repaired to the billiard room and played a game or two with the French officers . . . O. K., but exceedingly sleepy—time 3.15 A. M.

Mar. 21st.—The forenoon employed in finishing coaling the ship, the same plan, of course, being employed, that of women carrying baskets of coal on their heads. Finished coaling ship about 9.30 A. M. and commenced to clear up a little, and hoisted a "jack" for a pilot to take us round to the front of the city. Cast

off from the wharf and steamed round under "four bells" [full speed], ship going unusually fast, no doubt much to the surprise of the Frenchmen.

While steaming out I found that we had the same pilot who took the *Alabama* out of Martinique while the *San Jacinto* was lying in wait for her outside; but the night being very dark and the Confederate plans so well laid, I can see how the *San Jack* failed to discover the *Alabama* moving out under cover of the land and gave chase in a direction opposite to that taken by Semmes. For this Admiral Wilkes was censured by the Navy Department.

Three of our men deserted last night, but as the French police are after them we are likely to have them aboard soon. I do not care particularly about them, but two being "bounty-jumpers" and belonging to the meanest race of white men I wish to get them just on that account. I went ashore this afternoon, just to take a short walk for exercise and do a little business. Returned to the ship and spent the evening very agreeably with the captain in his cabin.

Mar. 22d.—Spent a portion of the forenoon on shore in a ship-yard surveying and starting a gang of carpenters at work on a spar for a new fore topgallant mast.

At 11.30 A. M. went with Captain Townsend to make an official visit on the French Admiral in the frigate *Bellone*, and was treated very politely indeed by all the officers and was shown all over the ship. The *Bellone* was in New York about three months ago, and all the officers were delighted with the city, the United States and the treatment they received from the hands of the people in general. The *Bellone* is an old sailing-frigate, but converted into an auxiliary steamer a short time after leaving France for Mexico. Of course all sorts of questions were asked and about the same answers returned in regard to the affairs in the United States; but we could not inform them that we intended to drive the French out of Mexico as soon as this war is ended. The ship itself is in better order than any French ship I have ever visited, but, of course, she could not compare with vessels of the same class belonging to the United States Navy.

In the afternoon I secured one of the deserters while on shore; of course stripped him and put him in double irons, as long as the anchor is down for the next three months.

Mar. 23d.—In the forenoon Pegram and I received calls from the executive officer, a lieutenant and an ensign from the French frigate *Bellone*. After showing them all over the ship and explaining things in general to them, we went into the wardroom and refreshed the inner man with light wines and cigars. They all were very well behaved gentlemen. Their commodore and flag lieutenant also came on board to see our captain. They could scarcely believe it when we told them that we could steam, under favorable circumstances, upward of twelve knots. They of course referred back to vessels of the same class in their own navy. They were all pleased with the *Wachusett's* appearance inboard and admired our battery very much. We are expecting the English admiral at Martinique in a few days.

Mar. 24th.—There were reports on shore to-day that three Confederate privateers were just outside the harbor, lying in wait for the *Wachusett* and would have revenge for her attack on the *Florida*. The three vessels were soon sighted, but proved to be the English admiral's flagship with two corvettes of the British West India squadron, bound to Guadeloupe from the southward.

At 5 P. M. went aboard the *Bellone* with our captain and Pegram to dine with the French admiral and his staff, and after enjoying an excellent dinner in the French style, we passed a very pleasant evening with them. There were present at the table the admiral, two captains, two lieutenants, one ensign, the fleet surgeon, paymaster and priest. Everything was served up in the nicest style.

Mar. 25th.—As is customary on Saturday mornings, we spent most of the time in cleaning ship for Sunday inspection. Saturday afternoon is given to the men to repair their clothing and to pass the time as they choose. At 1 P. M. the French admiral came aboard to look at our ship. Our captain and executive officer [Philip] received them at the gangway in the customary manner, with the guard at "present arms." After showing them everything of interest about the ship we repaired to the cabin, where an excellent lunch and cigars had been "set out" by the captain's attendants. After discussing and explaining affairs at home in regard to the war the admiral expressed himself very much pleased with the ship and took leave in the same formal style. During the conversation with the French officers I learned that they partially sympathized with the South, but with us in an official

character. They, of course, will change their minds when we finish the war and learn the truth of both sides of this home difficulty, or when we shall politely invite them to withdraw from their rich possessions in Mexico.

Mar. 26th.—After attending to the usual Sunday routine of the ship, I went ashore in the afternoon to hear the garrison band at Fort St. Louis play at the public promenade. I spent a portion of the evening at the club. Nearly all the inhabitants of Fort de France were out this evening enjoying the promenade and music. They presented a very interesting spectacle to us foreigners, for they were dressed in many tropical costumes, freely intermingled with the military costumes of the garrison.

In the afternoon sent the cutter with an officer round to the wharf and towed off to the ship the new topmast. After getting it alongside, got it inboard and "pointed it," preparatory to sending it aloft to-morrow morning.

Mar. 27th.—After making several futile efforts to fit the new topmast I sent it down and landed it in the starboard waist. The captain of the *Bellone* with several French gentlemen came aboard at noon to breakfast with our captain, Pegram and I being invited also. We had a very pleasant time, and were much amused with the account the French captain gave us of his experiences in New York, and his description of the customs of New Yorkers and Yankees in general.

The French gunboat *Achéron* left harbor to-day with some French soldiers for the island of Guadeloupe. They would not send the troops in a transport because the authorities here have a report that two Yankee privateers have lately left Boston to prey upon French commerce in the Gulf and along the West Indies. We have told them that we are the latest from Boston and that we know nothing of the report and believe it to be utterly groundless. But still they will be on the safe side, and will not trust their soldiers in an unprotected transport. If the report had been that the two privateers had left Boston for the purpose of preying on English commerce it might have some shadow of truth.

We are trying to get ready to go to sea to-morrow, as the rumor still floats around town that a couple of Confederate cruisers are outside in waiting for the *Wachusett*, and of course, we must go and look for them—either "for better or worse."

Mar. 28th.—Sent aloft the topmast, fitted it, and stayed the mast, crossed the topsail yard and reported ready for duty. Received on board two hundred and fifty bags of coal, replenished the sand locker and busied myself about the deck all day in getting ready for sea.

The French mail steamer from Vera Cruz arrived this evening, but what news she brought from the United States we have not yet learned—probably none. This is a line of mail steamers from France that the Emperor established since the occupation of Mexico by French troops.

In the evening a boat's crew from the French steamer *Casa Bianca* came alongside, said that they had deserted and wanted to ship in the *Wachusett*. This, of course, we would not listen to, and sent them to the authorities on shore to receive merited punishment. This is not the first case of the kind we have had since we have been in this port.

Mar. 29th.—Made all necessary preparations for going to sea, and sent the paymaster ashore to settle up all the *Wachusett's* bills. At 1 P. M. the English line of battle ship *Duncan*, with Admiral Hope aboard, came in from Guadeloupe and anchored. She saluted the French flag with twenty-one guns, which was returned by Fort St. Louis. The French and English admirals called upon each other and received their customary salute and answer of fifteen guns. Sent a boat to the *Duncan* with the usual compliments of our commanding officer.

At 5 P. M., being all ready, called "all hands up anchor" with the intention of leaving port, but in turning round we ran on the rocks under Fort de France and stuck there. The English and French admirals immediately sent officers on board tendering the assistance of their two ships and directly afterward sent all their launches with anchors and cables to assist us in getting off. We planted two heavy anchors astern and sent a heavy hawser to the French frigate and hove away upon them all; but, although we had topsails set aback and backed strong with the engines, we could not start the ship. We worked in this way until 9 P. M., when the pilot announced that it was "dead low water," so that there were no hopes of getting her off to-night. All the Englishmen with their boats returned to the *Duncan* and the Frenchmen to the *Bellone*, intending to renew their assistance at daybreak.

The French admiral sent a couple of lighters alongside and all of his small coal bags, and we have commenced to "lighten her" by taking out the coal from the bunkers and placing it in the lighters, in the hope that this will float her off. It is quite dangerous here; although directly under the walls of Fort St. Louis we are two feet out of water at the bow and are lying on coral and rocks, while the ship is thumping heavily at intervals, which, of course, can do her no good and a great amount of damage may arise from it. The French in this case have been unusually and extremely kind to us, doing and offering us everything in the power of their admiral to perform, and will "remain by us" until we are afloat again. The English admiral, also, has been most unexpectedly kind to us and obliging, sending us all the assistance in officers, men, boats, anchors, etc., that was in his power; and his flag captain came on board to offer his services to our captain. This was the more surprising to us in view of the fact that it was this Admiral Hope who befriended the *Florida's* people at the time the *Wachusett* captured her in Bahia. We had every reason to believe that the English admiral, so far from desiring to aid us, would have been only too glad to have seen the *Wachusett* lay down her bones right then and there.

At work and up all night in transporting the guns aft and striking up the coal in the bunkers and placing it on the lighters alongside.

Mar. 30th.—After being up all night taking out coal and setting taut the hawsers we had the pleasure of seeing the *Wachusett* floated off when it was high tide at daylight. We moved over and anchored in seven fathoms abreast the *Bellone*. The English and French launches weighed their anchors and returned to their several ships. Began replacing all the coal in our bunkers and cleaned up the decks again. The French admiral, with his usual kindness, sent a boat with a diver and his apparatus to examine the *Wachusett's* bottom. Went down and found that there was but very little damage, two pieces of copper off and the shoe started a little athwartships. This will delay us a day or two longer, but considering all the circumstances I think that we were very fortunate in getting afloat with so little damage.

It is very mortifying to get aground just as you are leaving port, but it is more so when you are compelled to accept assistance from the English and French at a time when so much ill-feeling exists against them in the United States for their acts of assistance to

the Confederacy. None of our officers had intended to call on the Englishmen, but after their kind acts last night we called on them to-day.

Mar. 31st.—The divers from the French flagship were engaged in replacing copper on the ship's bottom. They finished at 11 A. M. and reported the ship ready for sea. At sunset the French police brought one of our deserters aboard.

April 1st.—At daybreak the pilot came aboard, and at 10 A. M. we steamed out of the harbor and stood up the coast, close to the land, and at 11 A. M. came to anchor in St. Pierre, just off the town. The U. S. S. *Connecticut* came in at 3 P. M. from Guadeloupe. Although she left Boston when we did, and of course had no later news, yet it seemed like meeting one from home and consequently we all went on board of her and spent the evening. We found the officers delighted with the ship and their cruising grounds, which are all over the Gulf of Mexico and among the West Indies.

The first of last month, when we sailed from Boston, she left for the West and we for the East Indies, and did not expect to see each other again for three years. But here, unexpectedly, within a month, we run across each other again, one on her station and the other thousands and thousands of miles from her destination.

April 2d.—(Sunday) I went on shore with Pegram to see the town and to spend the forenoon out of the ship. I found the city to be like all the towns in the tropics, rather irregularly laid out and very old. The houses are two stories high, built of stone or brick, and with common tile roofs. The streets are narrow but very clean, with a stream of water on each side to carry off to the sea all refuse. The streets are all filled with children, white and black, from five to fifteen years of age, all enjoying themselves in the fresh water that comes down from the mountains.

We tried to procure horses to ride out in the country, but the only ones to be found were miserable, worn out nags, so we did not take them or go outside the city limits. There are no places of amusement here now; it being Lent the operas and theatres are all closed, so we are obliged to amuse ourselves in surveying the town and playing the national game of billiards while on shore. The only places to be seen are the public gardens, Governor's residence, the cathedral, and the sights from the mountains seaward. With all the advantages of climate, etc., I prefer our northern temperate zone to anything I have yet seen in the tropics.

At 6 P. M. I went on shore again, and with Captain Townsend dined at the house of the American consul, Mr. Givens. We had a very pleasant time, and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Givens and two or three young French ladies. It was decidedly the pleasantest time on shore I have had since leaving Boston; but, of course, it was only an aggravation to know a person for so short a period, then have to go to sea to forget all about former acquaintances.

April 3d.—Cleaned up the ship a little extra this morning in anticipation of receiving some visitors from the shore during the day. [It seems that the "two or three young French ladies" were expected—E. S. M.] At noon Mr. Givens and wife came aboard and took breakfast with the captain, I joining the party. As Mrs. Givens was an American lady the captain had had everything arranged as nearly like home as possible, so as to let her see that a man of war was not such a bad place to live in as was generally supposed. Having a lady with us for breakfast this morning we readily imagined that we were a little nearer home and the civilized world generally, instead of being so far from everybody of interest to us.

After breakfast some French gentlemen and three of their lady friends came aboard to see the *Wachusett*. After showing them all over the ship we adjourned to the upper cabin, where the captain set out a very nice lunch with wine, and we had an exceedingly pleasant time of it. All of the ladies had been in the United States and could speak English, which, of course, made it more agreeable to all of us. While down in the wardroom, the ladies naturally wished to see my room, and on being shown in said that it was altogether too small to occupy for so long a time (three years) without change and therefore I received much sympathy etc., for being obliged to leave everything of comfort behind and to content myself with my little 6 x 8 foot locker.

After seeing everything of interest on board the ladies returned to their quiet homes in St. Pierre, and had we not expected to get under way at sunset and go to sea, I would certainly have accepted their kind invitations to spend the evening at their homes and enjoyed myself still more. At all events it has been the pleasantest day of any to me since I joined the *Wachusett* at Boston, and now I only wish that we could remain here a week or two longer.

Last night the English mail steamer touched here from St. Thomas and brought glorious news from the United States of continued victories of our noble armies—and gold down to 162! This news put us in the best of spirits for the rest of the day. May to God that all the news that we may hereafter receive be of the most glowing character, until finally we hear of peace and prosperity throughout our whole country, North, South, East and West.

CHAPTER VI

A ROMANTIC CRUISE

PHILIP'S appreciation of the beautiful nowhere appears to better advantage than in that section of his diary in which he describes the ship's leisurely passage across the Atlantic, from Martinique to the Cape de Verdes, almost the exact reverse of the course taken by Cervera thirty-three years later. "Jack's" descriptions of storms, calms, sunsets and moonlight on the ocean, the nervous efforts of the pretty *Wachusett* to "run away" from a "rotary storm," her appointment with the dashing "trade winds" at a certain time and lonely spot on the Atlantic, her flirtation with the "trades" until in a moment of caprice she jilted them and ran off laughing with the rival "variables," are well worthy of preservation.

PHILIP'S PRIVATE JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

April 4th, 1865.—At daylight called "all hands, up anchor," got under way and stood out of the harbor of St. Pierre and skirted along the island northward. Passed in between Martinique and Dominica and stood eastward to clear the island of Guadeloupe. At sunset we lost sight of land, and, if nothing happens, it will be a long, long time before we will again see it on the American continent or the adjacent islands. Would that we were as near home on the return from the East Indies, instead of just commencing this long cruise. I know that there would be many more lighter hearts than we now have among us. Carried out

the routine of exercising the men at the great guns in the morning and small arms in the afternoon, and making everything snug about the ship for a long passage to the next port.

Several sail in sight during the day and all standing northward under all sail, each seeming anxious to make the best possible time to some port in the United States. I wished several times that I was on board one of them, and bound for New York instead of Hong Kong. The sea very smooth all day, the ship steaming "head to wind" and rolling quite deep, considering the sea that was on.

Released the six deserters, to be confined again as we enter the next port for safe-keeping for Uncle Sam.

April 5th.—Very pleasant all day, with light trade winds from the north and east. At noon stopped the engines, banked fires and disconnected the propeller, in order to save our coal for particular occasions, as we have a very long passage to make and only nine days coal aboard!

April 6th.—Although the day broke pleasantly, toward noon the atmosphere changed and gave warning of an approaching storm, and in the afternoon it began in all its fury from the northeast, and continued, with the sea increasing, until sunset, when we close-reefed the topsails and made all snug for the night. This being a rotary storm and the wind increasing from the northeast, we knew that the center of it would be to the southeast of the ship and that we were on the edge of the circle, so by running eastward we were fast approaching the vortex. In order to avoid this, we wore ship and stood to the north and west, and, as we sailed on, the storm died away and passed in its fury astern and to leeward.

We are still under close-reefed topsails, standing northward, with a moderate gale blowing and a very heavy sea running. The ship is rolling heavily and behaving very badly under the circumstances. And this is another case I record where it is more pleasant on shore among friends than afloat in a gale of wind.

April 7th.—After wearing ship last evening and standing northwestward, we soon had quite good weather, and by midnight we were about out of its influence. Took in and furled all sail, and started ahead with the engines, standing northward. At daylight still blowing very heavily, with a rough sea setting in from the northeast with heavy rain squalls, the ship laboring badly. At 11 A. M. it cleared up and we again headed for the Cape de Verdes

But as the wind died out in the afternoon, and the ship was not heading within five points of her course, we took in all sail and steamed northeast, so as to get out of the trade winds and strike the variables.

Unable to exercise to-day on account of the ship rolling so deeply as to be unsafe to cast loose the great guns. In rolling to-day we shipped water over the hammock nettings in the waist.

To-night we had one of the most beautiful sunsets that I have ever seen at sea, the heaven presenting a magnificent sight in the west, while there were two superb rainbows in the opposite quarter.

Busy to-day in getting out an inventory of the stores in the different departments, just to "show up" more plainly how miserably this ship was fitted out at the Boston Navy Yard to go on a long cruise. Everything is parting and carrying away in rough weather, so that it is hard to tell what to trust in the shape of masts, spars or rigging; and in the empty state in which our storerooms are at present (considering the short time from home) we have hard work to replace anything carried away.

April 8th.—Beautifully pleasant and clear all day, the ship rolling so much as to take in water over the rails and gangway. As the rigging on the foremast became slack, we had to set it up to prevent the spars from being carried away. At noon a bark homeward bound hove in sight. As we have only one hundred and fifteen tons left aboard, we stopped the engines, banked fires and continued under sail. Passed the evening in the wardroom with the officers in the usual Saturday night style.

April 9th (Sunday).—Very strong trades all day, the ship having just as much as she can do to carry the topgallant sails. Standing northward in order to get out of the northeast trades and strike the "variables," in the hope of finding them prevailing from the southwest at this season of the year so they will carry us over to the coast of Africa.

To-day we left the tropics and are again in the north temperate zone and find a decided change in the atmosphere, cooler than the climate of Martinique. Although it is cooler, yet it is not cold (the thermometer being at 80 degrees) and we indulge in the thought that we are again nearer home. But this can last for only a day or two longer, for then we head eastward, and every day thereafter we will increase the distance between the ship and

thousands and thousands of miles will separate us. At 10 A.M. inspected all hands at their quarters and the ship thoroughly, after which called all hands to muster and the surgeon read divine service to the officers and men assembled on the quarter deck. This day has been one of the pleasantest I have experienced since leaving Boston.

April 10th.—Trades continued strong and fresh all day, the *Wachusett*, as usual, rolling very deep. On this day we came near losing our 100-pounder rifles through the rolling. The weather seems again more natural and like that of New York, for we have laid aside our summer clothing and have returned to the thicker and warmer styles; and during the night watches the officer of the deck may be seen pacing up and down the quarter deck with his large overcoat on.

April 11th.—The trade winds still blowing from the eastward, but not so strong and fresh. Two sail in sight, one a fore-and-aft schooner and the other a brig, both on the wind, standing southeastward. We wished and tried to speak them, as they were lately out from the United States, and undoubtedly had news later than March 5th, which was our latest. But we could not get them, as they were too far windward and we did not wish to expend the coal to run up and overhaul them.

April 12th.—Very light southerly breezes until sunset, when the wind died away, we having run out of the region of trade winds and into that of the calms preceding that of the "variables." Took in and furled all sail and started ahead with the engines, the ship heading northeast so as to run across the calm belt and at the same time make a little of our easting. A large ship in sight under all sail heading northeast, but being a "clipper," she beat us at sailing and was soon hull down to windward.

At sunset a large piece of timber floated past. We lowered the dingey and Pegram pulled off to examine it, but finding it to be useless for the ship, he returned without it. After getting on board he remarked, "It almost made me seasick to see the old *Wachusett* roll so much when there was no cause for it"—it being almost a dead calm at the time. Hoisted in the boat and continued on our course.

This is one of the most beautiful evenings at sea that can ever be experienced. It is a dead calm, the water as smooth as a millpond, with the exception of the long, graceful swell, a full bright

moon and not a cloud to be seen in the sky. As a result we are all in excellent spirits, and will continue so as long as we are blessed with such weather.

April 13th.—At sunrise this morning fell in with a light breeze from the southwest, which is the wind that we came up from Martinique for, in order to carry us across the Atlantic under sail. At 8 A. M. stopped, disconnected the engines, banked fires and made all sail to studding sails 'low and aloft, and headed her to the eastward to run down the longitude. A school of whales in sight and near the ship this afternoon.

April 14th.—Carried out the usual routine, varied by reading, at sunset, the "Fire bill" to the officers and crew.

April 15th.—At 8 A. M. this morning, in a very heavy rain squall, the wind suddenly changed to the northeast, throwing the ship flat aback, with all sails to studding sails on her. Obliged to take in the studding sails, brace round on the other tack and reduce down to topsails and fore and aft sails. As the wind came out in great violence and very suddenly, before the *Wachusett* could be brought on the right tack with yards and sails trimmed, she had gathered "stern-board" and was thus placed in quite a perilous position. Blowing very hard all day and the rain came down in torrents until about midnight, when it partially cleared up. The night is very dark and "dirty," with heavy winds still from the northeast. The sea is rough and very phosphorescent, which gives everything a ghastly appearance. I wonder how the weather is this Saturday night in C——. Would that I was there instead of being tossed with the old *Wachusett* here in mid-ocean!

April 16th (Sunday).—A beautiful day from sunrise to sunset, calm, with sea as smooth as possible, and the old ship lying lazily on the gently heaving bosom of the ocean, with "yards-a-box" for wind; sails flapping against the masts and rigging, and the vessel just moving with the swells as she heads to all or any point of the compass.

At midday a small bottle was seen a short distance from the ship. We lowered the dingey and sent her for it and brought it on board. After opening it, found it to be empty. Evidently it had been in the water some time, for it was covered with barnacles and small shell-fish. Ships at sea always make a practice of picking up everything of the kind, if it is possible to do so, for seamen, when in a gale of wind or in distress, often write down on a piece

of paper their names, position, etc., put it in a bottle, seal it up and heave it overboard to be picked up at a later day, so that if they perish some trace may still be had of their misfortune. It was for this reason that we stopped to pick up what we first supposed to contain tidings of some fellow-wanderer.

April 17th.—Very beautiful, with fresh breezes from the west all day. This is another of those days when all the officers are delighted with life at sea.

April 18th.—The weather changed during the night and at daylight it was raining furiously, with every sign of bad weather close on board, but the wind was still light from the west. About 1 P. M. the wind suddenly hauled to the north and blew very fresh and continued to increase and haul to the east until 5 P. M., when we were obliged to close-reef the topsails, running before the wind; the ship logging twelve knots under this reduced sail. Every appearance of a bad stormy night before us, so I made everything snug.

Just before sunset a beautiful rainbow was seen extending from horizon to horizon, spanning the sky, and as the sailors say, "A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight," we expected it to clear up and give us good weather again; so just as the sun set, it broke out and the storm gave signs of abating. It "broke up" as the sun disappeared beneath the western horizon, and at 8 P. M. we shook out the reefs and hoisted the topsails and made more sail, again standing on our course southeast by east.

A large ship in sight and crossed our bow, standing northeast bound for Europe. She was an Englishman. In the afternoon a Yankee bark hove in sight from the north, heading south. We might have hove to and spoke him and received news from home, but he came up in this heavy squall and by the time we were under close-reefed topsails, he, being before the wind, was hull down to leeward, and consequently we missed that chance of hearing from home.

April 19th.—The ship rolling very deep and heavily all last night and to-day, shipping seas over the hammock netting and gangways. On account of her motion it is very uncomfortable on board. One cannot eat, sleep, read or write with any degree of pleasure, because you are obliged to brace yourself and hold on to anything fast to keep from going from one side of the wardroom to the other. While eating our meals, our plates and dishes

The U. S. S. Wachusett under all sail.

(From a photograph taken in 1865.)

would take an angle of forty-five degrees if we did not hold and balance them with the roll. So much for going to sea when one ought to remain on shore!

Sixteen hundred miles from Cape de Verde Islands to-day and only seventy tons of coal aboard!

April 20th.—During the mid-watch last night we passed very close to a ship standing northeast. We are now forty-seven days out from Boston and are in just the latitude and longitude that we ought to have been in when eleven days out, so that thirty-six days are already added to our passage to China.

April 21st.—One bark in sight to-day, evidently bound for Europe. I wish we had an opportunity to get a New York newspaper of late date, so we could get some news from the States. I have no doubt, though, that, long ere this, our armies are in quiet possession of Richmond and that the war is about ended. Would that we could be officially informed of it.

April 22d.—Nothing of special interest occurred to-day, and we worried through the day the best we could. In the evening, however, we had the usual Saturday night's toasts in remembrance of those at home.

April 23d (Sunday).—This has been one of the most beautiful days that can ever be experienced at sea; not a cloud in the sky, sea smooth, ship on her course with studding sails set on both sides, and with as much wind as we desire for the safety of our yards and masts. It has been a noble day for thought and reflection, and in taking advantage of it my thoughts naturally ran back to the banks of the grand little Hudson, and there I allowed them to linger as long as time would permit, and although I cannot see or communicate with the cherished ones there for a long time to come, yet I console myself with the thought and belief that they are *all* still in the possession of health; and, perhaps, that this Sunday evening they will think of an absent one and finally offer a prayer for the lonely bark here in mid-ocean. Would that I could take my place this evening in the family group.

April 24th.—Very squally, with rain and frequent shifts of wind all day. At daybreak a small brig hove in sight and about 9 A. M. passed within a quarter of a mile of him, exchanged colors, she proving to be English, bound for the coast of Brazil. We did not speak her, for, being English and having strong sympathies with the South, we could not place any reliance on what she might say,

so we continued on our several ways in silence. We ran out of the limits of the "variable winds" to-day and expect to reach the northeast trades to-morrow, which will carry us to our immediate destination.

April 25th.—Very pleasant all day, but no signs of the trades. The barometer fell very low and suddenly, with no indication of a gale approaching; but there must be some severe storm blowing not far from us or our glass would not be so troubled. At sunset the weather changed and gave very positive signs of a cyclone passing near to us, but fortunately it passed clear of our track. To-night the sea is quite high, and as it comes up astern of us it overtakes and breaks alongside, and very often in her rolling the *Wachusett* is too accommodating and takes in large quantities on her deck, which is very uncomfortable to all. But, then, this we must expect and abide by, as it is our business to "Go down to the sea in ships."

April 26th.—As was anticipated last night, we soon ran out of the influence of the cyclone. The breeze to-day gradually died out as we approached the vicinity of the "calm belt," between the variables and the trades. By 10 P. M. it was nearly calm, when we got up steam and went ahead at full speed, as we are only four hundred miles from the Cape de Verdes and we will soon run down that distance, and will then make preparations for the next "long leg" to the Cape of Good Hope.

April 27th.—Very pleasant all day, with very little or no sea on. A bark hove in sight holding the same course as ourselves.

April 28th.—We were under steam and sail until sunset, when we stopped and disconnected the propeller, as we had only about fifty-five miles to make before reaching land. We just "jogged along" under steam, as we did not want to be bothered with land under our lee during the night. The crew were busy this afternoon examining their account on the ship's books, so as to know how much they would have to spend when they got ashore.

April 29th.—At twelve o'clock last night we hove-to under fore and aft sail to await daylight, the land being close under our lee. At daylight Porto Grande was about thirty miles dead to windward of us, so we took in all sail and started ahead with the engines, steaming along the northern coast of San Antonio Island, about three miles from the beach. As the wind was directly ahead and very strong our progress was slow.

At 1 P. M. we rounded the eastern point of the island and kept away for St. Vincent, and at 3 P. M. we came to anchor in the Bay of Porto Grande. We found a great many vessels at anchor, mostly all English merchantmen, but not a single American flag except the one we carry and *can* defend.

On anchoring, the Portuguese Health Officer boarded, and after the customary formalities, gave us the liberty of the port, but as yet, not one of our officers has availed himself of this privilege to go ashore. The island of St. Vincent is very barren; not a "blade of grass" or tree is to be seen. The town of Porto Grande is a small place of about one thousand inhabitants, English and Portuguese, the authorities being Portuguese. The town is used as a coaling station for English steamers. Everything that is consumed here is brought from some other part of the world. The fruit, however, is brought from adjacent islands, which are very fertile. The bay or anchorage is excellent and very commodious, with plenty of water for the largest ships.

Across the bay to the south and on top of the mountains a profile of a man's head can be seen, and all Americans call it Washington's head; and, in fact, a great resemblance can be traced, and with very little stretch of the imagination his profile as seen anywhere at home can be made out; the forehead, eyes and nose, with chin are, in fact, excellent, but the part for the top of the head and the hair is not so good. Although we call it Washington, all Englishmen call it the Duke of Wellington. Each party is at liberty to name it what it pleases, yet the likeness is there and more pronounced than that of the "Old Man of the Mountains" in the Catskills, and familiar to us all along the Hudson.

Busy all day cleaning ship for port, but before we anchored I confined those six men who had deserted at Martinique, so that they would be safe.

April 30th (Sunday).—In the afternoon the officers who had permission visited the shore to see and be disgusted with the place. In the course of the forenoon a small Yankee whaling schooner came in and anchored near us, flying the first Yankee flag we have seen (on a merchantman) since we left the United States. It was a very agreeable sight; although at the mast-head of a small whaler, yet it made us all feel as if we were a little nearer to the land of the free.

May 1st.—At daylight this morning we got under way and ran

closer inshore where the water was smoother, so that we could coal with more facility. Busy coaling ship all day. Finished at sunset and cleaned up ship for the night. The coal was towed alongside in large lighters by a small tug and we had merely to discharge them. It was bought from an English firm and they were very accommodating, being willing to give us everything in their power. Coaling a steamer is one of the most disagreeable tasks, the dirt penetrating into every corner. For this reason I would like to cruise in the old sailing ships, as in days long gone by.

Another Yankee whaling schooner came in this afternoon and anchored near us. She has been out from home over fourteen months, and so, of course, has no news. The schooner that came in yesterday went out again to her cruising grounds in search of hump-backs.

May 2d.—To-day took in about ten tons of coal in bags and stowed them away on deck. Took in provisions, etc., to last us until we reached the Cape of Good Hope. Generally busy about the deck in fitting up and reeving off new gear aloft as a preventive against the heavy weather off the Cape.

I went on shore in the morning on business, but soon, getting disgusted with the town, returned on board, perfectly satisfied to remain by the old *Wachusett* so long as we had no better place than Porto Grande to visit. There were but few white people in the town, the greater part being of African descent, speaking a jargon of Portuguese, English and French, with a little of the African dialect mingled with it. The houses are low and have a most miserable appearance, being painted a dirty white or cream color. Taken altogether, Porto Grande is the poorest place I have ever visited.

Some excitement in the bay this afternoon as we watched the little whaler catch a whale that had happened to wander, with her calf, farther inside the bay than was prudent for her.

May 3d.—In the forenoon I called all hands to quarters and exercised the gun crews in firing shot and shell, using Bird Rock as a target. Although this was the first time that our guns have been fired this cruise, the men did very good shooting. The old rock was hit several times, and every time that it was hit the crew of the little whaler would mount the "rail" and give three cheers. They seemed to be delighted with our exercise.

In the afternoon a large English mail steamer stopped here to coal—but still no news from home.

May 4th.—The wind was very strong all day, rendering it very disagreeable for our boats to land. Consequently, very few of our officers went ashore. At one time the wind was so strong that we began dragging anchor, but checked it by letting out more cable. A small French steamer from the coast of Africa and an English collier from Cardiff came in—but still no news from home.

Last night one of the deserters who was confined in double irons (hands ironed behind) jumped overboard, and undoubtedly the rascal was drowned alongside, as there was no chance for him to get ashore or to any of the vessels near us.

May 5th.—At 8 A. M. the French gunboat *Castor* came in and anchored. Sent an officer aboard her with the usual proffers of services, etc. She had on board the governor of Senegambia and family, who were returning to France. But no news from home.

May 6th.—At daylight the French mail steamer *Péluse*, from Marseilles for Bahia, came in and anchored, and at 8 A. M. two other French mail steamers came in. We sent a boat with an officer to each steamer for newspapers and news generally. By the *Péluse* we learned the sad tidings of President Lincoln's death and of the attempted murder of General Grant and Mr. Seward. As this was in all the different papers we were obliged to believe it, and, consequently, we all felt low-spirited all day and had the flag at half-mast.

In connection with this we also heard the glorious news of the surrender of General Lee's whole army and other glorious tidings, which, upon the whole, may be considered good news, and that the war is about terminated, and that the death of the President, although very sad at this time, will not delay the progress of our victorious arms, but will rather fire the Northern hearts. All the papers that we received to-day, English, French and Portuguese, strongly favor our government and acknowledge that peace will soon follow. But it is also rumored that the United States have made a very large demand on England for her share in the Confederate commerce destroyers, and that we have recalled Mr. Adams from the Court of St. James; and in that case war must follow. As far as the navy is concerned, I think that we all, officers and men, will rejoice when official information is received of that fact, for I believe that we can punish England in

the manner she richly deserves for the part she took in the Civil War.

On account of the arrival of these mail steamers the quiet harbor of Porto Grande was very lively, and by looking at the shipping a stranger would imagine that the town would be one of some consequence instead of a place like it is. The *Péluse* anchored within half a ship's length of us and had a great number of lady passengers on board, but being unable to talk French we could not call upon them, which we regretted exceedingly for several reasons.

May 7th (Sunday).—At 10 A. M. called all hands to quarters and carefully inspected the crew and the ship fore and aft, and then read divine service to the officers and men assembled on the quarter-deck. After this, the captain read to the crew the telegraphic message in regard to the death of President Lincoln and the surrender of the Confederate army under General Lee. We hoisted the colors at half-mast and fired half-hour guns all day as a slight token of our regard for our worthy President. In reading over the papers in regard to the excitement in the United States we all wished, time and time again, that we were at home to partake of the joys, etc., instead of being bound to the distant East, where we will be, in a measure, unable to receive all the news of the day.

Blowing very hard all day, the *Wachusett* dragging both anchors with ninety fathoms of chain out, no sea on and close in to the land—weather shore one-eighth of a mile distant. Of course we were not able to lower any of the boats, so none of the officers left the ship all day.

May 8th.—This morning we again exercised the gun crews at firing at Bird Rock. Although this is only the second time our guns have been fired in this cruise we were all most agreeably surprised at the firing, for of all the shells fired from the rifles only one missed the target; and that was not the fault in the pointing, for the shell, instead of going direct, "tumbled" and fell short. All of the passengers in the mail steamers were up with their glasses watching the effect of each shot, and, as each one struck where we desired, I have no doubt that all outsiders could not help admiring it, for it was truly one of the finest target practices from a ship in motion that I have ever seen, and, in fact, it could not be excelled by the best-drilled crew in the service.

In the afternoon I allowed some of the men to go out fishing in the cutter. I went on shore for a short time, just to see some of the passengers (from the mail steamers) who happened to be on shore. At sunset the French mail steamer *Estra Madura* left the harbor, bound for Bordeaux. She carried our mails for the glorious United States. How I sincerely wish that I was also bound to that glorious land, instead of to the distant East.

May 9th.—The paymaster went on shore to pay the ship's bills so we could leave port, and at 1 P. M. I reported to our commander "That the ship was ready for sea." As we are short of provisions the captain intends to run down to Port Praya, and, as we have only one hundred and seventy-five miles to run, we did not get under way until dark. At 8 P. M. called "all hands, up anchor," and stood out of the harbor to the south under a low head of steam. We ran down the coast of St. Vincent, and then headed out to sea to the southeast for the island of St. Jago, which we expect to make a little after daylight.

To-night is beautiful, the sea very smooth, trade winds blowing quite fresh, and it is quite warm. The moon is full and shining in all its glory, with the great Southern Cross very bright in the southern horizon. All the officers are in excellent spirits and overjoyed in getting clear of the miserable Portuguese port of Porto Grande.

May 10th.—Under light steam and fore-and-aft sail all night, standing to the southeast. At daylight the northern part of the island of St. Jago was in sight under our lee, distant about thirty-five miles. We are steaming down the coast of the island within three miles of land. At 4 P. M. we came to anchor in the harbor of Port Praya and were visited by the American Consul, Mr. Moose. The harbor is a roadstead open to the south, but the remainder is surrounded by high cliffs and the town is built on a plateau several hundred feet above the sea. As we anchored we saw an American brig getting under way, and sending a boat alongside learned that she was bound for Boston direct. We at once put mail aboard of her.

Sent the paymaster ashore to buy provisions for our cruise.

May 11th.—Some of the officers visited shore to-day. Those remaining aboard endeavored to catch a shark that persisted in remaining near the ship. No luck.

May 12th.—At 9.30 A.M. called all hands to general quarters

and exercised at the great guns. Fired two rounds from each gun at a target in the cliffs, distant about eight hundred yards. Did very good firing, but some shots from the 32-pounders went over the target and back in the country beyond, where they might have hurt some one.

After quarters I went on shore to see the town, but it being so very hot and dusty, I went only up one block to a store, remained there an hour and returned to the ship disgusted—for, while I was away, four very pretty Portuguese ladies had just visited the ship with their friends and a couple of our officers. In the evening I go ashore with our captain to dine with the Governor-General.

(*Philip's Journal continued in Chapter VIII.*)

Second-class battle ship Texas.

CHAPTER VII

REMINISCENCES OF REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP

Rear-Admiral Francis John Higginson, U. S. N.

WHEN a life-long friend suddenly departs and, crossing the great divide, leaves you with only a sacred memory enshrined in your heart, you realize, perhaps for the first time, how much beyond all wealth and honor is the attachment we form in this life to noble souls. Friendships are beacon lights illuminating our pathway through life and the longer they burn, the brighter they become. Happy the man who can pursue his journey to the end without his pathway being darkened by the extinguishment of one of these lights.

These thoughts crowd upon me when I think of the death of the late Rear-Admiral John W. Philip. My first recollection of the late Rear-Admiral Philip is when we were boys together at the Naval Academy from 1857 to 1861. He was three years older than myself and his intimates at the school were among an older set of boys, but I used to see a great deal of him, and formed at that time a friendship which lasted through life.

As a boy, Philip was overflowing with animal life and spirits and dearly loved a practical joke, a passion of which I, with others, was often the victim. His humor, however, was so spontaneous and free hearted that it was impossible, even for the victim, not to join in the laughter. There was nothing malicious or mean about this fun, and if, unintentionally, he gave offense, he was

always ready to make amends for it in the most honest and manly way.

Philip was very good in mathematics, and in after life became an excellent navigator. He did not stand so high in languages, and his struggles with French, as well as my own, used to afford us no end of amusement. He did well in all practical exercises, and there was at all times with Philip a reservoir of force, of which he seemed himself to be unconscious, but which throughout life enabled him to solve, on the spur of the moment, many professional problems to which he had not previously given much thought or study.

While he was not himself a technical officer, he was quick to seize upon that knowledge in others and allying with it his own force and push, before which all obstacles seemed to vanish, carried the work in hand to a successful completion. And his acknowledgments for such assistance were always most full and complimentary; no officer who ever worked with Philip for the accomplishment of an improvement or a reform failed to receive proper credit for his work.

The most striking example of this was the way in which he put the *Texas* into a fighting condition just before the Spanish War. When he took command of her, he found that the mechanism of her turret guns was so defective that the guns could not be fired except at long intervals. To remedy this he bent all his energies, knowing that, if called upon to encounter a vessel of the enemy this extreme slowness of fire might be the cause of his defeat. He found most efficient coadjutors in Lt. Haeseler and Lt. Bristol, who with remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill, devised a system of mechanism by which the guns could be fired with great comparative rapidity.

Philip, taking Lt. Haeseler with him, visited the Navy Department, and overcoming a certain amount of red tape by his arguments, succeeded in having the work done as he desired, and under the supervision of Lt. Haeseler, so that in her final action she was quite as efficient in gun fire as any vessel in Sampson's fleet.

I did not meet Philip during the Civil War, that is in action, although in the same squadron with him off Charleston. His most serious engagement was, I believe, in the *Pawnee*, under Captain Balch, where Philip was wounded, and where he received great praise from his commanding officer. My most intimate association with Philip as messmate and shipmate began when he was transferred to the *Hartford* as executive, from the *Wachusett* in 1867. This was on the China station and we returned to New York in the summer of 1868. Afterward, in the Mediterranean, I joined the *Richmond* as navigator, of which vessel Philip was executive officer.

The *Richmond* was famous in the squadron for her exercises with sails and spars. This was all done, during the hot weather, before breakfast, Philip taking charge of the deck at seven o'clock and keeping it until eight, when, after spreading awnings, coiling up the gear and sweeping decks, the crew would be "piped to breakfast." We had a splendid crew and they threw themselves with enthusiasm into this early morning work, not only on account of their ambition to excel every other vessel of the squadron, which they did, but because it gave them a rest during the remainder of the day and enabled them to keep clean during the day the white clothes, which they had put on at breakfast time.

His reputation as an executive was excelled by none and equaled by few. He seemed to have, also, a remarkable success in attaining the favor and respect of

his commanding officers, who, although varying in disposition and temperament, were contented to allow Philip to maintain the routine and discipline of the ship in his own way, and when he became captain he treated his own executives in like manner.

He had a great scorn of conventionalities, and his innate shyness made him avoid society, balls and parties. Whenever we were going to give an entertainment on board, Philip, after rendering all the assistance in his power to make it a success, would generally, when the time came for the guests to arrive, go ashore. Nor did he frequent clubs, but would preferably when abroad go to some quiet American home, where an American tea table and American instead of English customs were kept up.

Although most of my intimacy with Rear-Admiral Philip was in his young days, I can truly say that I never heard him swear or saw him drink. He never touched liquor after leaving the Naval Academy in 1861. He had once, while a cadet, felt the evil effects of liquor and, without any persuasion, but of his own free will, he said to himself, "I will never touch another drop of that stuff as long as I live," and he never did.

He had the most chivalrous regard for good women, and though very shy in their presence, no man would sacrifice himself more to do them service. Whatever he did was done with all the intensity of his strong nature, and during the Spanish War, I could not help comparing him to one of Cromwell's Puritans, who could pray and fight with equal vigor.

He was a good ship keeper and every part of his ship was scrupulously clean. Before his promotion to command rank, Philip never went to sea in any other capacity than that of executive officer, except once in the

Richmond, in which vessel he was for a short time navigator. I think he told me he never stood a regular deck watch in his life. This, of course, was owing to the fact that he left the Naval Academy just at the commencement of the Civil War, when there was a life size premium upon regular graduates. His first detail after leaving the Naval Academy was to the sloop of war *Marion* as executive officer. She was a sailing vessel and Philip was twenty-one years of age.

It is related that, while cruising off Havana in this vessel, the captain thought he would like to go ashore and call upon our consul general. As the breeze was blowing directly out of the harbor the *Marion* stood in close to the entrance, when the captain took his gig and pulled ashore, leaving Philip to look after the vessel until his return, without giving him any particular directions as to his movements. Philip, thinking he would like to have a look at Havana himself, began beating into the harbor, which, although the entrance is very narrow he was enabled to do, owing to the *Marion* being such a quick working vessel.

Just as he got to the narrow part of the entrance where, on making short tacks he had to approach very close to the shore, a familiar voice came over the water, saying, "Young man, what are you doing with my ship?" It was not, however, a moment to enter into explanations and Philip continued to work into the harbor and anchored, and made his peace with the captain afterward. Probably the latter, who was one of the crack sailors of the old navy, was not so much displeased to see the "youngster" just out of the Naval Academy perform such a difficult piece of seamanship. This performance was typical of Philip in dealing with new situations. It was always "*l'audace et toujours de l'audace.*"

Philip was in no sense a war "jingo," but if it came in the line of his duty he did his best, both for his country and his God. Intimate as I was with Philip, it was some time before I fully appreciated the strength and depth of the new religious life which had been engrafted upon his rugged nature. He never paraded it, nor obtruded it upon his friends and I of course did not penetrate the sacredness of his reserve.

I was inexpressibly pleased to have him near me on the blockade off Santiago. It seemed such a fitting "round up" to our life-long friendship that we should be alongside of each other in the final act of the drama. His station was next to mine on the blockade and we would often visit each other and exchange "wig wag" signals. He used to be quite envious of what he called my "roof garden," which was a little cabin built on the bridge deck of the *Massachusetts*, where I slept, and outside of which, under an awning, I often had my meals served. Here he would sometimes join me, and with a fresh trade wind blowing, and looking over the water at the surrounding battleships, the Moro, and the beautiful background of mountains back of Santiago, we obtained a pleasant respite from the terrible heat of our cabins. He had no such arrangement on the *Texas* and used to envy me my good fortune.

On one occasion while on the blockade, when the crew of the *Massachusetts* were loading the secondary battery, one of the men accidentally fired off one of the small guns which, at the time, was pointed directly toward the *Texas*. I was, naturally, very anxious about the result, but presently the "wig wag" flag on board the *Texas* sent to me this message from Philip: "Good line shot, but a little high," the shot having gone directly over the *Texas*.

Interested spectators aboard the Texas.
(By courtesy of the Century Company.)

On another occasion, when the fleet under Admiral Sicard was at anchor at Dry Tortugas, we were ordered to proceed to sea by the northern channel. On the way out the *Texas*, which preceded the *Massachusetts*, touched bottom upon an uncharted coral reef in the middle of the channel, but without serious injury. After we were outside, Philip signaled to me "*Texas* luck; struck bottom in eight fathoms [forty-eight feet]."

While a strict disciplinarian, in those days Philip was always just and consequently popular with the crew, although without any unofficer-like efforts to obtain their favor. But I think where he showed the greatest tact and force of character was in his management of the wardroom, a problem much more difficult than with the crew. This quality has been styled the science of living among men. There is no other thing that is so taxing, requires so much education, so much wisdom and practice, as the art of living among our fellow men justly and charitably and harmoniously.

In importance this art exceeds all other skill and knowledge; and Philip possessed it to a high degree. What with his tact, good nature, firmness and ability, it was impossible to have a discordant mess where Philip was executive officer.

I remember one Saturday a council of war was being held aboard the *New York* when the subject of a proposed attack upon the batteries was being considered. Sampson and his staff officers were telling the captains what was expected of them and furnishing them with the general order which had been drawn up for the occasion. Philip drew Sampson aside in the cabin and said to him with concentrated earnestness, "Sampson, don't you do it."

"Do what?" said Sampson.

"Don't you fight on Sunday."

"Why?"

"Because," said Philip, "if you search all history, you will find that whoever fired the first shot on Sunday was defeated."

This proposition was immediately assailed by the Philistine captains, but Philip stood his ground with simple and sincere earnestness, strong in his faith; and Sampson, who was himself a religious man, said in his simple way, "Well, gentlemen, there seems to be some objection to fighting this action on Sunday, and I must confess that I was brought up that way myself, so we will postpone the attack until Monday."

I have never been able to verify Philip's statement about battles fought on Sunday, but that he earnestly and religiously believed in the truth of it was apparent to the whole council.

At the finish, on the glorious third of July, 1898, kind Fortune took Philip by the hand and led him up the heights of national glory, while she led the *Massachusetts*, after thirty-seven days of hard blockading duty, ingloriously away to Guantanamo for coal. Upon no braver heart nor more tender soul could such good fortune have fallen and, while bemoaning my own sad fate, I rejoiced most heartily in that of my life-long friend, and I rejoice now that before he departed this life he rose to the height of a nation's esteem.

It may be said of him that he achieved distinction and overcame the obstacles in his path by the force of his will and the strength of his character. And in this respect his example may well be followed by the young men of our land. His moral victory over himself was far greater than the one at Santiago over the Spaniards. No one, perhaps, except his wife, knows

better than myself the struggle with his shy nature which Philip must have had to make the public declaration of his faith which he did upon the quarter deck of his ship and yet, if he had made a vow beforehand, to do so, no embarrassment would have stopped him. After the war, when he became commandant of the New York Navy Yard, Philip entered with enthusiasm into the project of a Sailors' Rest, a subject which had occupied my own attention while Captain of the Navy Yard before the Spanish War.

Here again we found ourselves working in sympathy along the same lines, and for one of the best enterprises which has been brought forward in the navy in my day, and one which will, I sincerely trust, have a beneficial and lasting effect upon the service. Working in harmony with the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. Philip addressed parlor and public meetings upon this subject. This was, of course, perfect torture to him, as he would rather face a thousand batteries than the smallest audience.

His embarrassment in speaking was so evident and so pathetic that the warm sympathy of his audience always went out to him, and he found his way into their hearts by his honest, sailor-like bearing, no matter what he said. It is, I am told, largely due to his influence that a good and beneficent lady of New York City, whose name is enthroned in the hearts of our sailors, has endowed so liberally the Sailors' Rest now being erected in Brooklyn. May she live long to enjoy the contemplation of her good work and may the sailors of our navy never cease to render her homage.

When as one of the pall bearers I followed the hearse bearing the body of my departed friend, from the chapel at Annapolis to the burying ground upon the hill over-

looking the Severn (through the same grounds and amid the same scenes in which we had passed so many boyhood days together) I thought of how through all the long subsequent years, in sunshine and in storm, in peace and in war, he had toiled up the hill of life. Joyously at first in the exuberance of youth and the easy ascent, stumbling a little, but never failing. Drinking a little, but not too deeply, from the fountains of pleasure, which line the base of the hill. Struggling on at the last more slowly and laboriously, but ever bravely, bending under the cares and burdens, official and private, which had come upon him, but with a firm tread and a bright eye. Finally reaching the summit, a pilgrim footsore and weary, he sinks to rest and his soul, wafted to Heaven, is welcomed above by the sweet music of the Heavenly choir singing "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

As the young gentlemen of the Naval Academy pause at the grave of Rear-Admiral Philip, and read upon his tombstone those noble words: "Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying," let them be inspired and elevated by the grandeur of the sentiment, and let them resolve that they also, living or dying, will leave in the example of their lives an immutable legacy to their country and to the Navy.

CHAPTER VIII

AT PORT PRAYA

ONE of the prominent traits in "Jack" Philip's character was that he usually expressed himself bluntly—very much to the point—whether in complimentary or condemnatory tones. His comments on the inhabitants of the various ports at which the *Wachusett* touched are very much like the man himself, "straight from the shoulder"; but in justice to the subject of this memorial, it should be remembered that, in all probability, Philip never expected that what he was writing in his private diary would ever be placed before the public in cold type. As we read over the time-discolored pages of his journal, we feel that we are in the sacred presence of the inner man himself and that we should regard his criticisms as what he "thought to himself" rather than a public declaration before his fellow-men.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from page* 80.)

Port Praya, May 13th, 1865.—At the Consul's last night we met the Governor-General of the Cape de Verdes, his private secretary and two of his aides, with a few other gentlemen. Although none of their party could speak English and none of us could speak Portuguese, no one language being common to us both, yet we all seemed to enjoy ourselves throughout the evening.

Visited the shore to-day for a horseback ride and to see the fertile portion of the island—if that could be found! The town of Port Praya is the chief port in the group and formerly was the rendezvous of our African squadron. It resembles all Portuguese

towns, the houses being all of the one-story-with-tile-roof style and all painted with that miserable, dirty yellow which is so common on the African coast. The town formerly was quite a pleasant place to visit, it being the seat of government for the islands and there was some good society here. But now there are no places of interest, either in the city or on the island.

For the past three years there has been no rain, consequently there is a great amount of starvation and suffering. One cannot walk through the streets without being continually reminded of the sad condition in which the poorer class are. They are dying from starvation day by day. Last year about twenty thousand people starved to death and the Governor told us that at least twenty-five thousand would starve this year. I visited a pen or stockade, just outside the city, where there were about twenty-three hundred men, women and children in the last stages of starvation. They are kept up by the government, which gives them about a quart of common yellow corn, boiled, per day. They are dying continually and those who are yet alive present the most horrible pictures you can imagine. Pen cannot describe it. They reminded me (in bodily condition only) most of our noble soldiers as they appeared when returned from Andersonville or other Confederate prisons.

I was walking with the Consul along the street and, on seeing a woman fall (just alive) in the middle of the street, asked the cause of it. He replied "starvation" and said that to see people fall from that cause was a common sight to him lately. If it should rain now it would do but little good for some time to come, for as the Governor said, the people are "too feeble to work the soil." Yet there seems to be salt provisions enough stored away. Any one can get them by paying cash. On the whole Port Praya is a place that is not worth visiting.

At 3 P. M. the English sloop of war *Zebra* came in and anchored. When she first approached the harbor we suspected her to be the *Shenandoah* or *Alabama* (for there was a strong resemblance) and being in hopes that she would turn out a Confederate cruiser we got up steam, got ready for slipping the chain cable and made preparations for immediate action. As she came into the harbor she persisted in keeping her colors in such a line with her masts that we could not make them out until she came to anchor, when we sent a boat aboard and found that she was a genuine John Bull.

May 14th (Sunday).—After divine service this morning the captain and second lieutenant of the *Zebra* came aboard the *Wachusett* and inspected her thoroughly. The English governor of Sierra Leone is a passenger in the *Zebra*, homeward bound. To-day, as the two governors, English and Portuguese, paid their official visits to each other there were four national salutes fired.

In the evening I went with our captain to make an official call aboard the Englishman. On getting aboard and meeting several other officers from another warship, including the governor and captain of the port, I did not return to the *Wachusett* until late at night—having spent a "jolly time" on board.

May 15th.—At daylight this morning the *Zebra* got under way and went to sea bound for Porto Grande, where the English governor takes a steamer for home. As it was blowing quite fresh to-day and a heavy swell setting in from southward we could not bring off any provisions, consequently we are detained another twenty-four hours.

May 16th.—Blowing quite fresh all day, so we could not send a boat ashore. As the wind increased the ship began to drag her anchor, so we let go another, which brought her up when the rocks and breakers were close astern.

May 17th.—During the forenoon I exercised the crew in furling sail, then in crossing and in sending down the topgallant yards, and continued the exercise until I got a little tired myself and the men were quite proficient in their duties.

I went on shore with Pegram and Latch, and after attending to a little business, we hired three horses and rode out to the plantation of St. George, distant about five miles. During the rainy season it is a most beautiful place; and even now it is beautiful, the grounds being laid out splendidly. They contain all sorts of trees and shrubs. All the tropical fruits can be seen and gathered there, from the orange, pineapple, cocoanut, down to small spice.

While wandering around the grounds we fell in with the proprietor, Señor Henriques, who is the acting English, French, Belgian and Russian consul. He invited us up to his house and refreshed us, after our hot and tedious ride, with an excellent lunch. While enjoying our cigars we were entertained by the most charming music. On the whole, it was the most pleasant day I have had for some time. We returned to the ship at sunset very tired, but pleased with our day's work.

May 18th.—During the forenoon I exercised the crew in furling sail and crossing and sending down the topgallant yards. Although this is only the second time the men have been exercised I can see an improvement and am in great hopes of their proficiency before the end of the cruise. For the remainder of the day I was receiving provisions in the paymaster's department, but very, very slowly. It is enough to sicken one with the continual delays at the beginning of so long a cruise!

May 19th.—Made preparations for getting to sea, secured every thing on deck for a long passage and at 11.30 A. M. called "all hands up anchor." But on heaving in we found that we had lost our [port] anchor, it having become unshackled in some way. Consequently we were delayed in getting under way and were obliged to drag for it. Called away and manned both cutters and sent them ahead to drag. About sunset they got fast, but upon heaving in it proved to be the other [starboard] anchor; and having raised it in this style we were obliged to get up steam and move ahead, as we were close to heavy breakers. After manœvering around we finally anchored, about 9 P. M., for the night. Thus we are again delayed.

Busy all night in repacking salt pork on deck.

May 20th.—Began at daylight and continued all day dragging for our lost "bower" [anchor] but with no other success than finding the position of it on the bottom. I went out once in the dingey with an "arrangement" to see the bottom but I could not find it, the water being too rough; yet I could see the bottom distinctly in eight fathoms [forty-eight feet]. None of the boats were allowed to visit the shore to-day, as we are under "sailing orders" and will leave just as soon as the anchor is again at the bow.

May 21st (Sunday).—Began at daylight to drag for the anchor and continued until sunset, when we got fast to it. But on getting a strain on the hawser our hold slipped and we again lost it; so one more day has been employed in fruitless search and I am afraid that the anchor will have to be marked on the ledger as "expended" and the *Wachusett* obliged to go to sea one anchor short.

At sunset I went on shore to engage some divers to go down in the morning; and it remains to be seen with what success. While on shore I called to bid farewell to some friends and while there I saw an image of the patron saint (St. Anthony) in a dish of water with his "feet up." These people believe that our ship cannot

sail until St. Anthony comes with his "head up" and then we can sail under a blessing.

May 22d.—Dragging all day but with no success, the divers at work also, but they could see nothing of the anchor on the bottom. The remainder of the day passed tediously on board, all very anxious to leave the port and get to sea again.

A couple of the officers were allowed to visit town to-day, they having got engaged to some fair Portuguese during our short and indefinite stay—much to the amusement of the mess and disgust to themselves. What foolishness, eh!

May 23d.—The same old duties to-day, namely, dragging the harbor in hopes of finding the lost anchor. Once we found it and the divers, on going down, returned and reported that the anchor was so far under the sand that it would be almost impossible to get it again. We will still try again.

The "affair" [of the "couple of officers"] on shore is getting very serious.

May 24th.—Dragging for the anchor, the same as before, until noon, when meeting with no success, we discontinued for the day.

We introduced nine different kinds of the African monkey on board for amusement and mischief.

May 25th.—At daylight this morning we got under way and ran in near the position of our lost anchor, let go the other anchor and dragged it about in hopes of catching on the missing one. Struck it once, fortunately, and tore it out of its bed. After breakfast sent the cutters out to drag for it but with no success—and thus another day is lost!

May 26th.—Got under way again at daylight and dragged for the anchor with fifteen fathoms of chain all about the position of the lost one. After breakfast sent the cutters out again and continued dragging, but without success. At 4 P. M. hoisted the boat "recalls," gave up the search and marked the anchor down as "expended" on the ledger and logbook. Transported the port sheet anchor to the bow for a "bower" and made all preparations for sea, securing everything snugly about the deck.

We have now spent one month in and around the Cape de Verdes and have burnt up and used nearly as much coal and provisions as we received upon our arrival—and we still have the long trip to the Cape of Good Hope before us with a very scant supply of everything.

May 27th.—At daylight made preparations for getting under way, but as the paymaster had not yet settled up all the bills he was obliged to go ashore and this delayed us a few hours more. At 9 A. M., having finished up everything in Porto Praya, we stood out to sea, much to the joy of all on board, for we all were sick and disgusted with the town. After getting clear of the harbor we put on all sail to studding sails and shaped the course for the Cape of Good Hope.

(*Philip's Journal continued in Chapter X.*)

CHAPTER IX

REFORMING A HOODOO SHIP

Lieutenant Francis J. Haeseler, U.S.N.

TOWARD the close of the summer of 1897 the officers of the battleship *Texas* were beginning to wonder who would relieve Captain William Clinton Wise, then commanding that ship, and of course were very hopeful that it would be some one who would command their respect and admiration and keep the ship as happy as it then was. It was with the greatest relief and pleasure we heard our new captain was to be John Woodward Philip—"Jack" Philip is the name he was always known by in the service—and while we regretted losing Captain Wise, still we all felt that he could not be better succeeded than by the man who was coming.

During the following winter, that of 1897–98, the North Atlantic Squadron under Rear-Admiral Sicard went south for winter practice, and while we were in Tortugas Captain Philip, whose term of sea service had nearly expired, expected his detachment at any time, and his relief had been practically settled upon. He frequently spoke to us of the officer who was coming to relieve him and what he would do toward continuing the work on the *Texas*, tending to increase her efficiency as a fighting machine.

Then the news of the sinking of the *Maine* came and we heard nothing further on the subject of a change in

command. On the contrary, the captain's entire energies seemed to be devoted to doing what he could to have the ship ordered at once to a navy yard where certain work, which he believed to be desirable and necessary and which had been approved by the Bureau of Ordnance, could be started. He saw clearly that war was inevitable and to command a ship which was as handicapped as the *Texas* was preyed upon his mind, and he made every effort to get where the repairs could be effected. He finally succeeded in getting orders to proceed north and with Lieutenant Commander Delehanty, who had but recently been relieved from the position of executive officer of the *Texas*, easily succeeded in getting Mr. Roosevelt, then the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, interested in the proposed changes.

Mr. Roosevelt finally persuaded the Secretary of the Navy to authorize the work to be done and to that end the ship was ordered to the New York Navy Yard, where the repairs were successfully made. The ship then went to Hampton Roads and joined the Flying Squadron. While we were lying there Captain Philip's efforts to get the ship in the highest possible state of efficiency continued and in every way we were preparing for every emergency liable in battle.

On the way down to Key West and until we actually took the ship into battle the captain was most energetic and painstaking in carrying on necessary drills tending to fit us for action, and he showed his great tact and knowledge of human nature by not having useless, tiresome drills and inspections which would only kill the men's interest.

When we finally arrived on the blockade off Santiago, his arrangement of the ship's force at night was excellent. He provided for their comfort and yet had probably as

many, if not more lookouts (lookouts that were awake and alive to the seriousness of the situation), as on any ship of the squadron. He himself at night slept on a narrow transom in the chart house, where he was always ready for instant call, and at all hours of the night he would be liable to waken and come out and chat with the officer of the deck, to the latter's great enjoyment, for we all were pleased to have him around, as he never interfered or made us feel uncomfortable in any way.

Shortly after joining the ship he informed us that there was no bulkhead between the wardroom and cabin and that we should never think of sending our names in by the orderly, but we were to come in unannounced. At the same time he would stroll into our quarters at any time, and it was an exceptional thing for a day to go by without the captain coming into the wardroom for a smoke and chat. He took the keenest interest in our mess; and made each one of us feel that he was a friend and we had no hesitancy about going to him at any time. At the same time no one ever heard of any one being unduly familiar or taking any advantage of his free and easy manner with us.

The ship's crew and officers were very happy and contented during the entire blockade, and it was all due to the way the "old man" treated us. Our first engagement was with the Spanish fort, La Socapa, and after the engagement was over Admiral Sampson made general signal "The firing at the western batteries (La Socapa) was very good, especially that of the *Texas*." Shortly after this the ship went to Guantanamo for coal and was there during the time the marines had their four days' fight on shore.

About a week later the *Texas* was sent up to the same harbor, Guantanamo, to destroy the forts which defended

the town. Captain Philip took the ship up the channel, and though the presence of torpedoes was feared, the ship went up until she was in the mud, and from that position opened fire on the forts and, assisted by the *Marblehead* under Commander McCalla and the *Suawnee* under Lieutenant Commander Delehanty, proceeded to carry out her orders to destroy the forts.

It was during the passage of this channel that we dislodged a torpedo and, when we got it on board, found the dent made by our propeller blade between two of the contact arms for firing the torpedo. The torpedo was brought to us by a launch from the *Marblehead*, which had also dislodged at least one of them, and the captain, seeing the dent remarked, "Cracky, but that was a close call!"—and that was all.

In going up the channel and in coming down the ship passed within fifty yards of a point covered with undergrowth and after we had passed, on the way out, fire was opened from this point on the launch of the *Marblehead.* Captain Philip directed the *Suawnee* to go to the assistance of the launch, which she did, and after a vigorous shelling of the point by the *Suawnee* the firing was silenced. The next day a landing was effected at this point and a large number of dead Spanish soldiers was found there. The remarkable thing about it was that, when the *Texas* passed so very close (with her bridge full of officers standing near the captain), the Spaniards did not open fire. Had they done so, the chances are that every officer on that bridge would have suffered.

After the forts were destroyed the *Texas* turned, came down the channel, proceeded out to sea and back to her station off Santiago, being cheered by the crews of the *Marblehead* and *St. Paul* as she passed out. One of the officers of the latter ship said later: "It was one of the

incidents of the war. The *Texas* came in at full speed, slowed down, signaled the *Marblehead* to follow, went up, opened fire, destroyed the forts, came down again and went out to sea, all in the most matter of fact way imaginable."

It was while passing out the harbor that a press boat came alongside and, having just heard that it had been reported at home that he had been killed, Captain Philip hailed the boat and asked the reporters on board of it if they had seen in the papers that he was reported dead. The answer came back, "Yes." So the captain said, "Well, you may contradict that, for here I am alive, as you see." To which the press boat replied, "Yes, and very much alive at that."

The next engagement in which the *Texas* participated was when we made a feint at landing west of La Socapa while the army was being landed at Daiquiri. On this occasion the ship engaged the western fort by itself and was hit in the bow by a 6-inch shell, losing one man killed and eight wounded. The fire from the *Texas* on this occasion, as on others, was excellent and the fort was completely silenced. Those stationed on the other ships of the squadron say that it was a glorious spectacle to see this one ship silence that fort; and they cheered the *Texas* again and again.

After completely silencing the fort the ship was signaled to withdraw and coming within hail of the *Brooklyn* Captain Philip reported that the *Texas* had been struck, losing one man and having eight wounded. We had run out of 6-inch common shell and had been using armor piercing shell, which did not burst and were not as effective as the common shell would have been under the circumstances. So when Commodore Schley hailed us and asked if he could help us in any way Captain Philip

replied: "The only help we want is plenty of 6-inch common shell," which was heartily applauded on the *Brooklyn*.

That afternoon, immediately after burying poor Blakely [the man killed in the action], while the captain was standing on the quarter deck talking to one of his officers, the *Massachusetts* accidentally fired a gun; the shell passing within a few feet of the captain, directly over his head. He said to the officer to whom he was talking, "That was pretty close. I believe that came from Frank's (Captain Higginson) ship." And then calling to the officer of the deck he said, "Signal over to the *Massachusetts* and say: 'Thanks, good line, but a little over.' " which was accordingly done. Captain Higginson immediately signaled his regrets, saying that he thought we had been fired at enough in one day without our friends joining in.

Several bombardments took place later on in which the *Texas* joined, but there was nothing of any importance. On the morning of July 3d, when Cervera's fleet came out of Santiago, Captain Philip was in his cabin and the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Bristol, carried out his orders and headed directly for the enemy, going ahead at full speed. When the captain reached the bridge he kept the ship heading for the Spaniards until he saw them heading to the westward, when he turned with the starboard helm and stood along, on a gradually closing in course. The *Iowa*, *Oregon* and *Texas* were all in a bunch on about the same course.

There was so much smoke that it was difficult to make out anything, but Captain Philip saw the *Brooklyn* start to make her now famous loop, and jumped to the engine room indicators and rung full speed astern. This certainly saved the ship, as the *Brooklyn* was on the star-

Effect of modern shell aboard the Texas.
(By courtesy of the Century Company.)

board bow and in such a position that unless we had turned away from the enemy with a starboard helm, backing the port engine, we never could have cleared her. It never entered Captain Philip's head for an instant to turn away from the enemy. He had one idea only and that was to carry out Admiral Sampson's orders, "to close in with the enemy and destroy them before they could get clear of the harbor entrance if possible." This reversal of the engines caused the *Oregon* and *Iowa* to pass us, but our superior speed enabled us to pass the *Iowa*, although we could not catch up to the *Oregon*.

During the fight Captain Philip stood on the upper bridge until the enemy seemed to be getting the range and we had been struck several times, then his officers insisted that he must go on the lower bridge, as most of the shell were going over us. This he consented to do and he had hardly left the upper bridge before a shell went crashing through the chart house, in such a direction that the chances are he would have been in its path had he remained where he was.

While he was on the lower bridge the forward 12-inch gun was fired repeatedly across the deck, the muzzle being very close to where the captain was standing now and then the discharge would knock him down or up against the conning tower. This occurred three times; one of the times he was completely dazed for some seconds and had to be helped to his feet, but although he had to shout his orders to the man at the wheel through the sight holes in the conning tower he would not go inside.

During the chase of the *Cristóbal Colon* he stood on the upper bridge and it was while passing the burning *Vizcaya*, then on the beach, that one of the midshipmen came

running forward and called out that the latter vessel was firing at us and that a shot had fallen within a few feet of our stern. The captain immediately gave orders to train the starboard 12-inch gun on that ship and as one of the officers, standing by, informed him that her colors were not flying, the captain leveled his glass to ascertain for himself, with the thought in his mind that the vessel in question was firing at him.

Just then she blew up and our men let out a cheer. The captain dropped his glass, held his hand out with a quieting gesture and said, "Don't cheer men, those poor fellows are dying." It was a sight that can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see it, and showed the nobility and gentleness of the character of this remarkable man.

The rest of the chase is well known, but one thing is not well known, namely, as soon as the *Cristóbal Colon* hauled down her colors Captain Philip immediately ordered the force draught stopped on the boilers. When one of the officers remonstrated, saying that we should get up to the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* as quickly as possible, the captain said that our firemen had had hard enough work for four hours already, and there was no need of injuring the boilers. The result was that our speed fell from about sixteen knots to near ten and the length of time it took us to reach the *Cristóbal Colon* at that speed was taken as a measure of our distance from her when she hauled down her colors—considering that we were still making about fifteen or sixteen knots.

After the *Cristóbal Colon* surrendered the captain grew much quieter in his manner than usual, and while the rest of us were congratulating each other and enjoying our victory and recalling amusing incidents during the fight, the captain was silent. Suddenly he told the ex-

ecutive to call all hands aft and when we were there, each and everyone of us expecting words of praise and congratulation for the way we had carried out his orders, he called on those who felt so inclined to stand bareheaded and offer up silent thanks to Him who had brought us safely through the danger to which we had been exposed. It was needless to say we did so, the greatest scoffer being silenced, and after a few moments when he put on his cap, ours went up with our hands in three cheers for our captain, who had led us through the fight and into the presence of our God.

CHAPTER X

A MOMENTOUS VOYAGE

WHETHER or not Philip had any faith in the dire predictions of the natives of Port Praya, that the voyage of the *Wachusett* would be attended with ill-luck because she sailed while the image of St. Anthony "came with his feet up," we have no means of ascertaining. We do know, however, that besides the loss of her anchor on the eve of her departure and the many unexpected and exasperating delays that had protracted her stay in these waters to a month, she did enter upon a voyage that was destined to be full of annoying and, in several instances, perilous incidents.

As has already been shown in the preceding pages of Philip's diary, the *Wachusett* was poorly fitted out at Boston and some of her spars were dangerously unsound, so that when she reached Martinique they had to be unshipped and replaced with reserve spars. The ship had touched at the Cape de Verdes for the purpose of obtaining enough provisions and coal to carry her in an unbroken passage to the Cape of Good Hope, yet she had been delayed so long that when she finally sailed from Port Praya she was almost as badly off for provisions and coal as when she arrived. The result was that instead of making a clean stretch to the Cape, Commander Townsend was compelled to put into a Brazilian port to avoid open mutiny among his crew.

And it was here that a most serious and peculiar con-

dition confronted the *Wachusett*. It will be remembered that it was the *Wachusett* that violated the neutrality of the port of Bahia the year preceding by attacking and capturing in that harbor the Confederate cruiser *Florida*, with the result that the Brazilian Government issued an edict prohibiting the *Wachusett* from ever again entering a Brazilian port for any purpose whatever.

With a perversity of luck which really seems quite in keeping with St. Anthony's "feet up," and with a mutinous and starving crew and hardly enough coal aboard for one day's steaming, the cruiser encountered a series of terrific gales off this same coast of Brazil, so that Commander Townsend was compelled, by sheer force of circumstances, to seek port—with a result that is interestingly described in the journal.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Page* 96)

May 28th (Sunday).—We have now been out of Port Praya twelve hours and are shaping our course for the Cape of Good Hope. The wind had died nearly away and what little remained hauled almost ahead during the morning watch. Took in and furled all sail and continued on our course under steam alone. Excessively warm. The remainder of the day was spent by the crew as they pleased in reading, smoking and sleeping and trying to get out of the influence of the sun, but as it was nearly overhead, it was almost impossible to find shade.

May 29th.—At 9 A. M. called all hands to general quarters, with the intention of giving them a long exercise at their different duties, but it being so unmercifully hot I soon "piped down" and allowed the men to seek what shade and comfort they could about the decks. The ship is steaming along under very reduced amount of coal (seven tons) while her full allowance was thirty tons for every twenty-four hours. To-day we are in the region of the doldrums and hope to get to the southeast trade winds to-morrow.

May 30th.—A beautiful, calm day throughout. Sea very smooth, steaming ahead slowly on account of coal, the furnaces being cut down to seven tons. Carried out the routine, but it was too hot to exercise or work much, consequently spread the awnings and allowed the men to rest about the deck all day.

May 31st.—During the night we struck the southeast trades, but they were very light. Continued steaming until noon, when we set all plain sail, stopped the engines and disconnected the propeller. The wind being very light and well ahead, we were thrown off our course considerably. Carried out the routine to-day as nearly as possible—it being too hot to do much. Frequent rain squalls all night and day—one peculiarity of the region of doldrum, plenty of rain with no wind.

June 1st.—Father Neptune hailed the ship during the first watch and informed the ship's company that he intended to visit them to-morrow evening.

June 2d.—Light, baffling winds from south all day, ship making a very poor course in order to cross the line to any advantage. At 9 A. M. called all hands to general quarters. All were at their different duties and although it was very hot and oppressive, I think it was the best exercise we have had since leaving Boston and I can notice a vast improvement in the crew since that day. A large French bark passed close under our stern this morning bound northward. We are anxiously looking out for a Yankee from home.

At 4 P. M. Old Neptune "hailed the ship" and informed "his friends" that he was coming on board. Of course we suspended order, etc., for a time in order to allow Jack to play, as is customary in crossing the line.

At eight bells Old Neptune and his wife mounted the howitzer carriage and, followed by the necessary attendants, proceeded with the foolish nonsense of shaving and ducking all those who had never crossed the line. After going through with the crew in this style they came aft for the officers' "fine" for all those who had not crossed, and I happened to be one of the number. After paying Neptune his fine I sent them all below in the wardroom and gave each a glass of wine in lieu of whiskey. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly to all concerned, and although it was very silly, yet it was very amusing to see these old sailors enter into such a thing with so much spirit and good will.

June 3d.—Calm, with sea as smooth as possible all day, but exceedingly warm during the afternoon. A large steamer came up with us but not near enough to speak her. We exchanged colors and found her to be the steamer *Saladin*.

June 4th (Sunday).—Read articles of war after divine service. At 1 P. M. we crossed the equator and are now in the South Atlantic.

June 5th.—During the midwatch we were obliged to stop engines for about three hours to repair a breakdown. Sea smooth, with trade winds quite fresh. At 8 P. M. exchanged colors with a Danish bark.

June 6th.—Very pleasant all day. Ship slipping along at about six knots. Sea quite smooth. Two sails in sight ahead of us standing to the south. Continued in sight until dark, when we lost them.

June 7th.—At noon we hauled fires under the boilers to economize coal and the ship is now in every respect a sailing vessel. We have lost sight of the North Star and now have the great Southern Cross for an irregular guide by night.

June 8th.—This morning one of the large monkeys fell overboard. We hove-to, lowered a boat and picked up the "cuss", more dead than alive; but he scarcely had been on board an hour with the remaining monkeys before he was as mischievous as ever.

June 9th.—Very squally, with heavy rain all night. Last night when the wind was light, a French bark ran past us, but when the wind freshened we easily outsailed her, and at noon were unable to see her from the topsail yard. On account of the squally weather and heavy sea we were unable to carry out the usual exercises. This afternoon a school of black fish were near the ship. Some of the sailors succeeded in harpooning one of them, but with the rate at which we were going the iron pushed out, and of course we lost the fish.

June 10th.—Busy in setting up the main topmast rigging in order to secure the mast, which was in danger of being rolled out.

June 11th (Sunday).—Exceedingly heavy squalls, with heavy rain all day. Unable to do anything except to reduce sail as each squall approached. At 11 A. M., as the ship was pitching rather heavily, we wore ship and stood northeast until 3 P. M., when she was again off to the south. We are close into the land, just north of Bahia, lee shore about sixty miles and are obliged to make a south by west course so as to clear the land, whereas the best

that we can do is three points to leeward with a good deal of leeway. For the good of the *Wachusett* the wind should haul a couple of points, for we have a long passage to make, with no coal in the bunkers for steaming and are obliged to go on half rations to make the provisions hold out. We cannot go in any Brazilian port, because they are all closed against the *Wachusett* since that *Florida* affair in Bahia.

June 12th.—At 11 A. M., the ship heading southwest, I called all hands to tack ship and put her about to the eastward in order to get farther from land and that we may have trades more to the eastward and then make the stretch down the coast. To-day we are to the south of Bahia on the hundredth day of the cruise and *half rations!* No exercises on account of the short rations. Sprung the flying jibboom and was obliged to fish it.

June 13th.—At 9 A. M. saw a sail on the lee bow standing toward us. We kept off a little in order to speak him. At 10 A. M. exchanged colors, hove-to with the main topsail to the mast, lowered a cutter and sent an officer on board of him—he being hove-to under our lee. We sent on board in order to get some provisions, if possible, but he being the English bark *Oberon*, bound to Chili and forty-nine days out from England, he was short himself, and consequently, our excursion was fruitless and we were obliged to hoist the boat in again, fill away and stand on, rather low-spirited. Two or three sails in sight to-day and would have asked them for provisions, as our men were getting hungry, but we were too far off to speak them. No exercises to-day, only the necessary work being performed. *The men came to the mast in a body and complained that they had not enough to eat to do the necessary work on the ship and keep well.*

June 14th.—The crew having complained about their rations, they were placed on full rations again by order of the captain, and as we have only eighteen days more of provisions, we certainly will have a hard time of it before we get to the Cape of Good Hope, unless we make a port on this side of the Atlantic.

June 15th.—Our anxiety to-night is to be able to weather some rocks about sixty miles off the coast and about midway from Bahia to Cape Frio. They are very dangerous, and if the wind favors us we will pass them in the midwatch, otherwise we will be obliged to steam past them, and we are about as short of coal as we are of provisions.

June 16th.—About 1 A. M. in the midwatch last night we passed the "Albrolhos" (*i. e.*, keep eyes open) Rocks. Got a cast of the deep sea lead and found bottom at twenty-five fathoms [one hundred and fifty feet], sand and shell. Several small fishing vessels in sight on the shoals. To-day carried out the usual routine and fire quarters. At 4 P. M. we wore ship to the eastward. She did not make a good course to-day.

June 17th.—Very pleasant all day. During the morning all hands engaged in holystoning the decks and giving the ship a thorough good cleaning, preparatory to entering port. Several sails in sight to-day on the different quarters of the horizon, all standing to the south and west. Exchanged colors with an English bark and a Dutch ship, but did not speak either. Sailing in company with the Englishman all day. He could not outsail us, but the Dutchman did.

June 18th (Sunday).—Sea remarkably smooth all day, weather beautiful. Lost the southeast trade winds and took a light breeze from the north. At sunset sighted land, distant about eighty-five miles.

June 19th.—At daylight we were off Cape Frio with the wind fresh from the northeast. We ran off the entrance to Rio Janeiro in order to board all merchant vessels in hopes of getting some provisions from them. We remained off the entrance to the port until sunset and boarded the English ship *Harmonies* from Liverpool, another ship from St. Helena, and the Norwegian brig *Hermes* from Italy; all bound into Rio Janeiro, but we could not procure anything from any of them. At sunset we hoisted and secured the boat, filled away and stood out to sea bound to Montevideo in order to fill up with coal and provisions, we not having enough on board to carry us to the Cape of Good Hope and scarcely enough to Montevideo. *Only ten days' rations on board!*

June 20th.—Beautiful day, sea smooth, with little or no wind, as we are in the southern "variables." At 1 P. M. started ahead with the engines under reduced allowance of coal and took in and furled all sail. To-day we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, and consequently are now in the south temperate zone. The island of St. Sebastian in sight at sunset.

June 21st.—At 8 A. M. we struck a fresh breeze from the north and made all plain sail.

June 22d.—Very stormy and rainy all day, with the wind blowing

hard from the southwest. Ship under low steam, steaming head to it but making no headway until 2 P. M., when we stopped the engines and banked the fires in order to save coal, we now having *only one day's coal on board and eight hundred miles from port dead to windward!* To-night very dark and stormy, with a heavy sea. Ship behaving very well under the circumstances.

June 23d.—Wind blowing very strong all day from the south, but with no rain. Ship still under reefed topsails and courses, but making very little headway toward her port. At 9 A. M. wore ship to the east and passed a brig standing westward.

June 24th.—Very pleasant all day, with little or no wind and consequently we made very little on our way. A very heavy swell set in from southwest. A great number of Cape pigeons around the ship and swimming alongside while it is calm.

June 25th (Sunday).—Very stormy all day, with the wind strong from the northeast with much rain, consequently bad weather. Busy in making and taking in sail as the squalls came up and passed over us. At sunset the wind suddenly shifted to the north and westward, with indications of it still hauling ahead and prospects of a very bad night.

June 26th.—Last night was the most miserable one that I have ever experienced at sea. At 11 P. M. a pampero struck us from the southwest in all its force. We close-reefed the topsails and took in the courses. The wind and sea increasing. At 3.30 A. M. called all hands to reduce sail. With hard work took in and furled the topsails and hove her to on the starboard tack under fore storm staysail, close-reefed main topsail and storm mizzen. The foresail and fore topmast staysail blew into ribbons before we could furl them. Ship rolling very heavily, taking in sea fore and aft. Obliged to batten down all the hatches.

She rolled so heavily that she endangered all the boats, filling them with water at almost each roll. The ship hove-to until noon, and as the wind and sea seemed increasing our captain came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to reach and dangerous to attempt getting to Montevideo before our provisions gave out, we having *only five days' rations of meat (nothing else) and one day's coal on board, and had over six hundred and fifty miles to go—with a dead-a-head wind.*

So he gave the order to get up steam, put her before the wind and run for St. Catherine, Brazil, distance about one hundred and

sixty-five miles, our nearest port. At 1 P. M. we started ahead with the engines, heading north and logging thirteen knots. Wind blowing a gale, sea very high and ship rolling very deep and taking in a great amount of water.

During the day the sea stove in the starboard rail for about fifty feet in gangway. Kept running until about midnight, when we thought we were near the land and it being dangerous to run head on any longer, not knowing our position correctly, we stopped the engines and hove her to on port tack under fore storm staysail, close-reefed main topsail and the storm mizzen—waiting for daylight. Wind and sea moderating as the barometer rose. Ship behaving very well under the circumstances and I am very agreeably surprised in regard to her actions.

June 27th.—Ship hove-to until 9.30 A. M., when we started ahead with the engines and made all plain sail, fore and aft, heading to the west. At noon, when we found our position accurately, we discovered that we were seventy-five miles to the southeast of the Island of St. Catherine. Bore up to the north-northwest and made all sail. Busy all day in clearing up a little after the gale of yesterday, taking battens and gratings off the hatches, extra fastenings off the boats and guns, and clearing up generally.

At sunset we made the Island of St. Catherine and the coast of Brazil, but it being so far off and so dark at 6 P. M. we found it impossible to get in to-night, so we took in and furled all square sail, brought by the wind under fore and aft sail, stopped the engines, banked the fires and will be off and on until daylight and try it again.

June 28th.—St. Catherine, Brazil. At daylight this morning we were about fifteen miles from the northeast point of St. Catherine, with wind light from the southwest. Made all sail and stood in for the northern entrance to the anchorage. At 1 P. M. came to anchor in St. Catherine's roads and was boarded by a couple of Brazilian officers with the usual compliments, etc. Shortly afterward we were visited by the captain of the port, who informed us that a Brazilian transport with four hundred soldiers on board had been wrecked about forty miles to the north and requested that the *Wachusett* would go to their relief; but as we have *only three tons of coal and no provisions on board* it is impossible to go before we are supplied.

Got the boat ready to leave the ship so as to go up to the City

of Our Lady of Solitude (which is the capital of the island and province), in order to communicate with the governor and get the U. S. Consul to send off the necessary supplies for a day or so.

June 29th.—Last night at sunset I left the ship in the gig for the city, a distance of fourteen miles, and after a long, tedious pull of over three hours, we reached it at 8.45 P. M. I immediately set out to find our consul. With little trouble I found the residence of the consul, Mr. Benjamin Lindsay, of Massachusetts, and soon informed him of my errand and wanted his assistance to get the provisions, etc., off to the ship before morning. After talking over the news, etc., I went with him to the governor's to ascertain if the orders in regard to the *Wachusett* and Brazilian ports had been revoked yet.

(*Philip's Journal Continued in Chapter XII.*)

We get further interesting details of this singular and really very serious complication in which the *Wachusett* found herself, as the result of her attack on the *Florida*, from Chief Engineer Edward Biddle Latch, U. S. N., who says: "The *Wachusett* had instructions from our Government not to touch at any Brazilian port, because of the incident at Bahia. Being short of provisions, however, in fact reduced to a day's rations on account of the spoiling of the supply laid in at the Cape de Verdes, and also being short of coal, while a fierce pampero and tremendous seas were rushing northward (while we were struggling to get south) our commanding officer was compelled to make the port of St. Catherine.

"Upon arriving there several Brazilian men of war were seen lying at anchor in the harbor. As is customary, an officer was sent to inquire the name of the incoming vessel and to offer the usual courtesies; but, as soon as he heard the name *Wachusett*, he left very abruptly and hastened down the gangway to his boat and hurriedly put back to his own ship. In due time, however, the situation was explained and permission was

graciously accorded for one of our boats to proceed up to the town and secure some provisions.

"The great storm had driven a Brazilian man of war ashore some distance above St. Catherine. Our commanding officer assured the Brazilians that he would be happy to lend his aid as soon as sufficient coal and provisions could be got aboard the *Wachusett.* When this had been accomplished the assistance they already had sent had succeeded in getting the stranded craft afloat. Our minister at Rio Janeiro, Gen. Webb, brought the case of the *Wachusett* before Emperor Dom Pedro II., who finally cut the Gordian knot by giving permission for the *Wachusett* to visit Rio, free from all liability to arrest, annoyance or inconvenience."

CHAPTER XI

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS EXECUTIVE

Ex-Secretary John Davis Long

I DID not have the pleasure of Rear-Admiral Philip's acquaintance until I became Secretary of the Navy, March, 1897. At that time he was of the rank of captain and was one of the first to whom my attention was attracted. At that time too he had an excellent record; having graduated from the Naval Academy at the beginning of the Civil War, in which he immediately participated, serving in the Gulf and in the South Atlantic squadrons, receiving wounds, and giving, even at that early day, a promise of the loyalty and efficiency which were his distinguishing characteristics during his whole career.

In the long interval of peace which followed he served in the Asiatic and European squadrons; was for a time on leave and in command of one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, commanded the Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the world, did duty in connection with the Lighthouse Department, and, in the varied duties which attach to a naval officer afloat and ashore; and his name was a synonym for fidelity, rectitude and professional ability.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he was in command of the *Texas*, attached to the North Atlantic squadron. In this capacity he served under Rear-Admiral Sampson in the famous and now historical cam-

paign in the West Indies. During the blockade of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago, when the most exacting vigilance was required of every commanding officer, he met every requirement.

On the glorious day of the battle, when the Spanish fleet came out in its attempt to escape and when our vessels closed in in obedience to the standing order of the commander-in-chief, no ship did better duty and no officer in that list of heroes was more distinguished than Captain Philip. He went straight to his duty, struck the enemy with all his force, and fought the good fight until they surrendered. Then it was that, with bared head, amid the carnage of battle and under the spell of victory, he yet remembered to thank God for it and, full of tender passion for the defeated foe, uttered those memorable words which will last as long as the story of the American navy: "Don't cheer, men; the poor devils are dying!"

It was the utterance of a humane heart. It showed that the man was greater than the captain. It is one of those phrases which, like Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship," is forever engraved on the memory of the American people.

This famous utterance also suggests what is everywhere recognized as distinctive of Admiral Philip. He was a Christian man, not in the cant meaning of the word, but as actuated and guided by the principles which the Master taught as the basis of true living—a sense of obligation to God and to fellow-man. He was interested in good works. His sincere and earnest desire to elevate the moral condition of the enlisted men of the navy won their confidence and also that of the community in their behalf. Miss Gould, whose charities have made her name one of the best beloved among women, recognized

these qualities in him and co-operated with him by a munificent contribution of money, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, toward establishing near the gate of the New York Navy Yard a refuge home for United States seamen. Indeed, everybody associated him with good works.

After the war he was placed in command of the New York Navy Yard, a position the responsibilities of which are great. Few men, even in the great private establishments of business enterprise, have so much upon their shoulders. Two or three thousand men are employed there. Various naval departments, represented by naval officers, are under his direction. Two or three millions of dollars each year are spent in the repair of vessels, for labor alone, and a corresponding amount for material. Under all these responsibilities he was still the simple, loyal, true-hearted, efficient man, unspoiled by the great naval distinction which he shared with the other Santiago heroes—devoted to his duty and to his friends.

I was inexpressibly shocked when I heard of his death, and when we laid him away at Annapolis, in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the blue waters of the historic Chesapeake, near the Academic grounds where he was trained for naval service, I felt that I had never discharged, as Secretary of the Navy, any duty more appropriate than that of paying my tribute of respect at the burial of one of its most deserving officers.

Midshipman Woodward Philip, son of Rear-Admiral Philip.

CHAPTER XII

AT RIO DE JANEIRO

IN Chapter X we left the *Wachusett* in the port of St. Catherine, off the coast of Brazil, in the extraordinary condition of being a regularly commissioned United States warship with her supply of coal and provisions exhausted, with her crew in a mutinous frame of mind (having just survived a terrific series of gales on very short rations) and yet afraid to enter the port of a nation with which our Government was at peace. Seldom has a dignified man of war of any nation been placed in such an embarrassing and amusing (had it not been so serious) predicament as that in which the wicked *Wachusett* found herself at this critical period of her cruise—and all the result of her own pranks in the harbor of Bahia less than a year before.

Philip continues the narration of his efforts to hasten provisions to his starving shipmates (and coal for the equally hungry engine furnaces) and then goes on with his story of his stay and experiences at Rio de Janeiro.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from page* 114.)

St. Catherine, June 20th.—I was in the gig all night trying to get the lazy Brazilians to carry some coal and provisions down to the ship. At daylight gave that business up and went up to the Consul's again for his assistance to get the lazy good for nothing natives to work. After a great amount of trouble we hired a

boat and loaded her with flour and beef and started her for the ship.

The coal was to be furnished by the Government to carry us down and back to this anchorage. At 10 A. M. I left the city for the ship and at 3 P. M. got back again, about tired out. At sunset, as the boat with the provisions had not yet arrived, we sent a cutter with two officers up to the city in search of food, with orders not to lose sight of the Brazilian boat until she was alongside of us.

Although the city appears to be a very nice place of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, I never was so disgusted with a place and its people as I am with this. I will not visit it again except in case of necessary official duty. The people are the most lazy, indolent, ignorant set of mortals that I have ever met. It is impossible to get provisions here for a long cruise, consequently we are obliged to go back to Rio de Janeiro for supplies. The Brazilian sloop of war *Americus* is in port at anchor near us.

June 30th.—St. Catherine. Received some provisions from the city during the midwatch last night. To-day busy in painting the ship outside and aloft and blacking down the rigging, preparatory to going to Rio.

Some of the officers visited the main land to-day at the little village of Santa Cruz and found it the same as all towns which they had recently visited. The principal object of interest was the church. As the Brazilian steamer left the harbor last night for the scene of the transport wreck we will not go.

The Governor sent a request up that the *Wachusett* would come up to the city in order that he and his friends might see her and entertain our officers, but I think the water will not allow us to go up, there being only fourteen feet on the bar.

July 1st.—St. Catherine. At daylight this morning a Brazilian brig loaded with coal from Rio de Janeiro came in and anchored. As we had permission from the Governor to coal from her we got all ready and sent a boat on board to bring her alongside; but by the laziness of the natives they could not get ready to discharge before Monday next, hence we are delayed that much longer.

Several of the officers visited the main land to-day. I went on the beach with a rifle in the morning. The transport that was wrecked to the north came in and went up to the city in a damaged condition.

July 2d (Sunday).—Blowing very fresh during the morning, so that at 9 A. M. we let go the starboard anchor. Allowed some of the petty officers to take a cutter and go on the main land to get some oranges, etc.

July 3d.—This morning we hauled the Brazilian brig alongside after many protestations from her captain for fear of chafing, damages, etc., and took out of her fifty tons of coal, enough to carry us to Rio de Janeiro. Calm and pleasant all day.

During the blow yesterday the Brazilian sloop of war dragged her anchor nearly in to the beach.

July 4th (At sea).—At 8 A. M. we dressed the ship with flags in honor of the Glorious Fourth, the pride of all Americans, but we did not fire a salute of thirty-four or one hundred guns on account of getting under way, as we should have done if we had remained in port during the day.

At 11.30 A. M. got up steam and called all hands up anchor, got under way and steamed out of St. Catherine's roads, heading northeast, bound to Rio de Janeiro for supplies, etc. Very dark, threatening weather all day, the barometer standing very low.

July 5th.—Dark, cloudy and rainy all day, the wind quite fresh but gradually hauling from north to southwest and southeast and finally by sunset it came out ahead, with prospects of giving us a bad night of it.

July 6th.—Very thick, dirty and stormy all day. Impossible to see more than a mile or so from the ship. Ship standing in for the entrance to Rio harbor until 5 P. M., when we thought we were about twenty miles off the land and found it almost impossible to get in to-night. We headed eastward, stopped the engines and banked the fires, getting a cast of the lead every two hours in order to judge our approach to the coast.

It being very thick when we left St. Catherine and continuing so ever since, we were unable to get an observation and consequently are obliged to depend entirely on dead reckoning for our position, which is uncertain. To-night will be another bad night at sea.

July 7th.—Last night about 11 P. M. we made the light on Raza Island, off the entrance to Rio. It being too thick and dirty to run inside, we lay off and on under close reefed topsails until daylight. At daylight we took in and furled all sails and stood in for the entrance under a low head of steam, feeling our

way by the lead. At 8 A. M. we made Raza Island and stood in for the harbor. At 10 A. M. we came to anchor in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, astern of the English and French ships of war and near the town.

As soon as we had anchored we were visited by the health officers and an officer from each of the men of war in the harbor, with the usual compliments. Sent on shore immediately in search of provisions, news, etc.

At 3 P. M. got under way and steamed across Rio bay to the coal island for some coal. Made fast and hauled alongside of the wharf of the coal shed and began coaling ship. We were coaled by Portuguese men carrying the coal in baskets on their heads.

July 8th.—Finished coaling at sunset, when we hauled out from coal wharf and returned to the anchorage. In the evening I went on shore with the captain to make an official call upon our Minister, General J. W. Webb, of Claverack, N. Y., and spent a very pleasant evening with the General and his wife. The French and Portuguese Ministers also were there for a short time.

July 9th (Sunday).—I went on shore in the morning to see the place, made several purchases and enjoyed myself and returned to the ship. In the evening I went with the Captain and dined with our Minister. There were present our Consul, Mr. Monroe from Ohio, the English Consul, Mr. Hunt, and the Portuguese and French attaches. Spent a very agreeable evening.

July 10th.—This seems more like a summer's day. The Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, left Rio for the seat of war. The Emperor expected to leave at 10 A. M. and consequently all the houses,balconies, hills and wharfs about the city and all shipping in the bay, were crowded with people to witness his departure. All the men of war dressed ship with flags and manned the yards as the Emperor's steamer passed, the *Wachusett* of course following suit, but with the addition of giving the Emperor three hearty cheers. [The *Wachusett* had good reasons for being especially grateful to the Emperor.—E. S. M.] I went on shore in the afternoon and took a ride all about the city, and then drove out and around the grounds of the Emperor's Palace.

July 11th.—Busy all day on board ship in scraping spars and painting ship and getting things in order generally. In the evening I went on shore and while there I met Professor Agassiz of

Harvard University, Massachusetts. He is traveling over Brazil on a scientific expedition.

July 12th.—The United States Consul, Mr. Monroe, and a Yankee gentleman, came on board this morning to see the ship and call upon the officers.

July 13th.—At 8 A. M. dressed the ship with flags in honor of some Brazilian Princess' birthday. Went on shore to-day, drove to the botanical garden, distance about eight miles outside of Rio.

July 14th.—To-day the Portuguese Admiral and three Brazilian officers visited the ship to see her. One of the Brazilian lieutenants had been with the Prince de Joinville with the old Army of the Potomac and was through the seven days' fight under General McClellan.

July 15th.—At noon our Captain left the ship to go to the City of Petropolis on a visit of a couple of days upon our Minister. He was accompanied by our Consul and Mr. Pegram.

July 16th (Sunday).—In the evening I went on shore and attended vespers in the Cathedral and afterward went to the opera.

July 17th.—Received an official visit from an English officer on board the English warship *Satellite*, also one from a Brazilian, informing us that to-morrow was another holiday in honor of the coronation of the present Emperor.

July 18th.—At 8 A. M. all the foreign men of war, including the *Wachusett*, dressed ship in honor of the coronation of the Emperor of Brazil and at 1 P. M. all the Brazilian and Portuguese warships fired a national salute of twenty-one guns.

July 19th.—Received a visit from several English lieutenants of the *Satellite*. At 3 P. M. the French mail steamer from France came in, having as passengers the Emperor's daughter and her husband. She is heir to the throne of Brazil. As the steamer came up with her distinguished passengers all the men of war dressed ship with flags and the Brazilian, French and Portuguese fired a national salute; the Count and Countess have just returned from their wedding tour in Portugal.

July 20th.—I went ashore this evening dressed in white duck and was overtaken by a furious rain storm, with the result that I got soaking wet before I could regain the ship.

July 21st.—Very rainy and dirty all day, so that it was very uncomfortable on board the ship. To-day dressed ship by request

of the Portuguese Admiral in honor of the birthday of the Queen of Portugal.

July 22d.—At 7 P. M. a marriage took place on board the *Wachusett*, the Captain officiating. The more interested parties were the second mate and stewardess of the steamer *Rapidan*. Although it was not a "diamond wedding," or a marriage in high life, yet the bride and groom seemed very happy after the knot had been tied, and returned to their ship in excellent spirits and hopes for the future.

July 23d (Sunday).—All of the men of war dressed ship to-day, in honor of the birth of some Brazilian Princess, the Brazilians firing a salute. There seems to be no end of Brazilian royalty in these parts.

One of our marines was murdered on shore last night by a cowardly Brazilian secessionist.

I dined on board of the English warship *Satellite* and had a splendid time there this evening.

July 24th.—At 8 A. M. the *Satellite* got under way and stood out to sea, bound to England, she having been out on this station three and a half years. At 2 P. M. the body of Private Lee, who was murdered on shore, was brought on board. I called all hands to "bury the dead," and our commander read the burial service to the officers and men. Afterward took the body on shore and buried it in the Protestant burying grounds across the bay.

The French Admiral and three commanding officers visited our ship to-day and seemed very much pleased.

July 25th.—I allowed thirty-two of our men to go on shore to-day on twenty-four hours liberty. Thirty were sent ashore yesterday with the same privilege.

July 26th–28th.—These days were mostly taken up with superintending a gang of carpenters who were building an extension to the poop deck and making some other alterations about the ship. As there was little of the regular work to be done I allowed our men as much liberty as possible, sending them ashore in lots of twenty and thirty at a time. As for myself I was compelled to remain aboard most of the time, spending only a part of the evening of July 28th ashore.

July 29th.—At daylight all the men of war dressed ship with flags and fired a national salute in honor of the birthday of the Princess Imperial.

At 1 P. M. Paymaster Sears and I left the ship to spend a few days in Petropolis. We went by steamer to Paimha, thence by sail to the foot of the Orange Mountains and then with carriage to the city, which is situated three thousand feet above the level of the sea. In ascending this three thousand feet of elevation you are obliged to make ninety-seven zigzags and go over twelve miles of road—the most beautiful one in the world.

After arriving at the top it seems as if you might throw a stone down in the depot below, though you had gone over twelve miles to reach that point. The scenery was the most magnificent that I have ever seen. We arrived at Petropolis at 6 P. M. and dined with our Minister, General Webb, and family.

July 30th (Sunday).—Petropolis. After getting our breakfast at the McDowall House, we started out on a ramble through the mountains to a celebrated cascade, distant six miles. We had a very pleasant walk along a winding path through the forests of the mountains and finally reached the falls, which are formed by small mountain streams leaping over a precipice into a valley below. I should judge that they are double the height of the falls near the "Mountain House" at home. After returning we strolled all about the City of Petropolis and through the Palace grounds of the Emperor, which by the way, cannot compare in any respect with our own modest White House.

July 31st.—At 6.30 this morning we left Petropolis to return to the *Wachusett*. On arriving at the top of the mountain we saw the most magnificent sight in nature. The whole valley below was filled with clouds, and with the bright rising sun it appeared like one frozen field of ice or a terrific hurricane at sea.

After a pleasant trip of about five hours we got back to the ship again, much pleased with our short visit.

To-day the ship was doubly dressed, also all the men of war, in honor of the coronation of the Empress of Brazil and the birthday of the Queen of Portugal. All the foreigners fired national salutes. In the afternoon I went on shore with our Captain and visited the Brazilian Navy Yard, inspecting their ironclads under construction, and then walked about the city.

Aug. 1st.—In the morning all the vessels dressed ship again, *this time because the Emperor's new son-in-law left the harbor bound to Rio Grande.*

Aug. 2d.—All the men of war dressed ship and fired salutes

again to-day in honor of the birthday of *another* Brazilian Princess. Is there any end to these Brazilian nobles?

Aug. 3d.—As it was very disagreeable to-day very little routine work was done and toward evening I allowed two of our crews to man two cutters and pull a race in the harbor for their own satisfaction.

Aug. 4th and 5th.—Busy about the decks with carpenters repairing the poop and bridge.

Aug. 6th (Sunday).—Last night the U. S. gunboat *Mohongo*, a double ender, came in and anchored. She is from New York, bound to the Pacific under the command of Commander Nicholson.

Aug. 7th.—In the afternoon Commodore Crawford of the English battleship *Egmont* visited our ship and seemed well pleased with our arrangements on board. At ten o'clock at night a squall struck our ship, so that she dragged her anchor about a mile before we could bring her up. Fortunately there was no damage.

Aug. 8th.—At daylight we got up steam in one boiler in order to move back to our anchorage. Busy all the morning in heaving up anchors, cleaning chains and getting back to our anchorage.

Three of our men deserted last night; glad to lose the scoundrels.

Aug. 9th.—After quarters I went on shore with a party, procured some horses and went up to the top of Corcorada, from which place they say you have the finest view of any place in the world.

Chief Engineer Latch gives some details of this "ride" which are not set down in Philip's diary. He says: "During our stay at Rio, Philip and Pegram proposed a horseback ride to the top of Corcorada, a near by mountain peak and asked me to join them. I did so, and soon we were tearing at full speed up one of the principal thoroughfares, much to the astonishment of the natives, who hastened to doors and windows in blank amazement at such unwonted clattering of hoofs. Unfortunately I had no whip, but Pegram had one plenty long enough to reach my horse, while Philip had another equally extended.

"It was not long before a peculiar swish was heard,

followed by a subdued thud, reminding one of our staccato notes in the lower register—when the singer really has a cold. These sounds, which seemed to develop behind the saddle upon which I sat, had an effect upon my beast which, curiously enough, brought out the finer points of his activity; causing him to bound forward as though he enjoyed it. For this I was correspondingly grateful.

"Thus we sped on, Philip leading, chatting, laughing lightly, and with sparkling eyes enjoyed in their fullness the checkered sunbeams as they fell. Then with almost boyish happiness he drank in the soothing coldness of the mountain air, the vagaries of the distant sea, the forest near at hand, the sky above, the midway cloud, the verdant dales that covered the lines of beauty here and there, and valley far below. Truly, it was a most joyous ride; truly it was one in which the purity of the inner man lifted its portals to greet the birthright purity of the great without."

Aug. 10th.—The English sloop of war *Sharpshooter* came in and anchored. There are strong appearances of a storm gathering.

Aug. 11th.—Rainy and stormy all day. Several English officers came on board and visited us to-day, and in the evening I went on board the *Mohongo* and while there three of their men stole my boat and ran off with it. Two of our men ran away this morning.

Aug. 12th.—Busy to-day getting ship ready for inspection to-morrow.

Aug. 13th (Sunday).—In the evening I went on shore with the Captain and spent the evening with Mr. Ellison and friends. Pleasant time.

Aug. 14th.—We informed the Brazilian authorities this morning that by the new regulations the *Wachusett* is obliged to salute and consequently commenced and fired a salute of twenty-one guns at 1 P. M., with the Brazilian ensign at the fore. In the afternoon an English Admiral visited the ship, but owing to the present feel-

ing between the two countries we did not give him the usual salute of thirteen guns. To-day held a summary court martial on board to try an ordinary seaman for getting drunk, etc., on duty. I was senior member of the Court. Sentenced him to be confined in double irons on bread and water for thirty days.

Aug. 15th.—At 8 A. M. all the men of war dressed ship with flags and fired national salutes of twenty-one guns in honor of the birthday of the French Emperor, Napoleon I, and on shore it was a holiday in honor of some saint. It was one of the greatest days in Brazil. I went on shore in the evening and went to the Cathedral, where a fine band was playing lively and fancy tunes inside, the people on their knees counting their beads before some image, and splendid fireworks outside the church. The streets of Rio were full of people of all classes and we enjoyed ourselves.

I attempted to enter a Masonic lodge, but had no certificate and could not get in without some trouble.

The *Mohongo* came alongside in the morning and put on board of us all of her powder and shell in order to go into dry dock.

Aug. 16th.—The French mail steamer came in to-day, reporting that two United States frigates were at anchor in Bahia. We are waiting for their arrival here in order to get some salt provisions from them. I went out to Corcorada again to-day on horseback and came back in a rain storm, but had a very pleasant time.

Aug. 17th–20th.—Nothing occurred on these days excepting that on the night of the 17th two of our men attempted to desert, but on being fired on they returned and were placed in irons.

Aug. 21st.—At 5 P. M. the U. S. S. *Susquehanna*, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Godon, came in and anchored very near us. We saluted his flag with thirteen guns, which were returned. I spent the evening on board of her and had a very pleasant time. Since she has at last arrived we are in hopes of getting our salt provisions and continuing our voyage.

Aug. 22d.—General Webb and his wife, Admiral Godon and staff, and the Brazilian Commodore, came on board to-day. Saluted each with their respective number of guns.

Aug. 23d.—The different foreign admirals visited the *Susquehanna*.

Aug. 24th.—The Brazilian Commodore visited and inspected the ship and seemed very anxious to examine our rifles, both large and small, and desired to take a couple of boat rifles on board his

flagship. We sent the *Mohongo* the powder and shell on board her to-day.

Aug. 25th.—We received stores in the paymaster's department to-day, but not enough to carry us to the Cape of Good Hope; hence more delay, much to our disgust. The carpenters have at last finished their work on board.

Aug. 26th.—To-day being the birthday of Pegram and myself we dined on board the *Susquehanna* with our old schoolmates and classmates. In the evening several of the officers attended a large ball given by a club in Rio.

Aug. 27th.—In the evening I attended the opera in the Lyric Theater—had a dry time.

Aug. 28th.—No exercises to-day. Transferred the greatest rascal in the navy to the *Mohongo*, by request of her captain.

Aug. 29th.—At 8 A. M. the *Mohongo* steamed out of the harbor, bound round the Horn for the Pacific. We loosed sail with the flagship *Susquehanna* to-day and had the satisfaction of beating her. At 10 A. M. the Brazilian flagship halfmasted her colors and fired half hour guns all day for the death of Viscount de Capo Frio, who was an admiral in their navy and had been killed in battle in Paraguay.

Aug. 30th.—At 8 A. M. we got up steam and ran back to our old anchorage. Now since she is moved at this late day there is no telling when we will get out of Rio.

Aug. 31st.—This evening I attended an opera, which was the greatest farce I have ever seen in Rio.

Sept. 1st.—There was great rejoicing to-day on shore. The Brazilians have heard of some victory in the south, which is the seat of war, it being the first success of any kind they have had since the war began.

Sept. 2d–3d.—Little of note these days.

Sept. 4th.—At 8 A. M. all the ships in the harbor dressed ship with flags in honor of the anniversary of the *wedding* of the Emperor of the Brazils and at meridian the Brazilians fired national salutes both from their ships and forts.

Sept. 5th.—Busy in overhauling the guns, shell rooms, etc. Loosed and furled sail with the flagship.

Sept. 6th.—At 1 P. M. Admiral Godon, his chief of staff, Major and Mrs. Ellison, and the Brazilian commodore and aide visited us to-day.

In the evening I went ashore and visited the Masonic lodge. One American was initiated.

Sept. 7th.—At daylight dressed ship in honor of the independence day of the Brazils and also in honor of the birth of some Portuguese prince. Yesterday we dressed ship in honor of the birth of *another Portuguese prince!*

The United States gunboat *Nipsic,* Lieutenant Commander Henry, came in to-day and anchored. Great amount of fireworks burnt ashore to-night.

Sept. 8th.—Dressed ship again to-day in honor of *another Portuguese prince!*

Sept. 9th–12th.—Very little worthy of note occurred on these days. On the 9th the Austrian Minister visited the different ships with the usual ceremonies and salutes. On the evening of the 10th I dined aboard the Brazilian transport *San Romain.*

Sept. 13th.—This morning I turned one of the boys out of the ship and put him on the beach, as being too dirty and worthless to remain in the navy.

Sept. 14th.—Arrested one of the deserters on shore to-day and locked him up on "low diet" for the rest of our stay in port.

A new Brazilian ironclad went on her trial trip this morning. She was a very good success for this class of vessels, but no match for one of our little monitors.

Sept. 15th–18th.—Little of interest on these days.

Sept. 19th.—At last all the requisite stores and provisions have been received and we are nearly ready for sea, after a tedious stay of nearly three months in Rio. Busy all day overhauling the chain cables and lockers and making minor preparations for going to sea, settling up the ship's bills, etc.

At 4 P. M. the U. S. gunboat *Nyack,* Lieutenant Commander Newman, came in and anchored, bound to the Pacific. I went on shore for the last time to-night.

(Philip's Journal continued in Chapter XIV.)

CHAPTER XIII

UNDER HIS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

William Thomas Sampson

THOSE who were with Jack Philip in the old academy days, when we were all youngsters together, must have a vivid remembrance of his ringing laugh, in the old mess hall. How we all admired in those days the promptness and precision of our meals! At first came the enforced silence, when drawn up in parade we heard the adjutant read out in stentorian tones the long list of demerits.

But the moment we entered the mess hall we might talk as we marched to our places. After that it needed no compulsion to secure quiet. Only the clink of knives and forks broke the silence, until when our army of young cormorants had satisfied their first eager hunger came the moment when Colonel Swann, with a majestic wave of his right arm, would summon in the white-aproned band of colored servants, who bore aloft the famous pies of so generous a supply, in those days, that each middy might give, without missing it, half his share to his nearest friend, hungrier, or growing faster maybe, than himself.

Just during the interval of waiting before the dessert came in, was the moment when Jack's contagious laugh would ring out in response to some witticism of a friend. Like wildfire it would spread through that large hall, for the merriment of that laugh was irresistible; and

though in after years the voice was sobered, there always remained a merry twinkle of the eye which was characteristic of the happy soul within.

Not at all inconsistent with this quality, though quite different, is another which marked him all his latter days—a clearly defined and frankly avowed faith in God and a future life, and an acknowledgment in all he did of his duty toward his Maker. Many a time he gave a reminder to others less careful.

And all of it—his faith and his idea of duty, his duty and yours; and his acknowledgment of allegiance and gratitude to the Higher Power—was expressed in such a matter-of-fact way, quite free from cant, that it bore great weight with all who came in contact with him.

I remember in the early days of the famous blockade off Santiago, in June, 1898, while we were waiting for Cervera to make his attempt to escape or to fight his way through our little squadron, the captains had assembled on board the *New York* one morning to discuss the practicability of bombarding the harbor of Santiago. The commanding officers had given their opinions, and after some discussion it was decided to make the attack the next morning, June 5th.

The conference was over and the members were about to depart when Captain Philip asked if we knew we were planning to do this noisy thing on Sunday morning. All but he had lost track of the days of the week in the monotonous worry of the times. But we were glad to be reminded, and the attack was, of course, postponed till Monday morning early.

A month later Cervera made his famous sally, and it fell on Sunday, but the beginning of it was none of our doing. Somebody else forgot what day it was, not we. And nobody recognized better than Captain Philip the

Sunday work to be done when it came, nor did a larger share of it.

His after-avowal that the work was God's own and his public acknowledgment of gratitude to Heaven for the day's victory was just like him, and we blessed him for putting into words what no one else, however much he might have felt it, would have had the grace to say.

So, whether we knew him as youth or man, as grave or gay, as energetic, brave, or incomparably just, we knew him as above all, a lovable man and a Christian.

CHAPTER XIV

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Chapter XII*)

Sept. 20th.—Busy making preparations for going to sea after a tedious delay in Rio de Janeiro of seventy-five days. At 2 P. M. got up steam and unmoored ship. At 4 P. M. got under way and stood out of the harbor for sea. Loaded the guns, secured them and made snug for a long passage, the ship being quite uneasy after her long idleness. The sea was quite smooth, but we have all the indications of coming bad weather. Several of the officers seasick, but all are glad that we are again "on the move."

Sept. 21st.—Wind light, sea smooth and the ship going along finely under sail and steam. At sunset we headed south, so as to get the westerly winds.

Sept. 22d.—At 8 A. M. a light breeze "struck up" from the east, the wind gradually increasing and hauling round to the north until 1 P. M., when we stopped the engines, banked fires and disconnected the propeller. As it was blowing very hard at sunset we took in all the lighter sails, double reefed topsails and made tight for a blow. It bids fair for bad weather.

Sept. 23d.—At noon it was blowing a gale, so we took in all sail, got up steam and hove to. As the ship was taking in great quantities of water we battened down all the hatches. Blowing a terrific gale this morning, ship lying-to under storm mizzen and a tarpaulin in the weather mizzen rigging to keep her head to it. At noon the storm abated somewhat and by sunset we could make sail to close reefed topsails. Although the wind is moderate and hauling to the west we will have another bad night of it. The *Wachusett* is a perfect sea boat when properly managed.

Sept. 24th (Sunday).—During the night the wind moderated, so that we had quite moderate weather this morning, which continued throughout this and the following day, Sept. 25th.

The Wachusett at the Shanghai Anchorage.

(From a photograph taken in 1867.)

Sept. 26th.—Very disagreeable weather all day, with frequent rain squalls. The wind decreased in force until 2 P. M., when it died out altogether, leaving us rolling in the trough of the sea, which was very uncomfortable. At 6 P. M. we started ahead with steam, using a short allowance of coal.

Sept. 27th.—Rainy and squally all day. A very low barometer. At 3 P. M. the wind suddenly hauled, in a squall, to south-south-east. We closed reefed topsails, disconnected the propeller and found that we went much faster under sail alone.

Sept. 28th.—Blowing quite fresh, very cold, so that overcoats were quite comfortable.

Sept. 29th.—To-day we caught an albatross which measured ten feet across its back, from tip to tip of wings. After marking her and putting the ship's name on her neck we allowed her to fly away and rejoin her companions.

Sept. 30th.—Wind very strong from the south and east, from which direction it has been blowing three or four days with a current setting to the northwest of about twenty-five miles a day. Consequently, the ship does not make a very good course for the Cape.

Oct. 1st (Sunday).—At 10 A. M. inspected the crew at quarters, called all hands to muster and read the articles of war, and the surgeon read divine service to the officers and men mustered around the capstan. It has been very pleasant all day. In the afternoon we exchanged colors with a French ship.

Oct. 2d.—We are steaming ahead slowly to the south, being on very short allowance of coal.

Oct. 3d.—A fine breeze struck us at 8 A. M., but toward afternoon it moderated. Several sail in sight, all evidently bound for the Cape. They all beat us badly at sailing, but on getting up steam we ran past them. We are in hopes of striking the westerly winds to-morrow, which will carry us to the Cape, thus saving our coal, which is getting very low in the bunkers again.

Oct. 4th.—At sunrise this morning a breeze sprang up from the northwest and we at once set all drawing sail, even to studding sails. The wind continued strong and fresh all day and we are making a fine run of it under sail alone.

Oct. 5th.—At about ten o'clock last night we witnessed a partial eclipse of the moon, which lasted about one hour and a quarter. As the wind gave every indication of continuing favorable all day

we hauled all the fires from under the boilers, lowered the smoke-stack, bent the mainsail, and are now in every respect a sailing craft. One sail in sight to leeward, evidently bound around the Cape. I am sorry to acknowledge that she beat us in sailing at the rate of about two knots to the hour.

Oct. 6th.—At noon to-day, on taking an observation, we found ourselves one hundred and twenty-three miles to the northward of where the "dead reckoning" had placed us, so that we must have experienced a very strong northerly current. We hauled up two points to overcome it.

Oct. 7th.—We find the ship's bottom has become so foul as to greatly impair her sailing. A change of weather—for the worse—is anticipated. To-night, at eight o'clock, we were on the meridian of the Island of Tristan d' Acunha, distant about fifty miles. It is a dangerous rock, about six miles high, desirable to sight in the daytime, but exceedingly dangerous to approach after dark.

Oct. 8th (Sunday).—Wind still fresh from the southwest, with a very heavy sea and current setting in from the south. There are frequent heavy squalls of rain during the day and there is every appearance of another bad night, the barometer falling very rapidly.

Oct. 9th.—In a rain squall last night the breeze died out, leaving us almost in a calm until morning, but with a heavy sea setting in from the south. Thick, cold, cloudy weather to-day.

Oct. 10th–11th.—Continued on our course in the usual way these two days.

Oct. 12th.—We crossed the meridian of Greenwich last night, so that we are now in east longitude. It has been beautiful to-day, quite cool, sea very smooth, with a pleasant breeze. Busy in cleaning ship preparatory to entering port.

Oct. 13th.—Continued our preparations for entering port.

Oct. 14th.—To-day we reached the western edge of the Agulhas Bank, judging from the discoloration of the water and our position at noon, which places us a little over four hundred and fifty miles from the "pitch of the Cape."

Oct. 15th (Sunday).—A very large and distinct ring was observed around the sun to-day, which, according to an old sailor's yarn, foretells a heavy gale of wind.

Oct. 16th.—We have been rolling and drifting about for the last two days, making scarcely any headway. Finally, at sunset, we

got up steam and started to cover the remaining four hundred miles between us and Cape Town.

Oct. 17th–18th.—These days were passed in steaming on a very short allowance of coal, so that at 8 P. M. on the 18th we were still one hundred and ninety-three miles from our immediate destination.

Oct. 19th.—Last night we had all the indications of a strong gale eastward of us; sea very rough and the barometer very low, but during the morning watch the "tail of the cyclone" passed to the north of us, thence to the west and finally to the south; consequently we just escaped it, although we could almost see it.

To-day we passed fourteen vessels, all homeward bound, under full sail on the wind. A great number of whales and albatrosses in sight.

Oct. 20th.—At daybreak this morning, land was discovered just ahead, distant about twenty miles. It proved to be the Cape of Good Hope. We got up steam and went at full speed in order to make port, as it was blowing very hard from the northeast. Steamed by the Cape about 9 A. M. and then up False Bay for an anchorage. At 11 A. M. took aboard a pilot and at noon came to anchor in Simon's Bay, off the town, and moored ship. As soon as we had anchored we were visited by two English naval officers from the authorities with the usual tenders of assistance, etc. Saluted the English ensign at the fore with twenty-one guns, which were returned by the fort on shore, gun for gun.

Simon's Bay is the English naval station and the winter quarters for all vessels stopping at the Cape during the winter season. The town is very small, situated on the beach at the foot of high mountains, and in all respects it resembles, from the anchorage, the town of Port Grande, Cape de Verdes. And as the principal business is to supply shipping, I do not think that there is anything of interest in the town.

Our consul at Cape Town, Mr. Graham, came over as soon as we were telegraphed coming in, and the vice-consul from the shore. There is very little shipping in port, the only one of interest being the late Confederate cruiser *Tuscaloosa*, which has been here for over two years, but now lying as a mere hulk with no flag or owner. One or two letters came on board to some of the officers, in answer to some sent from Rio when we first arrived there. We have had a very pleasant and quick run of thirty days from Rio de Janeiro

and have only experienced one severe gale during the whole passage. The *Wyoming* sailed from here for Macao last August, she having left home nearly three months after we had sailed and is now, in all probability, on the Asiatic station—so much for lingering in different ports. We expect to remain here about one week, but time will tell if we get off in that time.

Oct. 21st.—Frequent showers of rain all day, so that we were unable to paint the ship outside, consequently she must look very dirty until the first of next week.

Oct. 22d (Sunday).—I went ashore this morning and attended service in the English church, and must acknowledge that it is the first Sabbath that has at all resembled our Sabbaths at home that we have had since leaving the United States.

Before returning to the ship we took a walk over the town, which was accomplished in about half an hour. The town is composed of about two thousand inhabitants of English and German descent and a few natives; all speaking the English language. There is only one street in the place, which faces the bay. There are no places of interest except the Royal Navy Yard and hospital, both of which are on a small scale in proportion to the place. The houses are low, mostly of one story, and are either white or yellow washed and made a neat appearance from the anchorage. Behind the town are high, rocky and barren hills which would not pay for the trouble of ascending them, and like the town, they appear to better advantage from the ship's quarter deck.

Oct. 23d.—Busy all day in painting the ship outside. Several English officers visited the ship to-day.

Oct. 24th.—Busy all day coaling from a hulk and at 5 P. M. was obliged to cast her off on account of the wind, which was blowing very hard from the southeast, thus raising a heavy sea. The English troop ship *Valorous* practiced at target firing with her broadside guns. On the whole she made a very poor showing, considering that she has been out three and a half years, so that her crew ought to be well drilled in everything.

Oct. 25th.—Spent all day coaling; that is, between the rain squalls. Last night it blew very hard from the southeast, with quick and very bright lightning. We were obliged to get up and bend the sheet anchor chains and get the anchor ready for letting go; but fortunately we had no occasion for using it. Took a short walk on shore this evening between the showers. Our men, when

not at work coaling, were engaged most of the day fishing. I never saw a better place to fish than this bay.

Oct. 26th.—Finished coaling ship to-day, taking in one hundred and seventy-two tons. Busy the rest of the time cleaning up.

Oct. 27th.—During the morning we got up steam under both boilers, unmoored ship and made preparations for getting under way. At 10 A. M. we went ahead, stood out of Simon's Bay and in an hour we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, running close in to the land all the way. At 4 P. M. we came to anchor in Table Bay, off the city of Cape Town, and moored ship.

The anchor was no sooner down than we had a swarm of bumboats and washermen around the ship with recommendations, etc., seeking permission to come on board. Saluted the English flag with twenty-one guns, which were returned by the Castle with twenty-one guns. The city of Cape Town makes a very fine appearance from the anchorage, it being situated on low land at the base of Table Mountain and Devil's Peak and around the shores of a pretty little bay. As the spring is rather advanced now and consequently there is comparatively good weather, the harbor is livelier on account of shipping, which now come here instead of to Simon's Bay. But we are the only man of war in port at present. We will lay in supplies here for our next run to the East Indies.

Oct. 28th.—I went ashore in the morning and took a ramble about the town, visiting all the places of interest, and then rode out on the favorite drive around the "Lion," which is a mountain situated between Table Mountain and the sea. I was very much pleased with the city, it being well laid out and very neat and clean—but thoroughly English in everything.

Oct. 29th.—To-day the ship was full of visitors, ladies and gentlemen from the shore, come to see a Yankee ship—as they used to visit Confederate cruisers while refitting here; but now, of course, they entertain far different opinions in regard to us Northerners. It was beautiful weather all day, but toward evening Table Mountain spread its "table cloth," which among the natives means a change of weather for the worse.

Oct. 30th–31st.—Busy on these two days in cleaning up ship generally and in scraping gun carriages preparatory to staining them.

Nov. 1st.—In the morning I called upon the officers of the English sloop of war *Valorous*. I found them, like all Englishmen,

greatly changed in their feelings toward the North since the close of the war. At six o'clock the *Valorous* got under way and went to sea, bound to some port on the east coast of the colony. In passing the *Wachusett* her band played "Hail Columbia" and dipped her colors, which of course we answered. During the war she would not have done as she did to-day. We had several visitors off from the shore to-day and they too were sympathizers with the South during the war, but now, of course, they are totally changed.

Nov. 2d.—At 9 A. M. I sent forty of our men ashore on liberty, just to let this English town be full of Yankee sailors once more; which may, no doubt, be quite unpleasant to the Confederate sympathizers.

Nov. 3d.—Busy most of the day in "hogging" the ship so as to get the seaweed off her bottom, where it had grown quite thick and impairs her speed. Went on shore and visited the Botanical Gardens, the famous Breakwater and then went through all the apartments of the convict prison, besides riding over the city. Spent a very pleasant and instructive day.

Nov. 4th.—The *Wachusett* was full of visitors all day. It seemed as if everybody from shore had a holiday and the *Wachusett* was the rendezvous.

Nov. 5th.—This being Sunday the ship was again crowded with visitors. I went on shore in the evening to church and heard an excellent sermon.

Nov. 6th.—Started for the country with Pegram at 8 A. M. Took the cars for the town of Wellington, distant sixty miles, arriving there at 11 A. M. Spent the remainder of the day in examining the town and in the evening called on some ladies. The next morning, at daylight, we took a cart and started out, crossed the Worcester Mountains and arrived at Fanny's or Darling Bridge, distant from Wellington about twenty-two miles. It was raining hard all the time and consequently we were much disgusted, and when we arrived at Fanny's we concluded to return to the ship as soon as possible. We had intended to go as far at least as Ceres and then spend a day or two in shooting about that place, but the weather being so unfavorable we could not enjoy it and returned in three days. In crossing Bain's Kloof we would have seen some of the most magnificent and grandest scenery in the world, but on account of the fog and clouds we could not see a

quarter of an inch ahead of us. On the whole have had a disagreeable time. Returned Wednesday evening in time to attend a ball given by our Consul in "Honor of the *Wachusett*." Had a very pleasant time.

[For the first time there is a skip in the dating of Philip's diary. It would be unkind to infer that it was the result of the "very pleasant time" he had at the ball, but the fact that his next entry is dated November 9th is unfortunate.—E. S. M.]

Nov. 9th.—Blowing a gale of wind from the southeast. Nearly all the officers and two boat-crews are still on shore, unable to get off to the ship. I came off in a pull boat about daylight this morning and am consequently obliged to remain on board, as the other officers are on shore. Two English mail steamers came in from sea to-day, bringing rumors of war between France and the United States.

Nov. 10th.—Went ashore in the evening to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge "de Goode Hoop." Two of our officers were initiated in the mysteries of the order.

Nov. 11th.—I was on shore nearly all day on business and pleasure combined.

Nov. 12th.—After the usual Sunday inspection and services, the burial service was read over the body of Edward Ryan, an excellent sailor, a native of Massachusetts, who died on the 10th. His body was buried on shore. I went on shore in the evening to attend service in the English church.

Nov. 13th.—Ship again crowded with visitors. In the evening I went on shore and saw two more of our officers initiated in the Masonic lodge.

Nov. 14th.—Went on shore in the morning and attended the Cape Agricultural Fair. Of course it could not compare with those we have at home, yet it certainly was creditable for an English colony. In the evening the officers of the *Wachusett* met all the American residents at a dinner party at the residence of a Mr. Holmes from Massachusetts.

Nov. 15th.—At 10 A. M. the long expected flagship *Hartford* came in and anchored, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Bell. As she was steaming in we saluted his flag with thirteen guns, she answering with seven.

In the evening we had a ball aboard the *Wachusett*, given by the wardroom officers to our friends on shore. The ship was decor-

ated with English and American colors, besides signal flags, and was nicely illuminated. All seemed to enjoy themselves and everything passed off finely.

Nov. 16th.—Busy in cleaning up the ship again and partially making ready to get under way, for since the Admiral has arrived there seems to be a prospect of the *Wachusett* getting on her station, for the Admiral is in an awful hurry to get us on our way.

Nov. 17th.—This is one of the most beautiful days we have had since we arrived in Cape Town. The *Valorous* gave a ball on board this afternoon, but as there was some misunderstanding about the invitations none of our officers attended, much to the disappointment of both parties. In the evening we went on shore to a fête in the gardens. All the trees were finely illuminated and the grounds were densely crowded with people. Having two large bands of music playing in different parts of the grounds and being in company with some charming friends we managed to spend a very pleasant evening for the Cape.

Nov. 18th.—Went on shore, took a drive and called upon several friends and had a "jolly time," as the English say. In the evening went to the Masonic lodge and saw nine of the *Hartford's* officers initiated.

Nov. 19th (Sunday).—I went on shore to attend church service with some friends. In the evening I went aboard the *Hartford.*

Nov. 20th.—All the officers in the *Hartford* and *Wachusett* who could be spared from duty, went on a picnic out in the country. It was given by Captain Holmes and there were about seventy-five persons present.

Nov. 21st.—We had more visitors to-day than at any time since our being in Cape Town. They, like all the rest, seemed to take a fancy to the *Wachusett* and of course we all enjoyed it.

I went on shore in the evening to say good-bye to some friends. Although spending a very pleasant evening I was sorry to be obliged to say adieu so soon; for we all have been treated exceedingly well since our short stay in this place and of course regret to sail so soon.

Nov. 22d.—Beautiful weather all day, the water as smooth as a pond. This morning the orders came on board to go to sea at daylight in company with the *Hartford.* Consequently we were busy all day in unmooring ship and in making preparations for getting under way.

At noon went on shore with a cutter and brought on board, for the last time, some lady friends. Spent a good portion of the afternoon in enjoyment, grief, etc., on board, and after visiting the *Hartford* with them for a few minutes, we returned on shore and were then obliged to bid them adieu, perhaps forever.

We are now about leaving Cape Town, and there is more regret expressed and felt by the officers than there was in leaving any port that we have visited, not even excepting Boston in March last. We have met more friends and have been better treated since being in Cape Town (and consequently enjoyed ourselves more) than could ever have been expected, and better than any foreign man of war that has ever anchored in Table Bay.

In the evening I went on shore and attended a Masonic dinner given to the Masons on board the *Hartford* and *Wachusett* (twenty-two) by the Good Hope lodge. Of course there were the usual after dinner speeches, complimentary and national toasts. On the whole it was quite a jolly affair and a great compliment to us. I shall always remember Cape Town and our pleasant stay there.

Nov. 23d.—At 4 A. M. we started fires under both boilers and got up steam. At 6.30 A. M. called "all hands up anchor" and got under way in obedience to signal from the *Hartford*. We both steamed out of Table Bay southward and the flagship made signal to follow her motions. As soon as we were outside of the harbor we had a strong breeze from the west and both ships made sail. We stopped the engines and hauled fires. As long as we were steaming we could with ease run past the *Hartford*, but as soon as sail was made she generally left us astern and by 3 P. M. she was out of sight ahead of us.

The *Hartford* is very fast under sail and consequently we could not keep company with her, so we must make the passage to Batavia alone; our orders being to make the best of our way to that port, but in company with the flagship if possible. Blowing very hard from the west all day, with quite a high and irregular sea. At 3 P. M. we lost sight of the Cape of Good Hope, our ship standing south in order to get into the higher latitude and fall in with the westerly winds to carry us across the south Indian Ocean to the coast of Australia. We are all exceedingly sorry to leave Cape Town, for all have had a very pleasant time there.

Nov. 24th–25th.—On these two days we experienced very heavy

winds with frequent rain squalls, the ship rolling very deep and taking in large quantities of water.

Nov. 26th.—At 4 P. M. the water became very much discolored, a light green, as if we were on a bank. Took in the studding sails, hove-to and on heaving the "deep sea" lead found no bottom with one hundred and twenty fathoms (seven hundred and twenty feet) of line. Filled away again and stood on our course and in about half an hour the water was of the original color, deep sea blue, so that we have, apparently, crossed over this shoal. The cause of the discoloration is unknown, unless it might have been whale feed at some distance below the surface.

Nov. 27th.—A heavy gale came up, with increasing sea. The captain, thinking it better to run out of the gale than to lie-to until it passed us, kept the ship off to the west by north and by eight o'clock in the evening the wind had so much decreased that we were able to turn the reefs out of the topsails and set the topgallant sails again, and resume our course eastward. Thus by running back only four hours we are again in fine weather, whereas, if we had continued on our course we might have experienced a severe gale of a day or so, and have been extremely uncomfortable in the bargain.

Nov. 28th.—Wind and sea more moderate, although the weather was quite cool and cloudy, yet to-day was one of the best we have had since leaving the Cape. Shifted the sailing trim of the ship by bringing her more by the stern, in hopes of getting more speed out of her.

Nov. 29th.—Weather fine all day, but the wind gradually hauled abeam until the ship was heading north, when we wore ship to the southeast. After she was around she would make higher than southeast, so one can see that the *Wachusett* is no ship to work to windward under sail alone.

Nov. 30th.—The barometer has been falling all day and there is every sign of bad weather to-night. We are one week out of port to-day, and strange as it may appear to navy officers, pleasant remembrances of our stay in Cape Town are still uppermost in our minds.

Dec. 1st.—Last evening there was every indication of bad weather and I think that the night turned out to be one of the strangest I have ever experienced. The barometer was falling continually until it reached 29.50, the lowest we had had on this

cruise. There was little or no wind until 4 A. M. and the atmosphere was very rare, although it was raining furiously and everything could be heard distinctly. In fact, it seemed like one vast sounding board. It could only be accounted for by supposing the ship to be in the center of a cyclone, or nearly so, and being carried along with it at a slow rate until four o'clock, when we hauled more to the north and in a very short time we had a strong breeze from the west, which we have been running before all day. At 8 P. M. the barometer began to rise again, but slowly.

Dec. 2d.—Fine weather all day. To-day we held a summary court martial on one of the men for theft, but they were unable to prove it against him. This, I think, is the first case of a summary court in the service not being able to convict the person tried.

Dec. 3d (Sunday).—A new species of seagull appeared around the ship. It was a dark lead color and had the shape of an albatross, but was a little smaller.

Dec. 4th.—At 11.30 last night we carried away the fore topsail in the slings; it blowing quite hard at the time. Secured the wreck, unbent the sail and sent it down with the wreck of the yard to the deck. Blowing almost a gale all night and day and was obliged to batten down the hatches, as we were shipping heavy seas. Very fortunately for us we brought a spare topsail yard with us from Boston, else we would have been in a sad condition to make the passage to Batavia, still distant five thousand miles. Busy all day repairing damages.

Dec. 5th.—This morning sent aloft and crossed the topsail yard, bent the sail and then made all plain sail. Attempted to exercise the crew at the great guns, but owing to a slight roll on the ship we came near losing the 100-pounder rifles overboard, besides injuring the deck seriously. I secured the battery and came to the conclusion that those guns were exercised for the last time at sea.

Dec. 6th.—Pleasant breeze and smooth sea all day and having nothing particular to do we decided to enjoy ourselves to the utmost, which, of course, we tried to do.

Dec. 7th.—Weather continues fine, but to-night we have indications of an approaching gale, or wet and bad weather.

Dec. 8th.—Still another day of fresh westerly winds, but there has been a very heavy swell from the southwest, which caused the ship to roll frightfully, making everything exceedingly uncomfortable on board. A thick fog rested on the sea at intervals all

day, and we have indications of a strong gale blowing some distance to the south of us.

Dec. 9th.—It has been rather hazy and misty at intervals all day, with a fresh breeze from the westward, but a very heavy swell still from the southwest.

Dec. 10th (Sunday).—To-day we were again favored with a very strong, steady breeze from the northwest, but it was impossible to get more than eight knots out of the old ship under all plain sail. The barometer is very low to-night and continues falling rapidly; 29.70. Perhaps bad weather is in store for us.

Dec. 11th.—This has been one of the disagreeable days at sea. Two kinds may be mentioned: one when it blows a gale of wind, and the other a rainy calm. We have had the latter all day.

Dec. 12th.—The wind sprang up during the midwatch last night and blew quite fresh from the southwest until midday, when it again died out, and it has been calm the remainder of the day.

Dec. 13th.—About daybreak the wind sprang up and has continued to blow, increasing in force all day, until to-night it blows quite hard. Barometer low and falling all the time; sea increasing.

Dec. 14th.—The greater portion of this day I consider as having been thrown away, for in the last twenty-four hours we have had a very heavy wind from the northwest and instead of running down our longitude at ten knots per hour we have been fooling away our time by the road. The barometer was lower than we have had it since leaving Boston.

Dec. 15th.—At eight o'clock this evening we passed the meridian of the Island of St. Paul, which, by our orders, we were to sight, but the wind having favored us of late we passed about two hundred miles to the north of it.

Dec. 17th.—Yesterday there was a school of whales quite near the ship, and to-day we had another kind of a school. Porpoises came so near to us that one of the forecastle men succeeded in spearing one and getting him on board. This incident, and the losing of one of our monkeys overboard, rather broke the monotony of our voyage.

Dec. 19th.—Yesterday passed without any incident of note. To-day, at noon, we are two thousand one hundred miles from Batavia, and this afternoon we exchanged colors with two large ships, one English and one Danish, apparently bound for India. These are the first sails we have seen since we left the Cape. Now

we may expect to see vessels every day, for we are nearly in the track of vessels bound for China.

Dec. 20th–21st.—Little of note these days. except that this afternoon my pet monkey, "Little Jack," was frightened overboard and lost. I was very sorry about it, for he was a great pet with everybody and has been on board ever since we arrived at the Cape de Verdes. I intended to have brought him home to the Catskills.

Dec. 22d.—To-day two whales are very near the ship, one very large and the other small, evidently a cow and a calf. We did not molest them.

Dec. 24th.—Aside from being laid up with violent cramps there was nothing to break the monotony of the cruise yesterday. To-night being Christmas eve, we are trying to have a jolly time, as well as we can at this distance from civilization. One year ago to-night I was in the monitor *Montauk*. She was then on the advance picket line in front of Charleston, S. C., between Sumter and Moultrie. Where will we spend Christmas, 1866. [In a foot note Philip records that it was spent in Hong Kong.—E. S. M.]

Dec. 25th (Christmas).—Raining quite hard all day; calm until 1 P.M., when the wind came out quite fresh from the southeast and blew steady and hard from that quarter the remainder of the day—a heavy swell setting in from the southwest.

This has been rather a dull Christmas, but we did the best we could to spend it agreeably. Of course the dinner was the principal object of the day. This makes the tenth consecutive Christmas I have spent away from home. When will I spend Christmas at home again?

Dec. 26th–27th.—These two days were spent in battling with strong, dangerous winds, all the ordinary routine being suspended on that account.

Dec. 28th.—At midnight we "beat to general quarters" for exercise as if engaged in action. The crew did very well considering that it was the first "night quarters" we have ever had on board, the ship being ready for action in every particular inside of six minutes from the first alarm of the drum.

Dec. 29th–30th.—As we are now within "thinking distance" of our port, we spent these two days in making preparations for entering port.

Dec. 31st (Sunday).—Since we left Boston, we have been one

hundred and forty-five days at sea and have sailed nineteen thousand two hundred and sixty-seven knots, or about twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighteen miles, and are now on the three hundred and second day of the cruise.

Jan. 1st.—As it was calm all day, I celebrated New Year's Day by lowering the dingey and with Pegram and Paymaster Sears, pulled a short distance from the ship, and went in swimming—*for a bath in the middle of the Indian Ocean.*

Jan. 2d–3d.—Very hot and uncomfortable these two days.

Jan. 4th–6th.—These three days spent in making preparations for entering port.

Jan. 7th.—Nothing to break the monotony of man of war life to-day. Having it calm for the last ten days it is especially irksome when we are so near our port. It has a tendency to make us growl considerably. One year ago to-day I arrived at home after an absence of three years on blockade duty; mostly off Charleston.

Jan. 9th.—Yesterday we were only one hundred miles from Java Head and were delayed by unfavorable winds. To-day we got up steam under one boiler and started ahead under steam.

Jan. 10th.—Very dark and squally last night, so that we were not certain of our position. At 10 P. M., supposing our position to be about ten miles from Java Head, we stopped engines and hove-to. At daylight we found ourselves in the mouth of the Straits of Sunda. Got up steam and went ahead up the straits along the coast of Java. Running ahead all day under low steam.

Passed Anjer Lighthouse about 3 P. M., when a small native bumboat, laden with fruit, chickens, etc., came alongside. We gave it a line and in a short time the officers had bought them completely out. After a passage of forty-nine days at sea, tropical fruit becomes a great luxury at the different messes, and one can imagine how we enjoyed the contents of this bumboat after this voyage on almost low diet.

At 10 P. M., it being very dark and thick, with heavy thunder and lightning, we came to anchor in nineteen fathoms (one hundred and fourteen feet) of water in a bay about forty-four miles from the anchorage off Batavia. The Straits of Sunda are quite narrow (very deep water), and have beautiful scenery on each side. The largest islands, of course, are Sumatra and Java, but there is a large number of smaller ones situated between these two, all having high mountainous peaks from two thousand to twelve

thousand seven hundred feet high, covered with dense forests, but near their bases or along the shore they seem to be in a high state of cultivation, and apparently quite civilized. judging from their appeareance. We passed a large number of merchant vessels. I think that to-night is the darkest night that I have ever experienced, either at sea or on shore.

(*Philip's Journal Continued in* XVII.)

CHAPTER XV

A CHAPLAIN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILIP.

David Howard Tribou

MY acquaintance with Rear-Admiral Philip began in 1877, at Hampton Roads, Va., when he was a commander in command of the U. S. S. *Adams* and I was attached to the flagship *Hartford.* At his request I frequently held divine service on board the *Adams* Sunday afternoons, and he was a constant attendant. After a sermon one day he asked me to give him a list of passages in the Bible bearing on the meaning of the word "perish." I was much impressed by his serious manner at the time and never forgot it, although I think he did not remember the circumstance.

He went to the Pacific and I did not see him again till he came to Philadelphia, in 1891, as inspector of the armored cruiser *New York.* When she went into commission I was ordered to join her and had the rare privilege of serving under his command until his detachment in August, 1894. For some time after joining the ship he was somewhat reserved in his manner, as it seemed to me, and while he always listened to my suggestions and, so far as I can now remember, generally approved them, he was very slow to suggest anything. He did not like the service to be too short and he once said to me, "Chaplain, don't you think it would do those young fellows good if you read more Scripture to them?" I took the hint (even then I knew him well enough to know that

Mrs. John Woodward Philip.
(From a recent photograph.)

I had better) and the services were lengthened in consequence.

We held two services on Sunday, "whenever the weather and other circumstances would permit," and he was always in attendance when he was on board. We also had a Christian Endeavor Society, which met on Wednesday evenings, and he was always on hand. He consented to his election as vice-president, but he never spoke at any meeting. He would sometimes select something which he wished me to read to the society—usually some clipping from a newspaper—and I noticed that he had a quick eye for everything bearing on the subject of prayer.

Although the *New York* was fitted for a flagship, she had no admiral until just before Captain Philip was detached. He quite took away my breath one day on the passage to Rio Janeiro, by asking me to occupy the admiral's stateroom. My room in the wardroom was immediately over three condensers and was exceedingly hot when the ship was under way, but I entered a mild demurrer against a wardroom officer occupying the cabin. He looked at me a moment and came the nearest to rebuking me that he ever did when he said, "See here, chaplain, if I hadn't wanted you to occupy that room, I shouldn't have asked you." I have sometimes thought that, even at that time, he was conscious of physical infirmities and preferred not to be too far away from help in case of need; but he said nothing more, and I moved into the cabin.

It was rather an anomalous position and I was not altogether at ease in it, but I kept very quiet, still retained my room below, and had very little of my belongings where he could see them. We saw very little more of each other than if I were living below, but, of course,

he knew I was near him and he saw me passing in and out. He made it very easy for me, although I do not now recall that he ever came into the stateroom I was occupying while I was there. We were frequently brought together in the discharge of our official duties, but there have been very few commanding officers with whom I ever sailed whom I visited less.

I remember one day we had a mail, after some considerable interruption of our postal arrangements, and he had a large file of New York papers. I went into the cabin from the deck (not through the door leading from the admiral's cabin) to get a look at the papers. He nodded as I came in and I picked up a journal and began to read. Presently he rang his bell for the orderly and said, in my presence, "Orderly, I don't want anybody in the cabin now!" I think he had entirely forgotten that I was present, for I never knew him to say anything like that before, but I lost no time in retreating to the wardroom.

We sailed for Rio Janeiro the day after Christmas, 1893, on account of the revolution there, and arrived at St. Lucia, where we were to coal, on Sunday morning. This being an English port, all business is suspended on the Sabbath, but we as were ordered to proceed to Rio with all dispatch, it was not long before the coal was coming on board as rapidly as if it were a secular day. There was no service that day, and I believe it was the only day when we did not have service at least once on Sunday during the time he was in command.

There was one Sunday when we had service only once. I shall never forget it. It was just after Rear-Admiral Benham informed Da Gama that American merchant vessels would go where they pleased in the harbor of Rio, so long as they did not interfere with the military move-

ments then taking place. Da Gama had replied that he was in possession of the harbor, and Benham had informed him that that was a matter that could easily be settled the next day. I had gone on deck to ask the officer of the deck for permission to hold the regular evening service. I found him at the port gangway, and the captain just coming up the ladder. As Philip stepped on deck he said, "Clear ship for action; we're going to clean out those fellows (pointing to Da Gama's ships) at daybreak." His face was wreathed in smiles and he was as impatient as a boy to see the work begin. There was nothing said about service, for in less time than it takes to tell it, the boatswain's mates were piping "clear ship for action."

There was a gun in the captain's stateroom which required some overhauling and it was nearly midnight when he turned in. I don't think he slept much, for he was on deck as soon as the day broke, and remained there till the rebels acknowledged that the Americans had the freedom of the harbor. He had craved the privilege of attacking Da Gama's ship, which was the most formidable of all.

There was a great deal of yellow fever in Rio at the time, and it was specially bad among the shipping. As I had spent considerable time there, was thoroughly acclimated, and knew the place well, I was sent ashore on duty several times; the Admiral, who had the *San Francisco* for his flagship, giving our captain permission to send me if he thought it was safe. There were always errands to do for officers who were not permitted to go ashore, but I do not remember that Captain Philip ever asked me to do an errand. He was one of the most unselfish men I ever knew, and more than willing to give up his own comforts for the benefit of those less fortunate

than himself. We never discussed religious subjects except in the abstract, and rarely at all.

I remember one morning, when we were on our way from New York to Gloucester, I met Philip near his cabin door and he motioned to me to follow him. As I stepped inside he said: "Chaplain, I know you don't believe in prayer, but I want to tell you what happened to me this morning." That was "Jack" Philip all over. I understood him perfectly. What he meant was that I did not believe in special providences to the same extent that he did. Then he told me of standing on the end of the forward bridge, in a thick, cold fog of an early morning, and putting up a silent prayer which was answered within five minutes. He asked me what I had to say to that, and I replied that God speaks to men personally, and they to whom He speaks are the only ones competent to vouch for the message.

He had a well-worn Bible on his desk and I know he was a devout reader of it, but I never saw him reading it, and I have no doubt that he laid it aside whenever any one came into the cabin. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve.

As for "speaking in meeting," as he called it, that was quite beyond him. He told me once of an experience he had in some interior town in New York. It was his custom to attend a weekly prayer-meeting whenever it was possible, and one evening he found himself, with six ladies, in a chapel waiting for the minister. When he came, a hymn was sung, a lesson of Scripture read, prayer was offered and, in announcing the second hymn, the minister said: "After the singing of this hymn we will listen to a few remarks from the stranger who has come in with us." I do not know just the form of words Philip used in declining, but in relating the story he said

he looked up with the most intense surprise and huskily replied: "Not much!" "Not much; you won't?"

There was a small boy in the ship's company who was mischief itself. Among the pets of the *New York* was a Brazilian pig which the men named "Da Gama." One day this young rascal haled one of the big, burly boatswain's mates to the mast and reported him for abusing the pig. Now cruelty to animals is so utterly unknown among sailors that the captain was disposed to laugh, so he said to the boy: "Is that pig any relation to you?" "No," replied the young reprobate, "but that pig's got feelings just the same as you have!" This was too much for Captain Philip and he dismissed the case.

At another time a man came to the mast to complain that he was kept in the fourth class in conduct. His reputation was bad, but he wanted to know the reason why he was forever kept in that class. Philip looked at him an instant and then said: "Well, I think you ought to know, and so I'll tell you. It's only because there is no fifth class."

One day a number of the officers were invited to make an excursion by rail from Kingston, Jamaica, to the terminus of the railroad, some distance toward the mountains. Philip said to me: "See here, chaplain, I'm going to take my coxswain and one of the gig's crew along; nominally to carry the lunch, but really so that they can enjoy the trip with us. You don't suppose anybody will object, do you?" I might have reminded him that it was not considered good form for junior officers to object to anything their commanding officer proposed to do, but instead, I replied that the thought did him credit, and I was glad it had occurred to him.

When this same young coxswain subsequently deserted (carrying away the treasury of the Christian En-

deavor Society) Philip said to me: "After all we did for that fellow, think of it!" But he said nothing more and, so far as I know, made no special effort to have him arrested.

The Old Kinderhook Academy.—Where Philip Attended School.

CHAPTER XVI

A LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIP

Rear-Admiral Henry Clay Taylor, U. S. N.

MY knowledge of Admiral Philip began in 1861. The war with the South having broken out, our studies at the Naval Academy at Annapolis became somewhat disordered, and the young midshipmen had to care for themselves during the troublous days of April, 1861.

I had entered the Academy a few months before and with my class had been quartered during the winter aboard the old *Constitution*, where we messed and swung our hammocks on her historic old decks.

Presently Confederate troops appeared in the vicinity; and after several night alarms, when we youngsters turned out and mustered on deck to defend the old ship, we were removed to the shore and quartered in the buildings occupied by the upper classes. Here I found myself, quite by chance, under the immediate charge of Jack Philip. He was one of the first class, counting among its members Sampson, as leading midshipman or cadet officer, and Lloyd Phenix, as second in rank and standing. Already Jack Philip's name had become known as second to none as a seaman, and above all in popularity and the warm affection of his comrades. Philip was the second captain of the gun's crew to which I was assigned, the first captain being an officer of good character and standing, but over conscientious

and relentlessly religious; qualities which made him morose and exacting, and more feared than loved by the midshipmen under his orders.

Philip, knowing these traits in the man, gathered me, a green youngster, under his especial care; warned me of the peculiar prejudices I would encounter, and how I should behave to avoid trouble with him.

Philip's attitude toward me, as soon as he saw that I was young and green, was that of a kindly elder brother from whom was due the protection and sympathy I needed.

The memory of those few days of excitement and confusion, with my seat at mess next to his, of his advice as to keeping my arms ready during the night to answer the alarms of attack, of his humorous warnings about the first captain with his melancholy glance seeking for misdemeanor to report, though Philip never inculcated by word or act any disrespect for his senior; the memory of these times, I say, will dwell long with me. They were stirring days. War with all its grimness of visage was upon us. Fleets of transports anchored in the bay. Regiments camped under the shadow of our buildings. We ourselves, young as we were, slept but broken sleep between the calls to arms.

Against this changeful and fleeting background some faces stand out prominently; among the officers Lieutenant George Rodgers, who later was killed in battle off Charleston—and who, rising to the moment's need, became still more our commander and friend—and among the midshipmen Jack Philip, hearty and mirthful and brimming over with that love for his fellow man, that sacred pity for all that suffered or were weak which seems to exist only in the largest and most beautiful natures.

As the war cloud settled down over the land we separated, and I saw nothing of him during the four years of conflict, I remaining two years at the Naval Academy and being ordered to squadrons at a distance from him when I graduated.

We met again in 1868 and 1869, Philip as navigator of the *Richmond* and I of the *Guard*. Our ships laid long in Lisbon, and we made many trips together in that picturesque vicinity. Once we went to a point on the banks of the Tagus opposite Lisbon for the purpose of taking observations of the sun to rate our chronometers. He would mark the time for me while I took the sights, and we would then reverse, I marking the time for him.

There were some workmen near by engaged in excavating a dock; one or two of them came to us and in their *patois* said something very earnestly. Neither of us understood them, and were besides much engrossed with our observations. A few moments later another deputation of the workmen approached, and with some solemnity of visage and much ejaculation and gesticulation jabbered at us.

Jack, who had his eye at his sextant in the midst of a series of sights, carried on a running commentary: "Go 'way, Dago, go 'way, Dago (Mark, Harry; did you get it that time?), go 'way, Dago (Mark, Harry)." Finally our interviewers drew away with solemn shrugs of protest, and just as Jack and I had finished our series of sights a tremendous explosion occurred in an excavation near by, almost shaking us into the Tagus; and a moment afterward the rubbish which the blast had thrown skyward began raining down on us in the shape of dirt, pebbles and rocks up to the size of a coal scuttle. In the midst of the infernal din, and while the danger was really imminent, Jack's wild laugh rang out as he called me:

"Watch the Dagoes' faces, Harry!" The Dagoes evidently thought us crazy, and were astonished that we were not more alarmed at the explosion.

Thirty years later he said almost the same words to me, this time through a megaphone. He had been engaging the Socapa batteries at Santiago with his ship, the *Texas*, and I coming on the scene in the *Indiana*, having been away engaged in convoying General Shafter's army to Santiago, was ordered to join in the action. We had been engaged briskly for some time, and finally in obedience to signal from the flagship had hauled out of range, Philip with one man killed and several wounded, and I with my starboard bow-plate crushed in by a Spanish shell, which exploded under my bow.

I turned to go back to my station to the eastward, and passing near the *Texas*, Philip, with that same thoughtfulness ever natural to him, called through the megaphone: "Watch those Dagoes as you go back, Harry!"—for he knew, as I did not, that abreast the entrance was an area upon which the Spanish guns were directed and ready to fire.

After our experience in Lisbon, and a visit, long and happily remembered, to Cintra, where we spent a day together among its crags and castles, another term of years elapsed before we were again together, this time in the Pacific.

Philip's name as a seaman, administrator and manager had continued to grow more and more widely known, until, after a cruise in China waters, he was asked by the chiefs of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to take command of one of their finest vessels which plied between San Francisco and China. The offer came at a time when our Navy was at its dullest, but when Philip was in the prime of his activity. He added many laurels to his

professional reputation by his command of this vessel, and secured, what at first seemed hopeless to all his Navy friends, the loyal friendship and affection of the Pacific Mail captains and officers, many of whom he superseded by taking a command in that company.

During those years I was busy in surveying work on the coasts of California and Oregon, and Philip was equally engrossed with his occupations; so that our intercourse was much interrupted, and our chats brief and of rare occurrence. He was then much in China, and his talk to me when we met in San Francisco dwelt often on our mutual friend there, Lieutenant-Commander Douglas Cassell, whom we both greatly admired. There had existed then for many years a warm regard among us, and we both looked upon Cassell as the coming man in the Far East, who was to stand to the Japanese in their development as Gordon had done to China shortly before.

This was not to be, and Jack and I were soon after called upon to mourn the death of this gallant fellow and loyal friend.

Again we drifted apart, and had only occasional meetings, or exchanged letters on rare occasions, this condition extending over a period of twenty years, 1877 to 1897. In the latter year, or in the beginning of '98, we found ourselves in the same squadron, Philip commanding the *Texas* and I the *Indiana*. We had proceeded southward to the Gulf of Mexico under the broad flag of Admiral Sicard, and were lying with the rest of the fleet in the Dry Tortugas. I had been away on a few weeks' leave, and had just had a kindly message from Jack upon my return. We were all, of course, watching intently the progress of affairs in Cuba. We felt that a point had been reached in the increasing strain and friction between the United States and Spain, where it was easier and

probably wiser to fight than to continue making faces at each other. I felt this strongly, while Philip, though not believing that we ought to fight, had little doubt that we would do so at an early day.

Suddenly at daylight a torpedo boat entering the harbor at full speed, gave the Admiral news that the *Maine* had been blown up and lost, with most of her people.

Then came a council of captains, called by the Admiral aboard the flagship, and as a result of the conference, the *New York* and *Iowa* went to Key West, leaving the *Texas*, Captain Philip; the *Massachusetts*, Captain Higginson, and the *Indiana*, Captain Taylor, to guard Tortugas, keep ready for war and watch for Spanish torpedo boats.

Here again we saw each other constantly for the best part of two months, and so closely were we thrown together that Philip named us the "Tortugas Trio." Here, too, I relearned my old friend, finding his religious faith burning with a steady fervor, while his kindly and benevolent humanity had mellowed with his growth, and tinctured all his life and actions with its noble essence.

From this time on until his death we were never long separated. He took the *Texas* north to join the Flying Squadron, while I remained south with the *Indiana*, but we soon met again, and were together on the blockade of Santiago.

His ship and mine divided the nights between us as guard ships, lying close in to the entrance alongside of the searchlight ships. As I steamed up night after night to relieve him in the darkness, it was rare that some kindly, humorous or even affectionate word did not come from him through the megaphone, as he dropped back with his ship to the blockading line.

Of the climax of the war, and our fighting side by side

against Cervera in the great battle that concluded the war I need not speak, for his noble conduct there is already well known and graphically described. Following the war I served under his broad flag during the period that he relieved Sampson in command of the fleet, and later had the pleasure, while lying in the *Indiana* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to welcome him upon his arrival there to take command of the station in the winter of 1898–1899.

Still later I came again under his kindly authority when ordered to the command of the receiving ship *Vermont*, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in March, 1899, and from that time until his death on the 30th of June, our friendly intercourse was resumed, and I was a daily witness of his worthy life, dedicated to warm friendship, earnest and cheerful religion, and devoted affection toward those to whom he was attached by ties of love or duty.

With our dim recognition of God's purpose, we cannot refrain from grief at his loss and that he should be taken from so many whose lives were strengthened and ennobled by his lofty example.

CHAPTER XVII

CRUISING IN THE EAST INDIES

WE left the *Wachusett* at anchor some forty-four miles from Batavia after a fairly good run of forty-nine days from Cape Town. As this was Philip's first visit to the Far East, he was quick to note and comment on the new scenes, strange customs and odd habits of people who had the bad taste to live on the other side of the world from Kinderhook, and he freely expressed his opinion of them and their doings in that free and easy manner that was so characteristic of the man and which makes all his writings so readable.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Page* 149)

Jan. 11th, 1866 (Batavia).—At daylight this morning we got under way and steamed down the straits to Batavia, anchoring off the city at 1 P. M. After mooring ship and being visited by the Dutch authorities, we saluted the Dutch flag with twenty-one guns and the Dutch admiral with thirteen, which were duly re-returned. No sooner was the anchor down than the ship was surrounded with bumboats having all kind of fruit, etc., for sale, and the everlasting ship chandlers with their "letters of recommendation," desiring the patronage of this ship for their establishments on shore.

The natives here are about the same as those in the other ports at which we touched. The most that can be said of them is that they, also, are in search of the everlasting dollar—those on shore may have other characteristics.

We have at last arrived at Batavia after a passage of fifty days from Cape Town. The *Hartford* sailed when we did and arrived here on the 28th of December and sailed again for Hong Kong last Saturday, January 6th, thus beating the *Wachusett* about fourteen days in the passage. She steamed and we sailed all the way.

Jan. 12th.—Very hot all day, the thermometer being 93 in the shade. Busy on board ship in cleaning up and settling down to "port routine." The United States Consul, Mr. Tappan, of Massachusetts, visited the ship. Saluted him with seven guns when he left.

I went on shore and visited the city. Batavia is the chief city of Java, situated at the mouth of a river, and is the capital of the Dutch possessions in the East. It has a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, consisting of Europeans, Chinese, Moors, Arabs, and aborigines; and of this number only about three thousand are Europeans. The city itself lies about six miles back from the bay and is approached by boats through a canal, and then you take carriages and drive—but never walk.

It is built in the old Dutch style, the buildings are all one story high and raised a little from the ground. The streets are quite regularly laid out and are intersected by canals, navigable only by small boats. The city is very beautiful, the streets being nicely shaded by trees on each side and are very clean, except in the Chinese districts. The business part of the city is nearest to the bay, while the residences are to the back. All of the Europeans, and some of the wealthiest natives, have beautiful residences on the outskirts, while some live in fine bungalows nearer their places of business. The city contains many places of interest to Europeans visiting it for the first time.

In the evening everybody rides out in carriages of different styles. In fact, the pleasantest time to be ashore is in the evening, the middle of the day being so excessively hot and all persons, except those at business, are shut up in the shade, "not at home," etc., to strangers. In the evening we went to the opera.

I have never visited a place where everything is so dear (except fruits, etc.), although it is reported that Batavia is a free port. In the city each of the different classes of inhabitants retain their own national characteristics, customs, dress, etc.

Jan. 13th.—Remained on board to superintend some little work, but most of the officers went on shore, as usual in a foreign port.

Jan. 14th (Sunday).—After service went on shore and drove all over the city. In the evening went to the King's Square to hear the Dutch military band play and called upon the Consul. This day is kept by all the Europeans in a style suitable to the place; that is, all of their places of business are closed, but none of them attended divine service at any church; the Chinese and natives observed the day only by dressing a little better, and as some of the establishments are closed, they consider it their best day for doing business.

Some of the Chinese and native temples are magnificent and are quite a sight for strangers visiting the city. The natives are perfectly harmless and inoffensive, but the Dutch hold them under strict control and vigilance. Washington is called a city of magnificent distances, but it cannot begin to compare with Batavia for distances about the city. Here a pair of shoes can easily be dispensed with, but it would be impossible to get along without a horse.

Jan. 15th.—This morning we examined the mate of the American merchant ship *George Green* to see if he was competent to take her home to New York.

Jan. 16th.—The distance to the city is too great and the ride too tedious for our officers to go up every day, so I remained on board to-day.

Jan. 17th.—Went on shore for a few hours to do a little "shopping," and purchased a few articles for the ship on account of Uncle Sam, but it was too hot to remain long. Began taking in provisions for sea use.

Jan. 19th.—Went on board and secured the passage of a pound of coffee by the *George Green* for New York, to be forwarded thence to Catskill.

Jan. 21st.—Our acting chaplain not being on board to-day we did not have the usual reading of divine service by the surgeon. But in other respects everything passed off as usual.

Jan. 22d.—Raining furiously all the morning. I had made preparations for coaling ship, but on account of the rain we could not leave the anchorage. But at 3 P. M. it cleared up and a Dutch naval officer came on board to pilot us to the coal depot. Got under way and steamed to their naval station, and made fast along-

side of a wharf on the island of Kniper to coal ship in the morning. Kniper is the Dutch naval coal depot and is adjacent to and connected by bridge with the island of Onrust, which latter is their chief naval station for all their possessions in the East.

The Dutch authorities are exceedingly kind and obliging to the representatives of Uncle Sam, although a few short months ago they were ardent admirers of the Confederacy; but doing no material harm to the Government. This, of course, is not forgotten. Like the English, they appear very sorry and humble for the part they acted in the late war.

Jan. 23d.—Busy coaling ship until noon, when we cast off from the coaling wharf and returned to our anchorage in Batavia Bay.

Jan. 24th.—Sent in the boats to-day and finished getting in stores. These should have been aboard a week ago and we at sea. Our captain returned to-day much improved in health by his trip into the country.

Jan. 25th–26th.—The usual routine on these two days. The French mail steamer arrived to-day with letters for the *Hartford* and *Wyoming*, but none for the *Wachusett*. It seems that fate in regard to our mail is still against us.

Jan. 27th.—At last finished up all business with Batavia, and being ready for sea we got up steam at 1 P. M., and at five o'clock in the afternoon we got under way and steamed out of the harbor, bound for Hong Kong; but I think that the Captain will stop at some of the islands between this and China. All the officers appear to be glad that we have at last left Batavia, for it is a very poor place to be at.

Jan. 28th (Sunday).—Steaming all day across the Java Sea, the water as smooth as a mill pond. At 2 P. M. sighted land ahead, and at eight o'clock in the evening we anchored in the mouth of the straits off the island of Billiton in order to wait for daylight, it being dangerous to run through the straits at night on account of so many coral reefs and shoals.

Jan. 29th.—At daylight we got under way, and, favored with fine weather and a smooth sea, steamed on our course, running through the Gasper Strait along the coast of Billiton Island, with numerous small islands around us. At 2 P. M. we cleared the straits, and for the first time the *Wachusett* entered the China Sea, whither she has been bound ever since the first of last March. We are now running for the coast of Borneo.

Jan. 31st.—Steaming all day along the coast of Borneo with several small islands in sight and near us. To-night we are running through the Api Passage on the northwest coast of Borneo. Sea perfectly smooth, it being calm and very hot all day.

Feb. 1st.—While we were steaming along the northwest coast of Borneo to-day with a perfectly smooth sea, I saw something on the horizon which appeared like a wreck of some kind. We ran down to it, and, lowering a cutter, examined it. It proved to be a detached portion of a "floating island" which must have floated out from a near-by river.

Feb. 2d.—Although we are still steaming along the coast of Borneo, we were for the most part of the time to-day out of sight of land. There was a large number of water snakes near the ship all day, varying in size from one to six or eight feet in length.

Feb. 4th (Sunday).---At daylight we were off the island of Labuan, another English possession, and, the Captain wishing to see it, we stopped the engines and remained there two or three hours. At eight o'clock this evening we are only twenty-eight miles from Ambong, Borneo.

Feb. 5th.—At midnight last night, having run up our distance, we came to anchor off the entrance to the harbor of Ambong to wait for daylight. At 8 A. M. we got under way and steamed into Ambong Bay and came to anchor at the upper end.

The object of this expedition was to meet a Yankee by the name of Moses, who, so it was reported at Batavia, had been acknowledged by the Sultan of Borneo and had received a grant of land in this region with the title of "Rajah of Ambong." If this had been the case it might have been of some benefit to the United States later on. It was the Captain's intention to come in and communicate with the Mr. Moses and report fully to the Secretary of the Navy. But it will be impossible now to do this, simply because there is no Moses here and we could not find a single native we could communicate with.

The bay is a beautiful roadstead, having a good anchorage, with plenty of water for the ships. We could see nothing from the ship except wild vegetation and very thick forests close to the water, with no signs of life anywhere about.

After having been anchored a short time, a single canoe with nine natives in it pulled out from the shore and came alongside. They showed great curiosity as to who and what we were, but we could

not understand a word they said, so after looking at the ship outside and in they quietly left and returned to the shore, apparently satisfied.

The natives here look like the natives of Java and are in rather a wild state. Any European is perfectly safe, so long as he faces them, but allow them to get behind you and they will murder you for the sake of your clothing; so that with these cowardly natives one must be armed and on his guard while on shore.

Several of our officers went on shore, and after great difficulty succeeded in landing and finding a sort of a footpath through the forest of palms and cocoanuts, etc., and after a time found the village of Ambong. This is a native village of about fifty small bamboo huts, the inhabitants being in very primitive costume. From the anchorage the only object of interest is a high mountain which towers almost fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

As the object of this expedition has not been accomplished, I think that we will now go to Manila, on the island of Luzon.

Feb. 6th.—At eight o'clock we fired a couple of heavy guns (for moral effect on the natives) and, getting under way, steamed out of the harbor to sea, bound for Manila via the Palawan passage. The northeast monsoon was blowing very fresh all day, so that we made little progress against it.

Feb. 7th.—The northeast monsoon blowing very fresh and dead ahead. Unfortunately we are burning only ten tons of coal a day, so we are not making much progress on our course. The island of Balabec is in sight.

Feb. 8th.—We are steaming up the Palawan Passage, but are making iittle headway, as the monsoon and a considerable sea are against us. We are four hundred miles from Manila, and have only sixty tons of coal on board to make that distance. It begins to look like the old Montevideo scrape of last June, when we were compelled to put into St. Catharine for relief.

Feb. 9th.—Having the monsoon and a heavy sea against us all day, we made very little progress through the Palawan Passage. This evening we had a very heavy rain squall with increased wind.

Feb. 10th.—Wind and sea still against us and we are making little progress. We were obliged to stop the engines for a couple of hours to make repairs and when we did start up again we were obliged to run slower.

Philip's Journal continued in Chapter XIX

CHAPTER XVIII

PHILIP AS AN IDEAL OFFICER

Captain Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N. (Retired)

IT has been my honor and pleasure to have served twice under Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, while he was in the grade of Captain; each time as his executive officer: in the *Independence* and in the *Texas*. In my long and close relationship with him in the *Independence* I learned to know him, to love and honor him officially and socially, and I longed to serve under him again in a sea-going ship.

In the light of the events which followed I recall with especial gratification that it was through my earnest solicitation that he applied for the command of the *Texas*. He was at that time, 1897, pleasantly located in the Boston Navy Yard as Captain of the Yard. The *Texas* had just arrived to participate in the centennial celebration of the launching of the *Constitution*, and a change in the commanding officer was to be made. I sent a note to Captain Philip inviting him to come on board the following day and he came, accompanied by Mrs. Philip.

The *Texas* was then known as a "hoodoo" ship, but most of the officers who served in her held a far different opinion of her, and it was my task to prove to him that her reputation could be retrieved. The following evening I dined with the Captain in his home, when we renewed our discussion of the subject, and he finally concluded to

make application to the Navy Department for the duty, to which the Department promptly and favorably responded. This was fortunate for all concerned, our country, our Navy, and especially so for the fame of Captain Philip, which now illuminates the history of our glorious navy.

We all know how nobly the old *Texas* redeemed her name under him. It was once a by-word of derision, but now, both in and out of the navy, it is mentioned only with respect and admiration.

Such an achievement brings honor and reputation to a man only within the Navy, for it cannot be fully appreciated or discerned by the layman. The transition is brought about quietly, almost imperceptibly, and the secret of accomplishing it lies altogether in the commanding officer being in complete correspondence with his environment. He must know his officers and crew, and to win their respect he must be just and honorable and fearless, and he must infuse into them his own spirit and a pride and glory in the ship, that she may become not only the peer of any of her class but just a peg the superior. In order to command the confidence of those under him he must be, first of all, a seaman—there is a sharp distinction between a seaman and a sailor; everybody on board is a sailor, down to the cooks and coal heavers. Captain John W. Philip was a seaman in the best sense of the word. He possessed all the qualifications of a true naval officer, and his presence was felt and reflected in the high efficiency of the ships he commanded.

Every officer who has ever served under him I am sure will freely testify to the pleasure and professional profit it was to do duty with him; the same may be said of every member of his ship's company, from the highest to the lowest. He was at all times most courteous and

considerate of those about him, always regardful of their personal comfort and contentment. He inspired not only the love but the respect of all his subordinates, for while he was gentle and most unassuming, he was at the same time a strict disciplinarian. He was always saying kindly things, but when the necessity arose he could administer a rebuke that would leave a lasting impression and in a way wholly unique, leaving absolutely no irritation, but a feeling that the offender was guilty, without any palliation of his guilt. I cannot better illustrate his way of doing it than to relate an instance which I had from his own lips.

While in command of a ship, he had as his executive an able and popular officer, who was prone, however, to assume authority and responsibilities which belonged not to him but to the commanding officer. This officer had offended in this way on several occasions, which Captain Philip allowed to pass apparently unnoticed. Finally he said to him one day: "Mr. Blank, will you let me see your orders to this ship?" "Certainly, Captain, do you mean the Navy Department's order to me to report here for duty?" "Yes." Mr. Blank went below for his orders and brought them to the Captain, who pretended to read them very carefully, and handing them back, said: "I thought I was right; you were ordered to this ship as *executive officer*, and that I was the only one ordered to command." It is needless to say that this reproof was not lost on Mr. Blank, and I can add that it increased his respect and affection for his Captain, for he was an officer who would not have brooked an attempt on the part of his subordinates to assume authority superior to his own, yet he probably would not have had the nice tact to correct the offence in such a way.

A prominent trait of the Admiral's character was his

keen sense of humor, many anecdotes of which are very familiar to the service.

Speaking to me one day last spring, of the annoyance to which a commandant of a Navy Yard is subject, he said: "I had a delegation of women from some society in Brooklyn call on me this afternoon in relation to the condition of the Navy Yard sidewalks. One of the party said, 'Now, Admiral, we have called to see if you cannot keep the sidewalks in better condition, and not so lumbered up as to compel visitors to walk in the streets. We are going to Washington and will see the Secretary of the Navy about it unless you correct the evil.' I said, 'Now, ladies, please step to the window and you will see one, two, three, four buildings being erected. We are anxious to have them finished and so are the contractors, and they have brought all their material here and have piled it up on the sidewalks instead of blocking the streets. I rather think they showed more consideration for horses and trucks than they did for visitors, and you may tell that to the Secretary and say to him if he will order it to be done I will have all the stuff removed and deposited in the Brooklyn streets. This will teach these contractors a lesson they will be apt to remember.'" It was hardly possible to have reproved more gently these meddlesome women.

The Admiral did not marry until late in life. Somewhere in the '80's he was in command of the *Ranger*, surveying the coast of Lower California, with headquarters at San Francisco. Most of the *Ranger's* officers were married men, who had their wives and families in San Francisco, and every time the *Ranger* went to that port all of these officers who were not required by the regulations to remain on board, would stand ready at the gangway to go ashore—dressed in their civilian's

clothes—very quickly after the ship had come to anchor.

On one of these occasions Captain Philip was walking the quarter-deck with the officer of the deck, and as a boatload of officers pushed off from the ship he remarked to his companion, "It spoils an officer of the navy when he gets married." It happened that on this visit of the ship, which was one of some duration, the Captain met his fate and promptly went over to the army of Benedicts.

On the next visit of the ship to this port the Captain was one of the eager group to get ashore as soon as the anchor was down. It happened that the officer of the deck was the same one to whom he had made this observation on the former visit, and as the Captain passed over the side and reached the gangway ladder he turned and saw the officer with a broad smile. Philip instantly recalled the incident, stepped back on the deck, and whispered in this officer's ear, "I haven't changed my opinion."

CHAPTER XIX

WHERE DEWEY WON FAME

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Chapter XVII*)

Feb. 11th (Sunday).—The monsoon was blowing fresh all day. We are steaming past the island of Mindora close to the land. It being quite clear this forenoon, we saw Mindora at a distance of ninety-seven sea miles.

To-night we had the pleasure of seeing the eruption of two volcanoes on the island of Luzon, distant about one hundred and eighty miles from the ship—and that over the island of Mindora. They being so far off we were not able to see them as distinctly as some of us desired; yet we could distinctly trace the lava running down the side of the mountain into the sea; also the two craters.

Feb. 12th.—During the night, as we were steaming along the coast northward, we saw four other volcanoes, all active. The six different ones presented a fine and grand appearance from the ship.

At daylight we were off some small islands to the south of Manila Bay. Got up steam under both boilers and started ahead with "full power" in order to make the best of daylight. At four o'clock we passed the island of Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay and steamed up for the anchorage off the city. At dark we came to anchor about four miles from Manila to wait for daylight in order to pick out a good anchorage nearer the city.

Three volcanoes in sight to-night to the south and east.

Feb. 13th.—At 9 A. M. we got under way and steamed up to the city and moored ship as near in as possible. After being visited by the authorities, we saluted the Spanish flag with twenty-one guns and their admiral with thirteen, both salutes being duly returned. The United States Consul, a Mr. Pearson of Albany, visited the ship and was received with the usual salute of seven guns. We

found only a few vessels in the harbor, three of the finest ones being Yankee merchantmen; no foreign men-of-war.

Feb. 18th (Sunday).—Went on shore to-day and went all over the city, and returned to the ship with a very poor opinion of Manila. The city is on the banks of the river Pasig and is built on the segment of a circle between the river and the sea. Its suburbs extend over numerous islets formed by the Pasig and its branches, and are reached in all parts by either carriages or boats; but the former method of conveyance is the most aristocratic. Behind the city are extensive plains which rise into hills and finally into mountains several thousand feet high.

On the north side of the river is the suburb in which are the residences of all Europeans and is by far the most aristocratic part. The aspect of the whole is decidedly Spanish and Oriental. Long lines of batteries, sombre churches and ungainly towers with narrow, dirty streets meet the eye everywhere. In the suburbs are light, airy cottages, raised on posts to permit the free passage of waters in the rainy season; and they are so constructed as to be very elastic so as to withstand the shock of earthquakes, to which Manila is subject at intervals.

The streets generally are straight and unpaved, with bridges across the river at intervals. The bridge that crosses the river in the Binondo district comes on a street called the Escolta, which street is lined with numberless bamboo shops and stalls where a foreigner is able to find anything. The street is crowded with a motley population of all races, Chinese, Portuguese, Indians and half-breeds.

The public buildings are the palaces of the Governor and Bishop, the cathedral, town houses, churches of different denominations, monasteries, convents, arsenal, prisons and cigar factories, etc. There are several squares, the largest, the Prado, having a bronze statue of Charles IV.

Manila, like many of these Oriental cities, is fast going to the dogs. It is admirably fitted by nature for trade and if it were not for her people and government it would shortly be one of the first cities in the East as far as trade, etc., is concerned. Her chief manufactures are Manila cordage, cigars, cheroots and the beautiful fabrics called piñas, woven from the fibers of the pineapple leaf and afterward beautifully embroidered, which bring a very high price in the market.

The city has been destroyed several times by earthquakes, the last being on June 3, 1863, which laid most of the city in ruins and killed nearly five thousand people, *i.e.*, including Chinese.

It now being Lent the city is unusually dull and stupid, the celebrated "Manila cock-fighting" being the only amusement the people have. I am tired of Manila already and hope that the ship may never be ordered here again—at least not until our supply of cigars and cheeroots gives out, and then only for a very short time.

Feb. 19th.—The American merchant ship *Enock Train* of Boston came in and anchored.

Went on shore to-day and visited the cigar and piñas factories, and over the city generally. We had an Indian driver and I have never had such a hard time "to get through a place" as we had in making this Indian understand what we wanted. But on the whole it caused a great deal of amusement for us and we enjoyed it—much to the confusion of the poor driver. Saw nothing more of interest but the common everyday life in Manila.

Very large fire occurred in one of the suburbs, burning down about eight hundred bamboo huts.

Feb. 20th.—Went on shore in the morning for a walk. Although it was exceedingly hot we walked over nearly all of the city. Being in plain citizen's clothing we found it to be an advantage whenever we desired to purchase anything. But we were unable to enter a great many public places without passes where our uniforms would have been the cause of receiving some attention and politeness on the part of the Spaniards.

One place we were put out at the *point of the bayonet*, we not choosing to take an order from a stupid negro.

Feb. 25th (Sunday).—After the usual Sunday services I went ashore and drove all over the city and in the evening we drove out to the parade ground and heard the band play from 7 to 9 P. M. Everybody here who can raise money enough to buy a carriage and a pair of horses does so, and every evening they drive out until about ten o'clock. Consequently all foreigners on visiting this place for a short time get carriages and drive out on the fashionable roads and will there meet all the society of Manila—which now, in Lent, is all the amusement we can find.

Feb. 27th.—Busy to-day in making preparations for sea. Bent all sail and unmoored ship and at eight o'clock got up steam under the starboard boiler; the Captain returning to the ship last

night. Went on shore this evening for the last time and drove all over the city and out through its suburbs. Had a very pleasant time, although we saw nothing of interest.

Feb. 28th.—At daylight this morning we got under way and steamed out of the bay bound for Hong Kong. It seems almost impossible that we are at last on the home stretch of our passage; especially after being almost a year in getting thus far. We have two Americans on board as passengers for Hong Kong, they being connected with an American trading firm in Manila.

Steaming slowly to the north under one boiler, we having broken one of the cranks of the forward engine nearly off, so that it is deemed unsafe to use full power on the engines. This may be the cause of sending the ship back to the United States shortly after our arrival on the station.

Mar. 4th (Sunday).—We are steaming in slowly for the land, the Captain not wishing to anchor in port until to-morrow.

In the straits we met a large number of Chinese junks, all armed, one of them carrying six long 32-pounders. They are all undoubtedly pirates, when the favorable opportunity arrives for them to plunder unarmed merchantmen or smaller junks; but with men-of-war they are harmless traders or fishing vessels.

Mar. 5th.—At daylight we got under way and steamed up to Hong Kong and anchored off the city. After being visited by the proper authorities we saluted the English flag with twenty-one guns.

One year ago to-day we sailed from Boston for this place and it is quite a coincidence that being one year on the way that we should finally anchor on the same day that we sailed. During that time we have sailed 22,484 sea miles (knots) and have been at sea one hundred and seventy days and in port one hundred and ninety-five days, and during the whole of that time none of the officers ever received a letter or a word of news from home. Consequently when we anchored a very large mail came on board with good and bad news for us, which we of course were anxious to hear. Therefore, we have spent most of the time on board in reading and re-reading letters.

We found the *Hartford* at anchor here. We also heard strong rumors of a positive war between the United States and England and France. So far as the United States are concerned, I hope it will be deferred until our political and economic matters are more settled at home. but the navy is ready for it now.

Mar. 6th.—Raining hard all day, making everything very disagreeable on board. Busy all day in getting our reports, surveys, requisitions, etc., for the Admiral. Sent an officer over to Macao to find a missing mail for this ship. Mr. Pegram (ensign) resigned to-day. By this the service loses a fine and excellent officer and the officers of this ship lose a good messmate and an agreeable companion and gentleman. We are all exceedingly sorry to have him leave us.

Mar. 9th.—It was a little pleasanter to-day, so that we had the usual routine of exercises, etc., but still it was very disagreeable and quite cold. In the afternoon the *Hartford's* officers gave a little party for the reunion of all Americans in Hong Kong, both ashore and afloat.

Mar. 10th.—Made all preparations for coaling ship and after being "out of order" nearly all day we finally concluded not to coal until Monday (March 12th). While in this state the English Admiral and General, with their staffs, visited the ship. We were very sorry that they should have found the *Wachusett* in the condition she was in.

Mar. 11th.—The mail steamer from the south arrived to-day bringing us threatening news about war between the United States and France over the Mexico expedition.

(*Philip's Journal Continued in Chapter XXI*)

CHAPTER XX

A NOTE OF TRIUMPH IN HIS LIFE

Hon. Henry Brown Floyd Macfarland
(President Board of Commissioners, District of Columbia.)

I FIRST saw Admiral Philip on the day of the Dewey naval parade at New York. I had a note of introduction to him, and with his customary wholehearted hospitality he invited my wife and me to accompany him in his navy-yard boat, at the head of the yacht division of the marine procession. I was more gratified by this opportunity to be with him than by anything else in that interesting day.

The high spiritual character of Admiral Philip made him seem to me greater than any of our other naval and military heroes since Admiral Farragut, and I had looked forward to meeting him with the most pleasurable anticipations. He did not disappoint them. On the contrary, he surpassed them. From the moment he received us, that bright morning, on the porch of the beautiful old house of the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, until he set us ashore at the Battery in the evening, we saw him constantly.

His modesty, simplicity and courtesy were apparent in the first half-hour. Later on we saw also the acuteness of his mind, the keenness of his sense of humor, the quaintness of his speech and his abounding good spirits. He was literally the life of the large party on the boat, and made everybody feel thoroughly at home. We were all

interested to see how affectionately he was greeted by all the officers of his own time, from Admiral Dewey down, and how popular he evidently was with the men in the *Texas*, and the other seamen who saw him that day.

At times things did not go right in the procession. There were some annoying delays, but nothing seemed to ruffle his good temper, and his thoughtfulness for others was constantly apparent. Naturally, he had to hear a good deal of praise for his noble conduct during and after the battle of Santiago, and this seemed to be the only thing that made him impatient, although he was not displeased, but rather like an unspoiled child who does not care to listen to what seems to him unnecessary talk about his doings. He evaded efforts to make him talk about the subject himself, although he was very frank and exceedingly interesting when talking about the battle of Santiago generally, and the naval campaign that led up to it, and very emphatic in his praise of Admiral Sampson's management of the blockade and preparation for the battle.

The thing that sticks specially in my mind is his strong expression of regret that Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts*, after waiting so long for the battle, and leaving to coal at Guantanamo (only under protest and after repeated orders) missed being in the fight.

The next day we saw Admiral Philip again riding in the procession, and brought an expression of mingled embarrassment and amusement to his face by cheering him by name, with the hearty assistance of all the other people on the stand as soon as they knew who he was.

Our mutual interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, which furnished an agreeable topic in our conversation, brought us together again in a visit to the Naval Academy at Annapolis that I shall never forget.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Naval Academy invited Admiral Philip to address its members and the other naval cadets. Admiral Philip suggested that I should be invited to speak at the same time, since he would only make a brief address, and I was surprised to receive an invitation from the Association with his request that I accept it. Fortunately, I was able to go, and I shall never cease to be grateful for the opportunity of speaking with him to that audience.

The train arrangements made it necessary for us to be in Annapolis Saturday evening, and I met Admiral Philip again; first at the cadets' hop, which fell on that night, where he was naturally the observed of all observers, and received admiring attentions. He was just the same as when we had seen him in New York, and made similar impressions. He confided to me that he wished he could go away without making a speech to the "young midshipmen," as he called them, but that he had come because he felt he ought to come to encourage them to build up an association as large as that at West Point, and did not see how he could get out of it. But he was calm and cheerful, and seemed to enjoy himself as much as the youngest cadet in the hall.

We saw him at chapel the next morning, and accompanied him and Mrs. Philip to the house of the Commandant of Cadets, where he met a number of naval officers who were old friends. Half humorously, half earnestly, in the intervals of much pleasant conversation, he protested that he wished he could see any honorable way out of his engagement to speak at the chapel in the afternoon. But, of course, as he said, there was none, and when the hour came for the meeting of the Association he was ready, as he always was when the hour of duty struck.

The announcement that Admiral Philip would speak drew an unusual audience. Besides the cadets, who were present in large numbers, most of the naval officers and their families were present to hear what Admiral Philip would say. After Cadet Charles S. Freeman, the fine young President of the Association, had concluded the opening exercises, he called upon Admiral Philip, who had begun to show signs of nervousness, and who said to me just before the call came that he would rather face cannon than that audience.

He told me afterward that it was always a severe ordeal for him to have to make a speech, however short, in public; but that to speak of his personal religion before so many of his old friends and comrades was the most trying experience he had ever had, and that fighting in battle was much easier work. Nothing showed me the fineness and courage of the man better than the way he behaved that day. Curiosity, rather than sympathy with his position, doubtless animated a number of his hearers, and he felt this strongly, together with the shrinking we all feel from speaking on that theme before our professional associates.

But those who saw him as he stood on the platform reading his brief address from typewritten pages, which shook silently in his hands, must have been indifferent not to love and admire him. He spoke to the cadets, primarily, of their duty to God, of the rewards of His service and of the advantages of the Association, which he urged them to build up; but all that he said made its impression, as he intended, doubtless, on the older people present.

When I attended his funeral in that same chapel, only a few months later, some of those who heard him speak were also present, and I felt that they, like myself, must

be thinking of him as he had stood there speaking of the eternal verities. I am sure that no one who heard him that day could forget what he said. After the service and the handshaking was over, he was like a boy just out of school. He seemed relieved, and glad that he had done his duty, and that he would not have to do it in just the same way soon again.

We saw him again at a friend's after dinner that evening, and the next morning journeyed back with him and wife as far as Odenton, where we parted with mutual invitations to visit which could never be utilized.

He refused absolutely to speak for the Young Men's Christian Association in Washington, saying that he would never dare to lift up his voice in public in the national capital, where the President and so many great men lived, and where there were so many orators. Indeed, he seemed to have a dislike to be seen in Washington lest he should be suspected of lobbying, or trying to get some advantage in assignments to duty. "I never go to Washington," he said, "except on official business that calls me there. I never stay over night, if I can help it, and I always get out of the city as quickly as I can."

On the second anniversary of the battle of Santiago I made my next visit to Annapolis. This time I met at Odenton the car which brought from New York the remains of Admiral Philip, accompanied by his family. In the company of Secretary Long and a number of prominent naval officers, I went with them first to the chapel and then to their last resting place on the crest of the beautiful cemetery overlooking the Naval Academy grounds.

It was a sorrowful afternoon, but a note of triumph and of abiding joy ran all through it, like the note of victory in Chopin's funeral march, so appropriately

played by the Naval Academy band as the procession marched through the grounds from the chapel to the grave. To everyone but the members of his family the dominant thought seemed to be that this "very perfect, gentle knight," having fought a good fight, had finished it with joy, and was now wearing a crown of victory, so that, for the time being, the sense of loss was subordinate.

CHAPTER XXI

VISITING CHINESE PORTS

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Chapter XIX*)

Mar. 15th. (Hong Kong)—At 9 A. M. the flagship made signal to get under way and follow her motions, which means to go to Macao. Stood out of the harbor in the wake of the *Hartford*. Very pleasant all day—in fact, it is the only pleasant day we have had since being on the station. We are steaming along under "one bell," as we were obliged to keep in the wake of the *Hartford*—"one bell" for the *Wachusett* being equal to "four bells" in the *Hartford*. In making the passage we brought our compradores and bumboatmen with us; the tailors and shoemakers are to follow to-morrow. We are at anchor about six miles from Macao, so I think that we will visit the shore but little. We found the old storeship *Relief* quietly at anchor where she has been awaiting our arrival for about a year.

Mar. 20th.—I went on shore to-day to see the place and spent most of the time in going over the chief objects of interest. Macao is built on a small peninsula, separated from the mainland by a narrow and low sandy neck. It is the only Portuguese possession in the East and it was given to them by the Chinese Emperor in 1586 for aid rendered the Chinese in suppressing pirates on the coast. It contains a population of about fifty thousand, mostly Chinese, there being only a few Europeans in the place and they are nearly all Portuguese. It is the cleanest place, I think, that I have ever visited; the streets, although most of them are narrow, are swept regularly every day by coolies and the rubbish removed. But the town being built on different hills it is quite inconvenient to go about except in sedan chairs; there being no other conveyances. The only public buildings are the churches and one or two places of Chinese worship, and the tomb of the celebrated Camoens. The house and cave in which it is said he wrote are still standing and are in a good state of preservation.

The traveler is only obliged to give the poor Dago about a dollar to gain admittance and to be shown all over the grounds and gardens. The present governor of Macao is the best it has ever had. He devotes his whole time to improving the place in every respect; but because he does not return as much money to Portugal as his predecessors did (instead of making the great improvements in the city) the Government has recalled him and will send some one who will make a better balance sheet for Portugal.

The chief trade in this place is in coolies. The United States has a storehouse here on shore for the East India Squadron. We are anchored so far from the town, for the want of water, and it takes so long to go in our "fast boat," pulled by Chinese women, that very few of the officers leave the ship. We do not use any of the ship's boats here, but hire a Chinese sampan, which is called a "fast boat," on account, I suppose, of being so very slow. We use it for everything connected with the ship.

Mar. 22d.—Busy all day painting the ship inboard. To get some of the men out of the way I sent fifty of the crew on liberty to Macao, but the old Portuguese Governor, being afraid that they would "take the place," requested that we would not allow them to remain on shore over night. But his request came too late; consequently our boys "have charge of Macao for this evening."

Mar. 25th (Sunday).—Raining and blowing hard all day, so that the usual Sunday routine could not be carried out. To-day, although being very disagreeable on board, we had the greatest treat of the cruise in the shape of a genuine Yankee apple, a barrel of which had just arrived from Boston, and had been sent to us by a gentleman from Hong Kong.

Mar. 28th.—At one o'clock in the afternoon the Admiral, very unexpectedly, came on board and held a general and thorough inspection of the ship as to her efficiency. As we did not expect him, nearly all the officers and a large number of the men were on shore. Of the officers only the Captain, myself and an ensign were on board, while fourteen officers were on shore, so that we were little prepared for the ordeal.

The Admiral was on board four hours and a half inspecting and exercising us, and considering the circumstances in which he caught us, we passed a very creditable inspection and I think that he left us well pleased. [Evidently the Admiral was well pleased with

Philip, for shortly afterward he ordered him to the *Hartford* as executive officer.—E. S. M.] These are unnecessary annoyances which we are obliged to witness twice a year, if in company with the flagship, and which the Admiral delights in inflicting.

Mar. 30th.—It being Good Friday the Portuguese are having a jolly time of it ashore. All the foreign ships in the roads wear their flags at half-mast (except the Yankees) and a Portuguese man-of-war had her yards cock-billed in addition.

April 1st (Sunday).—At one o'clock in the afternoon I went on shore, and walked about all the principal parts of the city and through the grounds of the celebrated Camoens. We went in the little house where, 'tis said, he wrote most of his famous writings. We also visited his tomb, which is a little grotto. The house and grounds, although extensive and must have been beautiful in time past, are now in a sad state of ruin, and it seems a pity that the Portuguese authorities should allow them to be so neglected.

April 2d.—At five o'clock, when the *White Cloud* came up from Hong Kong, she signaled that she had a mail for the fleet. Sent a boat and received a very large mail for the ship, with dates up to January 20th. But I did not receive any letters, and am consequently very much disappointed this evening, as I have not heard from home since the first of last October.

April 3d.—At 6 A. M. the flagship made signal to get under way, take the *Relief* in tow and follow her motions. After a little trouble we got the *Relief* fast and steamed out of Macao roads for the Canton river. After getting well in the river we cast off our tow and the *Hartford* and *Wachusett* steamed ahead, leaving the old storeship to make the best of her way up the river under canvas, the wind being favorable for sailing. We had a very pleasant day in which to make the run and saw a great many objects of interest along the banks of the river. After reaching Whampoa the *Hartford* came to anchor, there not being enough water to ascend higher up the river. But we steamed ahead and at 4 P. M. came to anchor off the city of Canton.

After leaving Whampoa we had some little difficulty in keeping in mid channel and steering clear of the junks and sampans, the river being almost covered with them; but having two excellent Chinese pilots on board we finally got through. In the evening we had a pleasant and amusing visit from our Consul, Mr. Oliver H. Perry, son of old Commodore Oliver H. Perry.

A Deity Philip disapproved of.

April 4th.—Quite pleasant to-day, so that we had an excellent chance to exercise the crew and to black the ship outside. Most of the officers deserted the ship to-day after muster to visit Canton. It is said that the floating population amounts to upward of eight hundred thousand, and judging from appearances it must exceed that number, for the water is almost covered with craft of all sorts, sizes and descriptions and each boat had from two to fifty people on board.

We had two Chinese boats to wait on the wardroom officers—pulled by women.

April 5th.—To-day has been one of the pleasantest we have had since our arrival on the China coast. At sunset the Admiral came up from Whampoa and will remain in the *Wachusett* for a couple of days. We hoisted his flag to the mizzen.

April 6th.—After exercises, as many as possible of the wardroom officers went on shore to see Canton. After landing we hired the best guides and went all over the city in sedan chairs. We visited the Canton gardens, temples, joss-houses, pagodas, places of execution and torture and all the curiosity shops and a great many stores of different varieties. One temple contained five hundred gods and idols of all descriptions and sizes. The Canton pagoda is over thirteen hundred years old.

It was quite amusing as we rode along in our sedan chairs, single file through the different narrow streets, to see the Chinamen stop and make remarks, such as "foreign devils," etc. And then the small boys would run away to get out of the "foreign devil's" way and not be harmed. Most of the streets are very narrow, not over four feet wide, and are very dirty, especially through the market districts.

We carefully examined the cat, dog and rat markets and saw Chinamen eating of each; but although we generally try everything wherever we go, we have not yet been long enough in China to fall in with John's favorite dish.

Although they call us "foreign devils," yet they are willing enough to take our money and they do charge us most unreasonably for everything that we desired to purchase. Our collection of curiosities will be rather small on this account.

April 9th.—Raining furiously all day. At 11 A. M. the English consul called upon the Admiral, and upon leaving we saluted him with seven guns.

At 2 P. M. the Chinese Governor-General and suite visited the ship. Saluted him with thirty-four guns. As he is the viceroy of this province and has power of life and death over thirty-one million Chinese, he is considered as "one possessed of authority," and consequently he came in great state. Although there were ten high Chinese officials with him, none of them could take a seat at the same table, and it thus fell to our lot to entertain these ten dignitaries in the wardroom. After getting them below and filling them up with bonbons, wine, etc., we had quite a jolly time with them.

On account of the rain we could not show them much of the ship, but what little they did see they seemed very much pleased with—and astonished at some things.

April 12th.—Busy all the morning as senior member of a court martial to try ten men for leaving the ship without permission.

In the afternoon went on shore on the Honam side of the river and went through the temple. Although it covers more ground than any temple in China, yet in the interior it resembles all the others that we have visited, being filled with images of their different gods. The principal object of interest is to look at their holy pigs, which are kept with care in one part of the temple and are worshiped by the poorer people.

April 14th.—Spent most of the day with several American friends on a picnic in the Canton gardens; had a jolly time of it. In the evening received orders from the Admiral to return to Hong Kong immediately.

April 15th. (Sunday)—After church service, which was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Grey, an English missionary, we got under way and steamed down the river in charge of a pilot. At 3 P. M. we anchored at Whampoa and immediately sent boats to the *Relief* for provisions. After filling up with stores, we again stood down the river until it was too dark to run any longer, so we anchored for the night.

We are all sorry to leave Canton, for we had just got fairly acquainted and begun to enjoy our visit very much. We had anticipated a long stay in the river, but troubles are arising on the northern coast and we are obliged to go there to protect American interests.

April 16th.—At daylight this morning we got under way and steamed down to Hong Kong and anchored near the *Hartford*.

Our Captain went on board and received orders to get ready for sea immediately. It seems that there is some trouble up the coast at New Chang and we go there to protect the interests of American residents.

April 17th.—Busy coaling ship, taking in stores and provisions, and in getting everything ready for sea. Ensign William C. Wise [now Rear-Admiral] was detached from the flagship and ordered to the *Wachusett* to take the place of Mr. Pegram.

April 18th.—During the forenoon we were busy settling up different reports with the flagship. At 1 P. M. the Admiral made signal for us to get under way and proceed to sea—which order, of course, was carried out.

April 19th.—Blowing hard from the northeast all day, considerable sea, steaming ahead to it, but making little progress and bad weather at it.

At eight o'clock as I had the deck, the cry of "Man overboard!" was passed along the deck. We stopped the engines immediately and as he drifted by the ship we hove a grating overboard for him to cling to. We then lowered the whale boat at great risk of life and sent her in charge of an officer, but before she could reach the spot the man sank beneath the waves never to rise again. I recalled the boat alongside, but in trying to hoist her up she got adrift and we were obliged to send a cutter with thirteen men and an officer for her.

They had advanced but a short distance from the ship when she was capsized and left them all struggling in the water. We were then obliged to lower another cutter to rescue the first boat's crew. After a great deal of trouble and danger the third officer detailed succeeded in rescuing his shipmates and bringing them alongside of the ship. The *Wachusett* was rolling frightfully all the time, and while trying to hoist and secure the two cutters they were both stove in alongside, and it was blowing so hard that we considered it too hazardous to attempt to save the whale boat.

So we left the whaleboat on the sea, thereby losing one boat and the equipment of three. The man we lost was one of the best hands aboard, being captain of the forecastle. He was washed overboard by a heavy sea while in the performance of his duty. At 11 A. M. we steamed on our course again, but the remainder of the day has been rather gloomy and sad on board.

April 20th.—Quite pleasant all day, sea very smooth, steaming

to the north along the coast of China, land in sight all day. Passed the entrance of Amoy harbor about sunset. Most of our officers are on the sick list and there is only one master and myself to stand watch and do duty on board.

April 21st.—Blowing quite hard from the north-northeast all day, with a heavy head sea setting in from the north. Steaming along the coast but making very little progress. Cleared the Formosa channel and are in hopes of better weather soon.

April 22d (Sunday).—Last night, in the mid watch, it being very dark, we ran over a Chinese junk. Stopped the engines immediately and sent a boat to their assistance, but there being another junk near at hand they would not receive assistance from us, so we stood on to the north again.

She was a large junk carrying six guns. Afterward we came to the conclusion that she was a pirate, and, mistaking the *Wachusett* for a merchantman, had stolen up on us in the dark with the intention of capturing us. We could not tell how many of the rascals were lost. The principal damage to the ship was the loss of our head booms.

April 24th.—Steaming all night along the islands to the south of the Yangtse river, occasionally firing a gun and sending up rockets in hopes of getting a pilot. At 8 A. M. the pilot came aboard and I turned the ship over to him. We steamed up the river at full speed, but we were beaten by two English mail steamers, much to our chagrin. At 1 P. M. we turned off into the Woosung river and arrived at Shanghai at three o'clock and anchored off the American concession. Visited by officers from foreign men of war and from the *Wyoming*.

April 25th.—At 1 P. M. the Consul-General, a Mr. Seward, made an official visit to the ship, we saluting him with nine guns. I spent the afternoon on the race course, it being the spring meeting of the Shanghai races. Although the weather was threatening the grounds were filled with European gentlemen and ladies, nearly all of them having their betting books out for bets. The English ladies seemed to be as enthusiastic about it as any gentleman present. On the whole the races passed off very well.

(*Philip's Journal of a Cruise Continued in Chapter XXIII*)

CHAPTER XXII

PHILIP AND THE NAVAL Y. M. C. A.

Robert Edward Steele, late Chaplain U. S. N.

I FIRST met Admiral Philip in his cabin in the *Texas*, just after the war and before his promotion to the rank of commodore. Mr. W. B. Millar, who as Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. had directed the remarkable campaign of that organization for both soldiers and sailors in the war with Spain, was with me. A meeting had been planned at which this undertaking was to be reviewed. General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., who had served under the banner of the Cross during the war, was to tell of his experiences in the camp and on the quarter-deck, and others were to tell of the work in the Army and Navy.

It was important that prominent men from both services should be present, and we felt that the man whose noble words and deeds had thrilled the Christian public after the battle of Santiago, was the man we needed from the Navy. The meeting was to be held in the beautiful suburban residence of one of the philanthropic millionaires of New York, and a number of wealthy people, well able to aid in the prosecution of the work, had been invited.

Philip dreaded nothing so much as public notice and notoriety. His nature was so well-balanced that he could afford to shrink from public praise, being well content with the approval of his own conscience. When he learned

that his presence at the meeting would be used as an attraction to draw together the people whom it was desired to reach, he positively refused to go. We outlined to him the plan we had in mind for the establishment of the Naval Y. M. C. A., and on which I was then working under orders of the Navy Department. As we pictured to him the possibilities of such an organization for good to the enlisted men of the service, his face lighted up with interest, and he began to ask questions which showed that he had made a deep and conscientious study of their needs. When we again pressed our request for his attendance, and suggested that to help us in the matter was a duty he owed the men, he responded at once: "I will go. I will do my duty, no matter how unpleasant it may be."

This was the beginning of his connection with the great work which is destined to keep his memory ever fresh in the hearts of the enlisted men of the Navy. Not very long after this, he was asked to become a member of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, and chairman of its Naval Sub-Committee. To this he also gave a ready affirmative, as soon as he realized that his reputation and popularity would aid the cause of the men whom he loved.

This was in the closing days of 1898. Admiral Bunce, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was to be retired on Christmas Day, he being sixty-two years old on that day. He had heartily endorsed the Y. M. C. A. in the initial stages of its work, and it was a matter of serious import to the new enterprise, which was still in an embryo state, that his successor should be a man who would take interest in it. While there were several officers of sufficient rank to warrant their choice for this place, in whom we had every confidence, and of whose interest we were

well assured, Commodore Philip was naturally the most desirable because of his relationship to the Committee.

We were not disposed to use political or other influence with the Washington authorities, and felt sure that the Divine care, so manifest up to that point in the enterprise, would be exercised in this matter also. It was made the subject of earnest prayer that God would give us Commodore Philip as Commandant of the Navy Yard. At one time it seemed as if the whole movement hinged upon his coming. He was then in command of the North Atlantic Squadron at Havana. He did not want to come to New York. His preference was the Navy Yard at Boston. Prominent citizens of that city were asking for his assignment there and he himself was asking it also. Men of the greatest political influence added their powerful voices to his, and personally waited upon the Secretary of the Navy in his behalf. In spite of all this he was sent to New York. Afterward he saw the hand of God in the matter and rejoiced in it.

He plunged at once into the work of the Association. As soon as he had taken command, he began to exercise his influence in its behalf. His name was one with which to conjure in the Navy. Every one, high and low, knew "Jack" Philip, and any scheme in which he was interested was bound to win support in the service. Modest and retiring as he was by nature, he never hesitated to perform the most unpleasant tasks in behalf of the Y. M. C. A.

One day, in December, 1898, I saw him at his lodging in Brooklyn (he had not moved into the Navy Yard at the time), and laid before him our great need of money if we were to go on with our enterprise, suggesting that if he would see some of the prominent wealthy men of the city, we might get what we needed. He had never done such a thing in his life as to solicit funds from a

stranger for any purpose, and no task more distasteful or humiliating could have been imposed upon a naval officer. Every instinct of professional and personal pride was opposed to it, yet he did not hesitate when he realized the necessity of the case. He agreed to go with me on the following morning to call on the Hon. Seth Low, whose well-known generosity gave promise of success, and who had given practical evidence of his interest in naval seamen by generous gifts to a coffee house he had helped to found for them several years ago.

Promptly on the stroke of ten we met at the New York entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge, and took the elevated for Morningside Heights. We saw the President in his office at the University and without any hesitancy he gave us a generous gift toward our funds—the first contribution of consequence received for the new movement. There was something characteristic of the two men in this incident—one generous and patriotic, and the other conscientious and unshrinking in the performance of duty. As I write, incident after incident crowds to my memory of those days of small beginnings, and my heart is sad to think that the "Greatheart" of the Navy is no longer with us to bear our burdens and cheer our often faltering steps.

When we were planning the next step, after securing the funds necessary to make the start, the question of a building came up. Again the Commodore gave his personal attention to it and together we searched the neighborhood of the Navy Yard. The suitable buildings were very few, and at last narrowed down to two—one on the corner of Sands and Adams Streets, and the other on the corner of Sands and Charles Streets. The clear-sightedness of the Commodore selected the latter, which was the

Barrett Philip, eldest son of Admiral Philip.

smaller of the two. He said: "It is better to crowd a small building than to half fill a large one."

When, after some delays and much hard work, the time had come for the formal opening, on February 27th, again it was the Commodore's hand which put the finishing touches to every detail. The Navy Yard Band was present by his direction, and invitations were issued by him to all the Navy people of the station, and to many prominent citizens. The opening was a great success, and set the keynote for the marvelous progress of the movement. All the afternoon a string of people passed through the rooms, admiring their neatness and adaptability to the needs of the men. The Commodore and Mrs. Philip helped to receive them.

But at night, when about fifty of the sailors and marines took possession for the first time of their new quarters, it was Commodore Philip whose presence added most to their attractiveness. Secure in his high rank and having to the full that respect which is based on worth rather than rank, it was easy for him to be natural in his cordiality toward them. They loved him then, but I venture the assertion that it was not with the depth of affection which developed later as they saw the outgrowth of his interest in them.

After the building was open, and the men began to use it freely and in considerable numbers, it was his pleasure to come up on Sunday afternoons and sit in the parlor smoking a cigar (after passing around a handful to the men), and glancing over the papers. This was done to show them his personal interest in them and the movement.

One day an old sailor attached to the *Vermont* at the Navy Yard, told me of a difficulty he and other men attached to that vessel, found in getting aboard late at

night. It was a rule of the Yard that enlisted men could not go alone through the Navy Yard after nine o'clock. They must be accompanied either by an officer or by a marine of the Guard. As the reliefs were posted every two hours, it was the rule to compel men to wait for the next relief before going down. A man reaching the gate at five minutes past nine could not go down until eleven. Or if it were a minute or two after eleven, he must wait till 1 A. M. The result of this rule was that men arriving a little late, went into the numerous saloons at the entrance and often became intoxicated—sometimes breaking their liberty in consequence. As soon as the Commodore learned of this, he changed the rule and ordered that they should be allowed to go down every hour.

Perhaps the hardest task he ever undertook for the men was to ask Miss Gould for the money with which to erect the new Naval Branch which has now been built. He felt it to be his duty. He had thought the matter over in all its bearings, and finally he determined to take up his cross and ask for it himself. This was indeed a hard thing for him to do, for he knew how much Miss Gould was annoyed by constant appeals for money. Yet he felt that if she understood the great need of the work she would be willing to give the funds necessary. Sweetly and generously this noble woman gave her assent to his proposition and the result is manifest to all the world.

The men loved Philip because he loved them. When he died a deep sense of personal loss fell on us all. "*Our* Admiral is dead," said one fine old man of war's man to me. He had served under him on the *Texas*, and felt his death as a blow to himself. No one in civil life knows the depth of affection which exists between the truly noble commander and his crew. They enshrine him in the most

sacred chambers of their hearts, and love him as a brother.

Admiral Philip was such a man. He never said an unkind word, nor did an unkind act. In his discipline he was strict, but not in trifles. He could speak sternly and to the point if need be, but the need rarely arose with him. Men served him faithfully because of personal attachment, rather than from fear of his wrath. God makes few men like Admiral John W. Philip.

CHAPTER XXIII

CAPTURE OF CHINESE OUTLAWS

AMONG the "lesser" exploits that brighten the pages of American naval history must be added the heretofore neglected expedition led by the then Lieutenant John W. Philip, which landed at midnight in a populous Chinese city, marched through several miles of narrow, winding streets and country roads, surrounded the headquarters of a notorious gang of "swordracks," or outlaws, took their citadel by storm, captured the entire band with their leader and his two sons, and returned on board ship without the loss of a man. The enterprise was daringly conceived, skilfully led and was completely successful because of its very audacity.

Just before the *Wachusett* arrived on the Asiatic station, a band of Chinese outlaws had for some time been terrorizing the country around New Chang, openly defying the authorities and boldly challenging them to "come and take us." Encouraged by their immunity from punishment, they finally made a deadly assault on a party of Americans, among whom was our consul to that port, Mr. Knight. As soon as Admiral Bell learned of these atrocities he dispatched Commander Townsend in the *Wachusett*, post haste, to the scene of trouble, with instructions to take prompt action in bringing the offenders to justice in whatsoever manner the local situation seemed to justify. How well these instructions were carried out is told in Philip's diary.

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(Continued from Chapter XXI)

April 28th (Shanghai).—Finished coaling and made preparations for getting under way. In the evening visited the Royal Sussex [Masonic] Lodge. Had an exceedingly pleasant time.

April 29th.—Got up steam and unmoored ship, making final preparations for leaving Shanghai. Several Americans came on board to see us off, having made several acquaintances during our short stay. We are sorry to leave so soon. At 2.20 P. M. got under way and steamed down the Woosung and Yangtse-Kiang in fine style (and at a high rate of speed) with flags at each masthead, we having dressed ship to-day by request of the Russian admiral in honor of the anniversary of the Russian Emperor's birthday and the emancipation of serfs in Russia. After getting well down the river and out of sight of the shipping we hauled down all the colors and put the sea "rig" on the *Wachusett,* bound for a cruise to the north.

April 30th.—Fine weather and a perfectly smooth sea. Passed through several fleets of Chinese fishing junks. Entered the Yellow Sea this evening.

May 1st.—Unusually pleasant all day, steaming northward under low head of steam.

May 2d.—A very heavy dust fog to-day so that you could not see land at a distance of four miles. To-night we are running in for the Straits of Pechili, getting an occasional cast of the lead for greater security.

May 3d.—Steaming up the Gulf of Pechili close in to land. At eight o'clock took a pilot for the bar and at 10.30 came to anchor to await daylight to cross the bar at the mouth of the river.

May 4th.—At nine o'clock got under way and steamed over the bar and up the river to Yingtsze, and at noon we anchored off the town abreast of the foreign concession and communicated with our Consul, Mr. Knight. The town is purely Chinese and is miserably barren and dirty. It appears that there is a band of "swordracks", or robbers, ranging over the country here at large, and lately they have attackd and murdered some American citizens and the Admiral sent the *Wachusett* up in haste for satisfaction.

May 5th.—We heard to-day that the "swordracks," or robbers, have taken possession of some towns to the north, and are daily

expected here. But I think they will not attempt it while we are at anchor off the town. All the Europeans are drilling and making themselves as secure as possible under the direction of the British Consul, Mr. Meadows.

May 6th.—To-day we got ready to land one hundred men to go on shore to arrest some Chinamen; but after being ready to start the expedition was delayed for some reason on the part of our Consul.

May 7th.—At three o'clock we landed fifty armed sailors and then went up to the Consulate. Here Captain Townsend, our Consul, and I mounted on horseback and marched off to pay an official visit on the mandarin here, taking the sailors along as an armed escort. The object of the visit was to demand satisfaction of the Chinese authorities for outrages perpetrated upon American citizens lately. We were received in great state by the chief mandarin and everything passed off quite to our satisfaction. This town had never seen such a "turn out" before in its quiet streets, consequently we collected an immense crowd which followed us all the time while on shore. They all seemed to be anxious to examine everything about and belonging to us. The Governor invited us to join him in "chow-chow," but the nature of our visit would not allow us to partake of his hospitality.

May 8th.—Raining hard all day. No one could go on shore because, in the first place, this town is one of the poorest places on earth for a foreigner and then the mud is frightful—that of Virginia cannot compare with this.

May 9th.—At 11 A. M. we were all surprised by a small fall of snow, which in this latitude and this season of the year is considered very extraordinary.

Still patiently awaiting news from the mandarins.

May 10th.—Spent the evening with the Commissioner of Imperial Customs, meeting several English gentlemen of standing here.

May 11th.—We were able to carry out the routine on board to-day, but I think that we had the heaviest "dust storm" that I have ever experienced. The atmosphere was completely filled with fine yellow dust, so thick that the sun was almost entirely obscured.

May 12th.—It was so pleasant to-day that I sent all of the men on shore for exercise and target practice with small arms.

May 13th (Sunday).—Went on shore for the purpose of purchas-

ing some furs, etc., but it was so warm and dusty that I soon returned to the ship, with only a tiger and a few other skins.

At 4 P. M. the chief Chinese official, Cheung, visited the ship accompanied by his suite of fifteen Chinamen and the Commissioner of Customs and our Consul, Mr. Knight. Gave him a salute of five guns. After showing him all over the ship we fired a couple of shells from the 100-pounder rifles, which surprised and pleased him very much; he never having seen so large a gun and one that would fire so far. He appeared to be very curious and asked about everything, and on the whole seemed to enjoy himself and is willing now to try and expedite matters to our Captain's satisfaction so that we can return to the south again. This is the largest man-of-war (and the first American one) to visit Yingtsze.

May 14th.—Blowing almost a gale of wind to-day, with a very heavy spring tide in the river running about six knots. At 3 P. M. the dingey was capsized astern of our ship and the boat-keeper drowned. The officer of the deck sent a cutter and ten men to tow the dingey back to this ship. After being away for some time I took the second cutter with sixteen men and pulled up the river for the other boats; they being then about six miles from the ship and unarmed. After a great deal of trouble and work I managed to get back to the ship, when the tide turned, with all of the boats. I have never experienced such rough work on a river before—twenty-five miles from the sea!

May 15th.—Quite pleasant to-day. I sent all of the men on shore to be instructed in company drill, and exercise a little at target practice. We are still waiting for the Commissioner to settle up these difficulties with the American Consul.

May 16th.—Making preparations for going down to the bar in order to survey it and buoy out the channel as an accommodation to an Englishman on shore, and a means of saving money to a few close-fisted Dutchmen who will not hereafter employ pilots to take their brigs and barks over the bar. If Americans would ever derive any benefit from this work I would help with a will. But as it is, I have to do all the work (for English and Dutchmen), I heartily disapprove of it and consider it a small business for an American man-of-war to be engaged in.

May 17th.—At 3.30 A. M. we got under way and steamed down the river in charge of a pilot and anchored just inside of the bar in order that we can carry out the survey with greater facility.

Spent all day in "getting ready" to "commence work" and drawing out plans, etc.

May 18th.—Raining and blowing quite fresh all day, with every indication of still worse weather. Unable to do anything on the survey to-day, as the arrangements for completing the survey had not all been made by the parties in Yingtsze before our leaving that place, the Captain concluded to return; so at 2 P. M. we got under way and steamed up the river again and moored ship off the United States Consulate at 4 P. M. to remain here idle for some days longer.

May 19th.—Blowing a gale of wind all day, and as nothing was done toward the business for which we were sent here this may be considered a day lost. There was much grief in the ship to-day by the accidental shooting of old Jacko while engaged in some innocent mischief. He was a large baboon which I got at the Cape de Verdes and had become a favorite fore and aft. Everybody was sorry that he was killed after being with us so long.

May 20th (Sunday).—This morning we had three visitors at service, Dr. and Mrs. Watson. A very thick dust storm all day, completely covering everything with fine dust.

May 21st.—Busy all day in placing anchors and buoys on board a junk, preparatory to placing them on the bar for our "friends." Wind dust storm again to-day.

May 22d.—Finished all the preparations for the survey to-day as far as junks, anchors and buoys are concerned; and now we wait for the Captain to go down to the bar again, finish up and leave this port for the south. We are anxious now to get down in order to meet the Admiral and go over to Japan with him for the summer. All are heartily sick of the port of Yingtsze.

May 23d.—Quite pleasant to-day, so that we "fell in" to our usual routine of exercises again. The pilot came on board in the morning to take us down the river, but the Captain concluded that we would wait a little longer. I went on shore in the morning for a ride, but Yingtsze is such a miserable place that it was impossible for us to find horses, so we returned to the ship again still more disgusted.

May 24th.—In the morning I took the rifle howitzer and crew on shore for target practice. After drilling a little and drawing a crowd of Chinese spectators we went off in search of a suitable place for the target, but our search was unsuccessful, there not being sufficient room for the rifle shells.

This afternoon we were fortunate enough to secure some saddle horses and started for the country. We went out about twelve miles, through several Chinese villages, stopping at all places of interest on the way. The country back of Yingtsze is one vast plain, as far as the eye can see, mostly under cultivation of beans and millet, which are the only articles of commerce or trade between this and other ports to the south and that is the business in which all foreign merchants are engaged in.

May 25th.—Made preparations for going down to the bar at last. At 1 P. M. got under way with two large junks in tow, with the buoys on board, and steamed down the river in charge of a pilot. We anchored just inside of the bar. Sent out one of the cutters and determined the position of one buoy.

May 26th.—Busy all day in sounding inside of the bar with the cutters. As the sea was quite smooth the work progressed rapidly and the "deep hole" was plotted out. The crew was engaged in scrubbing some of the Yingtsze mud off the ship's side.

May 27th (Sunday).—Blowing very fresh from the southwest so we were unable to work at the buoys or the survey. As our surgeon was absent at Yingtsze attending to the sick, our Captain read the service.

May 28th.—It blew a gale of wind last night and we had to get up steam in order to hold our position. We tried to plant a buoy, but owing to the tide and wind the junks were unmanageable.

May 29th.—We had fine target practice with the great guns this morning, although it was the first time that we have had a regular exercise since being in commission. The men did splendid firing, to the credit of the ship. In the afternoon we placed one of the buoys, which finishes up the work inside of the bar, and we will go outside at three o'clock to-morrow morning—weather permitting.

May 30th.—At three o'clock this morning I called all hands to unmoor ship, but having great difficulty in unmooring and in getting under way the tide fell so much that we did not have enough water for crossing and so had to wait for the afternoon tide. Meantime we surveyed the river above our anchorage. At 3 P. M. we got under way with a junk in tow, but it was blowing so fresh and having quite a sea on we were in danger of towing the junk under, so we cast her off and came to anchor to await fair weather. I am heartily sick of this kind of work.

May 31st.—Busy surveying all the morning. At 4 P. M. we got

under way, crossed the bar and anchored just outside, in order to place the entrance buoys and finish up out-work preparatory to returning to Shanghai.

June 1st.—Placed the entrance buoys, thus finishing up the work outside. To-morrow we will finish up everything inside and then I hope we will leave for the south again.

June 2d.—At 7 A. M. we recrossed the bar and anchored just inside. In the afternoon we steamed up the river and anchored off our Consulate to await further action in reference to our difficulties with the "swordracks," or bandits.

June 3d (Sunday).—To-day there was a "paper chase" on shore, got up for the occasion. Some of our officers went on shore to witness it.

June 4th.—Pleasant to-day, except for having a "dust storm" with a light wind. Went on shore in the morning, got a couple of horses and rode about twelve miles into the country; having quite a jolly time—considering the place.

June 5th.—The Chinese authorities have at last commenced to take notice of the object of our visit here, and are making the necessary arrests.

June 6th.—Raining hard all day and very raw and cold. It seemed quite desolate on board, giving us the blues and increasing our dislike for Yingtsze. Captain Townsend went on shore to try and hurry up the Chinese, but did not meet with much success; for it seems that they wish about two weeks longer in which to make the necessary arrests.

The "swordracks" have posted a placard in the town in which they give notice that next winter they will murder all the foreigners here, provided that those of their number now under arrest are executed on our demand. As this river is closed with ice in the winter (like our Hudson) I would not be surprised if they attempted to carry out their threat; because they are very bitter and there are only about sixty foreigners, all told, here and they will be unprotected.

June 7th.—In the afternoon Captain Townsend went on shore and had an interview with the Chinese General commanding this department, in regard to the arrests of some of the "swordracks" on shore. The old chap made all sorts of promises to Captain Townsend, but I doubt whether he will carry them into execution until he is forced to do so by the *Wachusett*. I do not believ

humbug any longer about it, but would compel them to act with a force from the ship if necessary to accomplish the desired result. The Chinese are notorious in postponing everything relative to foreigners (except their own acts against foreigners) as long as they possibly can. And for one I would try and "put a stopper" to it.

June 8th.—At 4 P. M. the Chinese Commissioners from New Chang and Moukden made an official visit to the ship. They are sent to Yingtsze to inquire into this affair, but instead of coming forward and doing their duty they are trying to shirk out of it and bluff us off. But Captain Townsend is determined and will make hot work for them if they delay much longer. We showed them around the ship but extended to them no hospitality of any sort, because the Chinese have an idea that when a foreigner is polite or entertains in any manner on these occasions, that he is giving in to the Chinamen and is rather afraid of them. In such cases you are obliged to show more rudeness than is agreeable to an American.

June 9th.—In the morning I went on shore and had a target practice with rifles with a couple of officers. In the afternoon we got horses and rode out into the country. After getting well out we dismounted and practiced with revolvers to our satisfaction and amusement, and much to the astonishment of the Chinamen, who began to assemble around at the first shot. Then we drove through villages and into yards and had a jolly time. Did not return until 9 P. M.

June 11th.—Went on shore with the boat howitzer to practice a little, but after firing a few rifle shell and endangering a few Chinamen and junks on the river I concluded that it was unsafe and returned to the ship. In the afternoon I went on shore with an officer and practiced a little with a rifle and a revolver. I have come to the conclusion that this is the only way to pass the time here.

In regard to our difficulty with the swordracks, Captain Townsend has given the Chinese authorities just four days' grace in which to arrest those outlaws. At the end of that time he will take matters in his own hands.

June 12th.—Passed the forenoon in letting the men practice at a target with rifles, preparatory to going on shore. The leader of the "swordracks," a Chinaman named Hon, has given us to understand

that he does not intend to run away, and that he will not surrender when we come on shore for his precious person. On the contrary, he invites us to come and try to arrest him. We intend to go, provided the present plan is not changed in a few days.

June 13th.—Most of us remained on board all day as it had rained all night so that the mud on shore was almost knee deep. But with some officers there is nothing that can keep them on board ship in port, except duty or an order for them to remain.

June 14th.—In the afternoon Captain Townsend went on shore to have another interview with the Chinese authorities. I suppose it was satisfactory to all parties, as they were closely closeted for about three hours. But whether it will amount to anything or not remains to be seen. The Chinese are so slippery that they will bear a great deal of watching.

June 15th.—This afternoon the English gunboat *Weasel* arrived from the south. Sent an officer aboard with the usual compliments. We are in hopes that she will remain here for some time and let us depart from this wretched place.

June 16th.—Blowing very hard all day with an unusually heavy "dust storm" which is peculiar to Yingtsze. With these storms it is almost impossible to do anything in the cleaning line. All the foreigners on shore protect their eyes with veils or goggles, when they leave their houses.

June 17th (Sunday).—In the afternoon I went on shore in plain clothes and with our Consul went down to examine a little around the house of the "swordrack," Hon. In case we go on shore with an armed party in a few nights I wanted to look at the ground by daylight first. These swordracks looked at us sharply, but did not attempt to interfere with us. Cheung, the chief mandarin here, sent to Captain Townsend and myself some samples of choice Chinese wine—according to their tastes. It is considered a great luxury at their courts, but it is disagreeable to us. I intended to take it home with me if possible, for it will be quite a curiosity there, coming from this part of China and I am in hopes that it will improve by age and a long passage at sea.

June 18th.—As we are in the way of being "very obliging to outsiders" we sent a large working party on shore to paint and whitewash the United States Consul's buildings and his fences. I don't think anybody would be as "obliging" to us if we wanted anything of the like done for us. In the afternoon Cheung, the

chief mandarin, visited the ship and Captain Townsend entertained him very handsomely. We even sent all hands to quarters and exercised the guns for his amusement. The old fellow was very much pleased with his visit.

June 19th.—A "dust storm" raged over the ship this afternoon covering everything with fine dust. Yingtsze can boast of the "finest" dust I have ever seen.

June 20th.—At four o'clock in the afternoon we landed a large detachment of men, and I went with the Consul down to the chief magistrate's residence and there met all the Chinese officials of Yingtsze and the commissioners sent here by the Tartar general. They have arrested eight of the "swordracks" who made the assault on the Consul and he went down to identify them while I accompanied him with our men as a protection from further assaults.

We were received in some state by the mandarins and after the usual greetings, etc., the criminals were brought in before us, heavily chained. After bowing and kissing the ground in front, they were allowed to rise partially, when each was recognized by Mr. Knight, our Consul, and his cooly, as being the party that had committed the deadly assault on him. They were then returned to the jail and we returned to our ship to await their trial, which begins on Monday next.

In marching back to our ship, the streets and a number of the housetops were crowded with Chinamen eager to see the "foreign white devils." Of course we were prepared with loaded rifles and sword bayonets for them in case of any unusual demonstration hostile to us. The whole proceeding, after reaching the magistrate's office, was novel and amusing to me; that is, as far as seeing how the Chinese carry on their legal proceedings.

June 21st.—We were blessed again to-day with another Yingtsze dust storm, covering as usual everything on board. Our captain had another long interview with the Chinese authorities at the Consul's. I suppose it was satisfactory, as it lasted more than four hours.

June 22d.—This morning I sent everybody on shore except a few ship-keepers and had a long exercise at company and howitzer drill—preparatory to any trouble we might soon have with the Chinese. The men did remarkably well, considering what little experience they have had on shore. I left the howitzer in one of the Consul's go-downs in order to have it handy—if necessary.

June 23d.—Another dust storm to-day, varied with a stronger wind than usual. In the afternoon I went on shore and rode through the town and took a good look at some of the quarters of the "swordracks." We heard a rumor to-day that Hon, the leader of the "swordracks," whom we intended to arrest to-morrow night, has escaped into the country. If so we will not have any particular fuss over this coming midnight expedition.

June 24th (Sunday).—Captain Townsend in the afternoon went on shore and had another interview with the Chinese authorities at our consulate. What it amounted to I don't know. It had been our plan to land a large force at midnight, and arrest some "swordracks," including Hon, but as we gave the Chinese authorities four days in which to make the arrests (instead of doing it ourselves) the outlaws seem to have received warning, and as a rational consequence Hon and his gang of thieves have left the place and retired into the interior, where they are safe. So much for placing too much confidence in a Chinaman's word. I would not trust one out of my sight.

June 25th.—At midnight last we landed one hundred armed men and I went with them (in charge) to try and find Hon and his associates—for we did not believe in the rumors that they had fled. After marching a long distance, piloted by our Consul, we reached Hon's house, and immediately posted sentries around and on top of it and then demanded admittance. Not receiving it in the usual manner I ordered the doors to be broken open, a search made and the arrest of all the male occupants.

After going through five or six houses in this manner I arrested twenty-three Chinamen and secured a large quantity of Chinese firearms of all assortments. As Hon's premises had been thoroughly overhauled I concluded to return to the ship and see what Chinamen I had caught. We got back about eight o'clock in the morning and to the gratification of us all we found out that the "birds had not flown," but, on the contrary, I had secured the principal nest of "swordracks" in the place, with the notorious Hon and his two sons.

The authorities had given it out that the outlaws had escaped, but the truth was that the mandarins dared not arrest any of the leaders—not being able to keep them—and consequently they wished to be "out of it." But now the gang is safe in double irons aboard the *Wachusett*. They would have fought and offered resistance,

had they not been taken completely by surprise a little after midnight, as they were well prepared for a good defence.

At ten o'clock we landed one hundred armed men and the howitzer and marched down to the magistrate's to be present at the trial of the eight prisoners whom they had already arrested. After arriving and posting sentries around the yard we went in the court room and there witnesssed a rather singular trial—peculiarly Chinese. Around the table were seated five mandarins of different ranks, our Consul, Captain Townsend, two interpreters and our officers. After a few preliminaries our Consul's cooly was brought in and caused to kneel before the court while being interrogated. Then they brought in one of the prisoners and questioned him in the same style. They have no witnesses, as we do, but question the criminal himself. And if he does not tell the truth they extort it from him by means of the most cruel tortures imaginable. We witnessed two or three different tortures to make the prisoner say (or confess) that he was guilty—as their laws will not allow them to punish a man until he confesses that he is guilty. I was disgusted several times, but I am obliged to see it again to-morrow.

June 26th.—At ten o'clock in the morning I left the ship with twenty-five armed men in order to attend the trial. To-day it consisted of cross-examination (in the Chinese style) of the criminals examined yesterday. It was very tedious to remain there all day. There were no tortures to-day and they could not extract any fresh evidence from any of the prisoners. The "swordracks" we have aboard the *Wachusett* are perfectly contented with their lot, and they really look better and cleaner after their short stay with the "Barbarians," as they are pleased to call us.

June 27th.—At ten o'clock I went down with thirty armed men to attend the Chinese court, the business consisting of comparing the Chinese with the English records and making them agree. They examined the two leaders, who are the Chung brothers, and took nearly the whole day in trying by different tortures to make these two fellows confess to their guilt. One proceeding rather amused me—although it was barbarous. The leading mandarin had asked one of these brothers several questions which he would not answer to the satisfaction of the court. So the mandairn wrote out the evidence as he thought the criminal ought to say and then told him to acknowledge it as being correct. On refusing to comply with the court's request, they tortured the poor fellow until

he fainted in the court room and they were obliged to remove him. By the Chinese law they cannot punish a person until he confesses to everything. If the court thinks the prisoner is telling lies they torture him for the truth and if he does not confess his guilt they torture him in the most cruel manner. And as soon as he confesses they behead him—frequently within one hour. I was told that the prisoner often dies under his torture rather than confess himself guilty. Those, I suppose, are rare cases where the man is really innocent of the crime charged.

June 28th.—Last evening when we left the court the leading two prisoners had not confessed as the authorities desired, and as it was getting rather late we concluded to return to the ship, and the mandarins said they would get the proper confessions to-day and let us know. So this afternoon they sent word that the men had *voluntarily* (tortures) confessed to be leaders in the deadly assault on our Consul. So to-morrow we go down again to see the last of it, I hope.

June 29th.—At ten o'clock I went down again to the court with thirty armed men to witness the "finish up" of the work on the prisoners. The work consisted to-day in reading over the testimony of each prisoner and having him acknowledge that it was correct. As neither of these prisoners could sign his name, the court had recourse to a rather ingenious device, namely: they would take an impression of the man's forefinger in wax near the place where they wished his signature. Of course the wax was a little hot, but then, he had no business to be a criminal and unable to write his name.

I am very glad that the business at last is finished. We have now only to dispose of Hon and his gang of robbers.

June 30th.—At 4 P. M. Cheung and his suite visited the ship. The old fellow is very much worried about our arresting those "swordracks" on shore, and says that when the Emperor at Peking hears of it, he, Cheung, and all the mandarins here will lose their positions and perhaps be degraded and ruined for life. The people on shore cannot understand how it was possible for us to arrest those persons with apparently so little trouble in the "dead of night." The moral effect has been wonderful already on the remaining "swordracks" about the place.

July 1st (Sunday).—In the afternoon four mandarins and suites visited the ship on official business in regard to our prisoners,

Captain Robert Townsend, U. S. N.

"Chinese subjects." We received them with the usual ceremony and gave them in addition a salute of five guns. They are the same officials who tried the late "swordracks" and as they behaved so well in connection with that trial Captain Townsend gave them the salute. They, like old Cheung, are much worried in regard to our prisoners and are apparently willing to do anything (in promise) if our Captain will not take them up to Peking.

July 4th.—This, being our national holiday, we tried to celebrate it the best we could in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. At sunrise we dressed ship with flags and at noon fired a salute of twenty-one guns. This being a holiday for the crew as well as the officers, every one was allowed to do about as he pleased.

At seven o'clock in the morning all the mandarins visited the ship, accompanied by a large military force and after some talk we turned over twenty-one of the "swordracks" to them, keeping only old Hon on board. They were all carried off heavily ironed and chained—no doubt to be released as soon as we sail, although they have given guarantees that they shall be fairly tried and punished.

July 5th.—In the afternoon our Captain had another interview with the mandarins in regard to Hon. I know not what it amounted to, although I suspect that it was the same old story told over again.

July 6th.—Busy getting the ship ready for sea. Another interview between our Captain and the mandarins about Hon. I expect that it amounted to a number of empty promises.

July 7th.—At daylight we got up steam, unmoored ship and made preparations for going to sea. At seven o'clock four mandarins came on board for the last time and after some talk we turned over old Hon to them and nearly all the arms that we captured from "the swordracks." It appears that eight mandarins have given sufficient guarantees to our Captain and our Consul in regard to protecting the foreign residents in Yingtsze in the future and on these conditions Captain Townsend released the "swordracks."

At nine o'clock, all being settled and the ship ready for sea, we got under way and steamed down the river bound to Ta-ku.

(Philip's Journal Continued in Chapter XXVI)

CHAPTER XXIV

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SCHOOL-MATE

William Myers Hoes, Public Administrator

WHEN we were school-mates, at the Kinderhook Academy, about 1855, "Wood" Philip, as he was then known, was such a rollicking, mischievous, fun-loving, sturdy country boy, that none of us would have picked him out as the one among us destined for so distinguished a future. There were other boys more studious and demure, on whom we counted for success.

The writer sat near him in the school room in the old Kinderhook Academy, and shared many of his school-day pranks. Our boys' school-room was on the left hand of the main floor, as shown in the cut, which is taken from the "Kinderhook Rough Notes," the village paper of the period. Moses Bartlett, from New Hampshire, was our pedagogue; and we made his temporary stay at Kinderhook, as principal, quite exciting at times.

"Wood" was then more fond of fun than study, and he seemed to be in everybody's "mess" and in nobody's "watch." He was in all the deviltry in mild form which we indulged in; but I cannot recall that he ever met the punishment some of us other boys suffered. The chalking of the teacher's rush-bottomed chair, the filling of the Academy bell with water on a keen winter's night, and standing it up until it froze, and failed to ring out the morning summons to school, and the shooting

of beans from the back of the large hall, on the second floor of the Academy, when an "Exhibition" composed of ribbon-tied "Compositions" and recitations was going on, were participated in by this great Admiral of later years with the rest of us. But he was cunning, and had an honest, sober visage, or could assume one, and was rarely accused of wrong-doing. Some of us village boys were properly punished by our parents; "Wood" generally went unsuspected. He never shirked a responsibility, however, or failed to see fair play. I recall that when certain "City boys" clad in "Glad rags" tried to down some little boys from Cuba, "Wood" demanded that the Cubans should have a fair show; and I think the little foreigners came out ahead. Thus early was indicated this noble strain in his character, which developed with years into that great human kindness which voiced itself in those memorable words uttered on the *Texas*, when his country's enemies were dying in the heat of battle. He made you listen to some queer statement, then question his sincerity, and then laugh with him.

His sister, Mrs. Wheelock, in her interesting article, mentions his early "fighting proclivities." We had, in those days at the old Academy, scholars from distant homes, who boarded with the principal, at the Academy boarding-house, shown on left of cut. Some of the boys from Cuba and South Carolina were quite fiery, and carried "chips on their shoulders." Wood quietly encouraged the encounters which took place among the boys, taking a hand in them, if necessary; but he always called the game off when matters looked serious; was as careful to see fair play between his schoolmates as to stand upon his own rights, as he then viewed them.

Aside from our great Admiral, we had as schoolmates, and prospective men of distinction, the Prentices, of

Brooklyn, Henry J. Cullen, afterward a well-known attorney and public administrator of Brooklyn, now deceased, and his brother, Edgar M. Cullen, now one of the judges of the New York Court of Appeals; Father Samuel H. Frisbee, S. J., former President of St. Francis Xavier College, N. Y., now head of Woodstock College, Maryland; Peter Pruyn, afterward a distinguished local physician; Charles F. Fearing, a New York banker, and others less prominent; but all afterward doing honor to their early training at Kinderhook.

In those days, "Wood" and the writer were boys of about fifteen, were both born in the town, and as I resided in the village and had the advantage of a garret (that rainy-day revelling place for boys), a barn, a pony, a big dog, an orchard and home surroundings, Wood often was with me after school hours, on our home grounds.

My pony having had a circus training, once laid down on the village road, with the future Admiral on his back, and rolled him off. As "Wood" had often boasted that the other boys did not know how to manage the "little thing," when he came to grief and the boys and girls were standing about jeering at him heartily, he became so *mad* that he kept away from our place for some time. My dear old mother, who liked him and gave him "doughnuts" and "crullers," and my father, who quizzed him in Holland Dutch, said to me, "Why don't you bring that Philip boy home with you oftener? He is real funny."

"Wood" left the Academy and his schoolmates in 1856, for the Navy, and the next year Frisbee entered Yale; Pruyn, Union; Fearing, Harvard; the writer, Williams. Not our going, but Time's changes, left the widely known Academy with but few scholars. The boarding-house was cut apart and now forms three pretty cottages, and the old Academy building was occupied as a printing

office, and is now a knitting mill. The electric road makes Kinderhook a suburb of Albany, and the old Academy and its occupants are only dim memories.

A later incident or two I recall with interest. When the White Squadron (under Admiral Bunce, I think) during its first visit, was lying off Fisher's Island, opposite New London, Conn., "Wood" was in command of the *Atlanta*. My cousin, Lieut. T. B. M. Mason, was his executive officer, and they, with Schley and other officers, visited our cottage on the island. I was "Wood's" guest on the *Atlanta*, during the trip *via* Gardiner's Bay, to New York. After our dinner, the first evening in the Captain's cabin, I noticed the steward fitting up a comfortable bed on the locker; supposing, of course, it was for me. I said: "'Wood' that will do me very nicely for the night." Said he: "See here, young fellow, you are on my boat, and obey orders—you take my stateroom, or you go below." I obeyed.

Before the *Texas* left for the war, I visited her. "Wood" showed me all about, introduced me in the turrets to a young officer in working rig (Lieut. Haeseler) as the man who had contrived the machinery to make the turret work rapidly, so that he need not spend days in cutting through her deck, as had happened, and said: "I tell you, Will, this old ship is called a 'hoodoo,' but you'll hear from her yet."

On his return to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, after the war and his brilliant work, I again went on the *Texas*. The dear old boy, aged some, I thought, was sitting upon a box before an extemporized desk in his dismantled cabin, and as he gripped my hand heartily, he said: "Do you remember what I told you about the *Texas*, old man?" We mutually recalled his "hoodoo" remark on the same old vessel.

Later on, when we had the pleasure of entertaining our distinguished Admiral and his wife, the latter was the recipient of a miniature silken flag of the *Texas*, and the hero on that occasion overcame his reserve and worked out the Santiago affair on his corner of the dinner table, illustrating the manœuvres of the *Texas* and other vessels with knives and forks, and table equipment, to the intense delight of our guests, the ladies in particular, who said to me: "Isn't your friend, the Admiral, charming, as well as brave ?"

I saw no more of my dear old friend, as distance intervened, and when he was so suddenly called away I was in Europe.

I am extremely pleased to contribute these few rambling recollections of my good and great old friend, "Wood" Philip, to this memorial publication.

Captain John Woodward Philip, U. S. N.

(By Courtesy of the Century Company.)

CHAPTER XXV

IMPROVING THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

Rear-Admiral Francis Tiffany Bowles, U. S. N.

ADMIRAL PHILIP (then Commodore) took command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard January 14, 1899. At that time many improvements were under way, which were begun at the close of the Spanish War. In the following month the Steam Engineering machine shops burned down. The wreckage from this and the materials for the construction of nine new buildings gave the Navy Yard streets an appearance of considerable disorder.

In the midst of this the Admiral was visited by a delegation of Brooklyn women representing a Village Improvement Society, or something similar, to call his attention to the awful condition of the Navy Yard. They said there was no one in Brooklyn who remembered the Navy Yard in such a frightful condition.

The Admiral took these women to the top of the Commandant's house, where a bird's-eye view of the Yard could be obtained, and explained with care the reason for each obstruction in the streets and that great improvements would soon result.

This delegation, incidentally however, made a great impression on the Admiral, and he devoted thereafter a large portion of his time to paving of the streets, the piers, the laying out of new railroad tracks, the repair and painting of buildings, until there was such a marked change within a brief period, that all noted the great improvement in the Yard during his command.

It is probably true that during the two years following the Spanish War more improvements in the plant and buildings of the Brooklyn Navy Yard were made than in the fifteen years preceding. Although only a small part of this can be ascribed to the Brooklyn women delegates, still the Admiral kept us all familiar with the story in his insistence that the streets be kept clean and the work be done in an orderly manner.

It was always a pleasure to see what simple delight the Admiral took in the material advantages of the Commandant's residence, his barge, carriage, horses and menage pertaining to the position, and at the same time his determination that they should be shared by all the officers and their families. He took a sailor's delight in high stepping horses, and soon after he took charge selected a stylish pair, which he frequently drove.

On one occasion, in driving over the bridge to New York on a Sunday afternoon, a following trolley car excited the horses into a brisk trot, which took the appearance of an impromptu "brush" with a Rapid Transit car. The Admiral was encouraged by cries of "Go it, Cap.," from the occupants of the car, and from his own account to me things were lively for a few minutes.

This incident got into the papers, and when the Admiral showed me the clippings with various estimates of the speed of his pair, he said: "But how the reporters would have roasted me if they had known it was Sunday afternoon."

The Admiral took much interest in the preservation of Navy Yard relics of former wars, in the small park near the Commandant's office, and when it was proposed to approach a store-house with a railroad spur running through this small triangular space he refused to give

the right of way, and carried his protest to the Secretary of the Navy.

One of his first acts was to remove the word "rebel" from the inscriptions on captured relics of the Civil War, saying "there are no rebels now." He had mounted in front of the Commandant's Office two Hontoria 5.5-inch rifles taken from the wrecks of the *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* at Santiago, and also the two Spanish mines which were brought up by the screws of the *Texas* and *Marblehead* at Guantanamo. Several old bronze guns from Manila also were mounted on the sites of the racks of smooth bore shell, which for a long time had ornamented the lawn in front of the Commandant's residence.

The large flagstaff now standing in the small park opposite the main gate at Sands street was erected by Admiral Philip, and first used with much ceremony on Decoration Day of 1900, when he began at the Navy Yard the regular salute to "the colors," always followed on board ship at 8 A. M. and sun-down.

While Admiral Philip was in command, no officer of any grade had need to quake or try to recollect his misdeeds on receiving a summons to the Commandant's Office, because, no matter what the occasion, he was sure of a kindly reception and an opportunity to present his case in a frank and friendly talk.

No dockyard Commandant in my experience ever secured such loyal support or such earnest work from his subordinates as did Admiral Philip, and he rarely gave an order as such, but rather made a suggestion which it would please him to have carried out. This disposition naturally led his officers to assume responsibility and to work out for themselves matters which by the strict construction of the Regulations might be placed upon the shoulders of the Commandant.

CHAPTER XXVI

VISITING PORTS ON BUSINESS

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

(*Continued from Chapter XXIII*)

JULY 8th (Sunday)—We left Yingtsze early yesterday morning and stood out into the Yellow Sea. At daylight this morning we stood in for the land, and at 11 A. M. we came to anchor near where the Great Wall of China runs into the sea. We lowered three boats, and Captain Townsend, myself and as many officers as could be spared from duty, went on shore to see one of the Seven Wonders of the World. We walked on top of the wall to the town of Hai-Shan, about five miles inland, examining the wall as we went along. Of course, each of us brought away a brick and a little "joss" or so as trophies. On returning to the ship we got under way and steamed down the coast to Ta-ku.

July 9th.—Steaming down the coast until 2 P. M., when we anchored off the mouth of the Peiho, where we were boarded by boats from the English and French war ships. Our consul, Mr. Knight, who had come with us from Yingtsze as a passenger, now left us and took passage in an English vessel on his way to Peking, where he is to lay the whole matter of the Swordrack disturbance before the Emperor. On taking leave of Mr. Knight we again got under way and steamed southward for Chefoo, where we are to coal and get our mail.

July 10th.—About sunset we came to anchor in the harbor of Chefoo.

July 11th.—All hands engaged in scraping the ship on the outside, trying to get the Yingtsze mud off her. The American consul, Mr. Sanford, visited the ship.

July 12th.—At 3 P. M. we got under way and steamed out of the harbor bound to the north, and at 7 P. M. we came to anchor off the city of Teng-Chan-Fu. Our consul, Mr. Sanford, came up

with us. We are here to settle a difficulty between some American missionaries and the Chinese. It appears that the Chinese have been desecrating American graves, tearing down houses and declaring that they will not allow "foreign devils" to live in the city any longer. As Teng-Chan-Fu is a port opened by treaty to the world we are here to demand satisfaction.

July 13th.—Sent a boat in to the town and brought off three of the missionaries, in order to learn particularly the difficulty between them and the Chinese. To-morrow, if it is pleasant, we land one hundred armed men. I suppose there will be some excitement, as the *Wachusett* is the second man-of-war that has ever visited this port, and will be the first to land armed men in the streets of Teng-Chan-Fu.

July 14th.—Teng-Chan-Fu is an old walled city with several gates and very clean (for Chinese), and everything looked quite comfortable. At 11 A. M. we landed one hundred armed men to go with Captain Townsend and three missionaries to the residence of the chief magistrate. Just before entering the city, the authorities hung over the gate we passed through, the heads of three Chinamen in cages to "awe us." We had been cautioned at Chefoo about landing an armed force and consequently were well prepared for any assault. We marched through the city followed by a large number of Chinese who were anxious to see the "foreign devils" as soldiers. We marched up to the magistrate's residence and stacked arms in the inner court. After some time we marched down to the home of a Mr. Hartwell (a missionary) where we had a splendid collation for the sailors. After partaking heartily of it we returned to the ship without any special incident.

July 15th.—Yesterday Captain Townsend demanded of the chief magistrate the arrest of certain parties before noon to-day. But to-day when the time came we found out that all the mandarins had left the city during the night and had gone to Chefoo—the responsibility being too great for them. So, there being no responsible person left for us to act with, we got under way at 3 P. M. to go to Chefoo and head these fellows off there, thus leaving the poor missionaries for a time to themselves and at the mercy of these Chinese. But John Chinaman will have to pay dearly for the trick he plays upon us! At sunset anchored in the harbor of Chefoo.

July 16th.—Captain Townsend went ashore and had another

interview with the chief magistrate in regard to the runaway officials of Teng-Chan-Fu.

July 18th.—The missionary affair still remains as we found it. I cannot imagine why we delay other proceedings, for the Chinese will equivocate and delay it all summer and winter—if we abide their time.

July 19th.—Yesterday I allowed one half the crew to go on shore on liberty and this morning the other half went ashore; but, getting full of bad "samshoo" they began rioting, so that I was obliged to send a marine guard to bring off the leaders for trial by court martial.

July 20th.—We are going to Shanghai for coal and provisions, and will then return to this port and settle that missionary affair.

July 21st.—At 2 P. M. got under way and steamed out to sea.

July 22d (Sunday).—At 3 P. M. one of our sailors was washed overboard. We let go the life buoy and stopped the engines. Lowered and sent a cutter to his assistance. Although there was a heavy sea on we were fortunate in saving the man and getting the boat and crew back to the ship.

July 23d.—Wind gradually died out to-day, but we are still making very little headway. We are burning Japan coal, and although we use about sixty tons a day, we can scarcely log three knots per hour. To-day we are three hundred and thirteen miles from Shanghai, and have only fifty-seven tons of this miserable stuff aboard to carry us to port. It begins to look like the affair off the coast of Brazil last year; only on this occasion we have a little more provisions aboard.

July 24th.—Nearly calm to-day, so that we made a little more on our course; but still it looks doubtful, for unless we get a fair wind it will be impossible for us to steam up to Shanghai, as we have only eighteen tons of miserable coal aboard and are one hundred and eighty miles from the city.

July 25.—Fortunately we had a fair wind, otherwise I know not what would have happened to us for three or four days to come.

July 26th.—At eleven o'clock last night we anchored off Shanghai, and very timely, as we had only half a ton of coal left.

July 30th.—This afternoon I went on shore and drove out in the country for a few miles, and had a delightful drive through a beautiful country. Stopped at the famous Bubbling Well, which

proved to be a miserable affair along the roadside—nothing peculiar about it except a little bubble in the center of the water.

Aug. 1st.—This evening the Fire Department of Shanghai had a trial of their fire engines on the Bund, and at the earnest request of several American gentlemen I allowed forty of our men to go on shore to work one of the engines against the others. The Bund was crowded with people of all nationalities. The band in attendance played all American tunes—although it was an English band. At dark the engines returned, and all the Americans spent the evening at the United States consulate.

Aug. 3d.—Spent all the forenoon yesterday in a dentist's chair, much to my disgust.

Aug. 4th.—At noon two Chinese coolies were killed by lightning near the ship. They were torn to atoms almost. I went out driving in the early evening and later with ten or fifteen American gentlemen attended the opening of a new Chinese theatre. We remained only about half an hour, as we were disgusted with the noise and actors.

Aug. 7th.—This evening attended a meeting of the Ancient Landmark (Masonic) Lodge, it being entirely American.

Aug. 10th.—Having finished all preparations for leaving port, we received on board Consul-General Seward and about a dozen others, and at 1 P. M. started out of the harbor bound up the Yangtse to Hankow. At sunset anchored in the river, as it was dangerous to run at night.

Aug. 11th.—At daylight got under way and steamed up the river. Most of the day we were in the broad part of the river, scarcely being able to see either bank. What we could see was very low and marshy. Toward evening the river began to narrow and the land was more elevated and beautifully cultivated. At 9 P. M. we anchored, it being too dark to proceed further.

Aug. 12th (Sunday).—Got under way at daylight and at 9 A. M. anchored, in order to communicate with the Chinese authorities about some difficulty with regard to American property.

Aug. 13th.—It was 107 degrees in the shade all day and it was impossible to keep comfortable in any position or place. At 9 A. M. Mate T. J. Kelley died very suddenly. He was on deck and went below feeling ill and expired in a few minutes.

Aug. 14th.—At daylight this morning I left the ship in charge of the funeral party to bury Mr. Kelley. We had an exceedingly

difficult time in reaching the shore on account of the tremendous current in the Yangtse—and after we had made a landing the Chinese priests refused to allow me to bury him, but I was obliged to do it.

Two or three cases of sunstroke to-day among our men, the thermometer standing 108. At 6 P. M. I went on shore with an armed party of men as an escort to Consul-General Seward to visit the authorities of the place. Made the visit, but finding that we had a perfect fool to deal with we returned to the ship, with the intention of going higher up the river. Everybody on board getting sick from the excessive heat.

Aug. 15th.—At 1.45 A. M. Captain Townsend died very suddenly of heat apoplexy. He had been exposed to the sun only a short time the day before. His orders were to go up this miserable river to Hankow. But now, as there was so much sickness on board and being left in command, I decided to disregard these orders and go to Japan for the health of all hands. At daylight I got under way and steamed down the river in order to reach Shanghai to-night, and after settling some business there, rejoin the Admiral in Japan. The business up the river is not settled, but I do not think I would be justified in remaining in this sickly climate.

At 8 P. M. we came to anchor off the consulate at Shanghai. Every vessel in the harbor and all the foreign houses on shore joined in half masting their flags. On account of the excessive heat the funeral could not take place until late in the evening. At 6.15 P. M. the procession left the ship. After getting clear of her side we fired minute guns. At the landing we met a very large number of citizens, who joined in the procession. The service was held in the English chapel by an English clergyman. At the grave we fired three volleys over the remains and returned to the ship. The pall-bearers were the English and French naval commanders, Consul-General Seward and the heads of all the large American firms in Shanghai. Foreigners of all nationalities joined in our grief during the solemn ceremonies on shore.

Aug. 18th.—At 4 P. M., having bid adieu to everyone, I got under way and steamed down the river. Just as we got to the mouth of the Woosung one of the men died of fever contracted while up the Yangtse. As it was not right to go to sea under these circumstances I anchored just outside, in order to give him a burial on shore to-morrow.

Where the Great Wall of China Comes Down to the Sea.

(From a photograph taken in 1866.)

Aug. 19th (Sunday).—I sent a boat at sunset last evening up to Woosung and another at one o'clock this morning, in order to get permission from the French and Chinese authorities to bury our dead on shore. The boat returned at seven o'clock this morning and reported that it was impossible to get the desired permission. I had not time to return to Shanghai, so we got under way and steamed out to sea. At four o'clock this afternoon, being well out to sea and in deep water, I called "All hands to bury the dead." The funeral service at sea was read by the surgeon, and on its completion we resumed our course.

Aug. 22d.—Steaming on our course at the rate of fourteen knots "over the ground." We had a tremendous current, which put us over fifty miles ahead of our reckoning. To-night will be one of great anxiety to us, for it is very dark and we are obliged to run among rocks and shoals.

Aug. 23d.—Last night was a troublesome one. I steamed ahead until one o'clock, when, thinking that we were near islands, I headed her to the west under low steam to await daylight. It was fortunate for us that we did so, for at daylight rocks and shoals were but a short distance off, showing that we had run far enough. Steaming all day along and among the islands at the entrance to the bay of Yeddo and at 10 A. M. anchored off Yokohama.

Aug. 25th.—Received a visit from some Japanese officials, one of whom was attached to the embassy that visited the United States some few years ago.

Aug. 27th.—In the afternoon went on shore to see the sights of Yokohama—saw nearly all of them. Later in the afternoon drove out in the country. It was the pleasantest drive I have had in a long time. We drove through a most beautiful valley, very highly cultivated, and with magnificent scenery about us. Japan is a lovely country.

Aug. 31st.—At ten o'clock the fleet got under way and steamed in "line ahead" to Yeddo. We all went as an escort to install our minister at the legation. After anchoring off Yeddo the minister and his family were landed and escorted to the legation by the marines of the squadron formed in one company.

Sept. 2d (Sunday).—Went on shore to-day to see the great capital of Japan. As soon as we landed we met some "two-sworded" officials and they conducted us to the American legation. After waiting there a short time we started out to see the place. As

Yeddo is not yet an open port no one but naval officers and those belonging to the different legations are allowed to land and visit the city. With us even, we could not go anywhere without our guards, which consisted of a two-sworded Jap for each officer—and no one officer was allowed to leave or stray from the party, for the reason that if a foreigner is alone and not protected by one of the escorts he will be murdered in the streets; and then there is nothing to console one's friends but the "indemnity."

While on shore the officers ascended a hillock a short distance from the legation, where a magnificent view of the city was obtained. As far as the eye could see, in all directions, was nothing but houses, temples and the different palaces of the Tycoons. The sight was grand, and well paid one for the trouble of ascending ninety-seven steps—very steep at that. Yeddo is the finest city I have seen in the East. If one could only go where his inclinations direct, instead of following the guides and fear no danger, you could see magnificent sights. As it is you are conducted to the legation, from there to certain parts of the city and then you are obliged to return again from whence you came. The Japanese are as different from the Chinese in manners and customs as we are.

Sept. 5th.—Commander Robert Wilson Shufeldt of the *Hartford* reported on board for the command of the *Wachusett.*

Sept. 6th.—The Japanese high officials paid a formal visit to the Admiral and were received in state. The flagship went through all the exercises for their benefit.

Sept. 7th.—At 10 A. M. the fleet got under way, steamed down the bay and anchored off Yokohama.

CHAPTER XXVII

HUNTING FOR PIRATES

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

SEPT. 13th.—At 9 A. M. we got under way and steamed out of Yokohama harbor bound for Nagasaki. It was blowing fresh from the northeast all day, and at dark we were obliged to stop engines and bring her head on the wind, but in doing so we carried away the fore topsail and fore sail. Indications of a very bad night.

Sept. 14th.—It was very bad all last night and to-day. At 3 P. M., being still eighty miles from the entrance of the Inland Sea and finding that it was impossible to reach it, we put about and anchored in Oshima harbor.

Sept. 15th.—Blowing a gale of wind all day, with every sign of an approaching typhoon. Made snug for the worst.

Sept. 16th.—Last night was the worst I have ever experienced on board ship—especially at anchor in a snug harbor. At dark the wind blew a perfect hurricane. Although we were almost surrounded by high mountains we were obliged to let go *all* anchors and to use the engines, steaming half speed, to keep from going ashore. At times it blew so hard that it was next to impossible to walk on the deck against the wind. Several of our sails blew away, although they were extra lashed and secured. At 1 A. M., at the height of the typhoon, there was quite an electrical phenomena; the heaven to the northeast seemed to be an immense blaze, so that we could distinctly see all around the harbor and on shore. At daylight the gale broke up and at 4 P. M. we steamed out to sea.

Sept. 17th.—We entered the Inland Sea of Japan at daylight, and steamed all day among the beautiful islands and came to anchor at dark. The main land on both sides, and the islands also, are under a high state of cultivation and are thickly populated, judging from the number of towns we saw. The scenery is grand and magnificent.

Sept. 18th.—Steaming all day down the Inland Sea among the different islands. The scenery on both sides was magnificent, all the islands being highly cultivated, and the shores were covered with towns and cities at intervals all the way.

Sept. 19th.—At daylight we got under way and started through the Straits of Shimonoseki. The Prince of Satsuma and others are in rebellion against the government and are fighting fiercely. The Japs are on each side of the Straits, and as we steamed along we could see towns and cities on fire (burned by the rebels) and the ruins of a number of others. And when in the narrowest part of the straits we passed the Japanese fleet at anchor, and as we passed each vessel she saluted by dipping her colors.

A few days ago the rebels fired on an English gunboat while passing. We anticipated something of the same sort and had the ship cleared for action and were ready for it. But instead of firing, the rebels saluted us in the European fashion. We saw portions of the armies of different parties and nearly all of their artillery. I was much surprised to see about twelve of our Dahlgren howitzers among the number. After leaving the straits we steamed down the coast and came to anchor.

Sept. 20th.—At two o'clock in the morning we again got under way and steamed down the coast. At 10 A. M. we passed through Spex Straits. These straits are between a couple of islands on the western coast, and by going through them we cut off about thirty miles of the distance from Shimonoseki to Nagasaki. The straits are very narrow and the current runs at a frightful rate; which, with the sharp, quick turns you are obliged to make, makes it quite dangerous for a ship of this size. In the straits is the grandest and most magnificent scenery I ever saw. We thought we saw something beautiful in coming through the Inland Sea, but nothing to compare with Spex for wildness and magnificence—yet every available plot of ground was under a high state of cultivation. If one had the time and means, it would amply repay the trouble to come to Japan from the most distant part of the world to see the scenery of Japan.

At 4 P. M. we came to anchor in the harbor of Nagasaki. This is a fine, land-locked bay, with beautiful scenery all around. I am exceedingly sorry that we are destined to see so little of this lovely country. I wish the whole cruise could be spent here instead of on the coast of China.

Sept. 21st.—Went on shore in the afternoon, and in company with some American gentlemen we saw everything that was to be seen in Nagasaki. Had a jolly time. The sights would surprise any European who had never been fortunate enough to visit Japan.

Sept. 22d.—Informed everybody on shore and afloat, through the different consuls, that we intended to sail for China on Monday and offering to take their mail, etc., to Hong Kong. All men of war do this as an accommodation to the residents, as there is no regular mail communication out here between the different ports in the East.

Sept. 23d.—Several Japanese officials visited the ship to-day and inspected her internal arrangements and construction. They were the most intelligent and observing people I have seen. Two or three of them were in the United States with their embassy and are quite familiar and sociable.

Sept. 24th.—At daylight this morning the weather still looked very threatening and we concluded not to go to sea. But after breakfast it began to clear up, so we got under way and steamed out of the harbor for Hong Kong.

Sept. 27th.—Had a very pleasant run to the coast of China, which we sighted last night. But this morning it was blowing a gale and it lasted all day. As we were running before it we did not feel so much of its force, but at sunset we were obliged to close reef all square sail (wind and sea rapidly increasing) and at 9 P. M. we had to batten down the hatches to keep the water out of the hold. We were then in the worst part of the Formosa channel, about twenty-five miles from land. Very heavy seas coming inboard frequently.

Sept. 28th.—Blowing a gale of wind all night, very heavy sea and we took in large quantities of water. Shortly after daylight the gale moderated and by noon it was almost calm. This morning we found that we had overrun our reckoning about sixty miles, owing to the strong current and heavy "set of the sea." About sunset we passed through a fleet of about three hundred Chinese junks close together.

Sept. 29th.—At 10 A. M. we anchored in the harbor of Hong Kong.

Sept. 30th.—News has just been received of the loss of a mail steamer and great damage to others in that typhoon we were in

a week or more ago. It was very fortunate for us that we were safely anchored in a snug harbor before the height of the storm struck us.

Oct. 1st.—Busy all day preparing to escort a number of American merchant vessels well outside of Hong Kong to protect them from pirates. It is so bad now that it is really dangerous for any merchantman to leave. No longer than last Saturday, just after we arrived, a merchant vessel got under way and had scarcely got outside the harbor when she was boarded by pirates and all hands on board were most brutally murdered—and in sight of one of the best English colonies.

Oct. 2d.—One of the Hong Kong papers came out with a rather severe article to-day in relation to the part we are taking in the suppression of piracy on the coast—especially off this port.

Oct. 3d-4th.—Continued preparations for escorting the American merchantman *Parsee* out of the port.

Oct. 5th.—Went on shore to buy some curios, but got badly cheated by John Chinaman. Returned to the ship "a wiser man," etc., and with resolutions to buy no more.

Oct. 6th.—Our store ship *Supply* left the harbor for Yokohama, and the *Parsee* with her for San Francisco. As the route of the two vessels is the same for a long distance, we did not convoy the *Parsee* out. The pirates will be much disappointed, as they have been waiting for that ship a long time. She has a valuable cargo of opium.

Oct. 13th.—At 9 A. M. got under way and steamed out of the harbor. After a fine run we anchored in the harbor of Macao at 2 P. M., where we found thirty Portuguese and Spanish ships loading with coolies for the western continent.

Oct. 15th.—In the evening as many officers as could be spared attended the Governor's ball in the Dom Pedro Theatre. The steamer from Hong Kong was filled with passengers—all coming over here on account of the ball.

Oct. 16th.—We got to sea early this morning for a short cruise in search of pirates. At 3 P. M. we came to anchor under the island of Concok. Formerly this was a great resort for pirates, and we have stopped here in hopes of falling in with some of them to-night. We are in a snug little bay which reminds one of descriptions given in some novels of the haunts of pirates.

Oct. 17th.—After firing at some rocks with our great guns this

morning for target practice, we put to sea and cruised along the islands. Our orders are to keep moving.

Oct. 18th.—Cruising among the islands and at 4 P. M. anchored in Lymoon Pass. Went on shore in the evening on the beach and had a rifle shooting match with Captain Shufeldt. Fortunately I came out ahead, but we will go again until he beats me.

Oct. 19th.—Spent all day at Lymoon Pass, just outside of Hong Kong, waiting for some merchantman needing convoy or some pirate that needed our attention.

Oct. 20th.—At 11 A. M. got under way and anchored off Hong Kong in the afternoon.

Oct. 21st.—Blowing a heavy gale; several ships in the harbor dragging their anchors and making heavy weather of it. Small sampans have hard work to keep afloat and one capsized just astern of us.

Oct. 22d.—Blowing hard all night and to-day. One or two vessels came into port dismasted in a typhoon. Vessels in the harbor were at "odds and ends" this morning, having drifted and dragged all around last night.

Oct. 26th.—To-day a fleet of Chinese war junks came in and anchored, being dressed out with flags of all colors and descriptions flying from every available spot, besides having their guns all trimmed with fancy red ribbons. After anchoring they all saluted the English white ensign, and after some time had elapsed the English Commodore condescended to return the salute; not by saluting any Chinese flag, but by hoisting his own pennant and firing under it!

Oct. 27th.—Every day some vessel has come into port dismasted or otherwise injured by the violence of the gale. To-day a poor little Yankee schooner came in just barely floating, with nearly everything but her hull lost at sea—but with her colors flying. The weather for the past four weeks has been frightful, and the gales and typhoons outside have been unmerciful to all vessels that were so unfortunate as to be at sea.

Oct. 28th.—Two mail steamers came in to-day, but I was much disappointed in not receiving a letter from home. The saying that "No news is good news" is very good in theory, but when you get as far as this from home you anxiously look for the mail steamer and then, if you receive no letter, you are "out of sorts" and miserable for days and weeks to come.

Oct. 29th.—In the evening went on shore and attended an amateur theatrical performance in the garrison. It was original in all its details and we enjoyed it very much.

Nov. 3d.—At daylight this morning we got under way and stood out to sea. At 2 P. M. we anchored off the town of Pinghoi. We sent a boat ashore with an officer to communicate with the chief mandarin in regard to an act of piracy committed here a few days ago. At 5 P. M. the old mandarin came on board to see the Captain. We brought with us from Hong Kong two Chinamen who had been robbed here and we turned them over to the mandarin, who promised that justice would be done them—and I have no doubt that the old fellow will take their heads off for complaining to "foreign devils" instead of to him direct.

Nov. 4th.—At daylight got under way and steamed slowly along the coast. The Chinese "admiral" saluted us with three guns, which we returned with our 100-pounder rifles.

Nov. 5th.—Steaming all night along the coast, close inshore and keeping a bright lookout for rocks and shoals. At 10 A. M. entered a river and at noon anchored off the city of Swatow. This is another miserable place to remain at for any length of time.

Nov. 6th.—Went on shore this morning and exercised with pistol and rifles. In the evening visited the Chinese city across the river. Walked over it and found it to be the dirtiest place we have seen in the East.

Nov. 8th.—All the forenoon we exercised the boats in different evolutions about the harbor, ending up with a very spirited boat race with all the boats—thus breaking the monotony of our stay here.

Nov. 10th.—Last night the Chinese war fleet that we had met off Pinghoi came in and anchored 'mid firing of guns and fireworks, with other "chin-chinning the joss pigeon." At 10 A.M. we steamed out to sea, bound up the coast to look after some pirates that were reported as having a rendezvous in the vicinity.

Nov. 11th.—After breakfast we ran up the coast of the island of Namoa and anchored off a piratical town. Sent a boat ashore to the village, but discovered nothing suspicious. Our men attracted large crowds of natives wherever they went. We are expecting the old Chinese admiral with his war fleet up here from Swatow. Then we may, with his assistance, ferret out something worth looking after.

Nov. 12th.—At 9 A. M. got under way and steamed out to sea. At 3 P. M., finding that we were making very little headway against the monsoon, we ran in and anchored off the town of Tongseng, where we found an English gunboat at anchor—also out in search of piratical craft.

Nov. 13th.—I went on shore this morning with an armed boat crew to make an official call on the chief mandarin in regard to pirates in this section of the coast. After arriving at his residence and sending in Captain Shufeldt's Chinese card, he would not receive me—never having had the pleasure of meeting a foreigner before, face to face. I then sent in word that I was "peaceably inclined" and wished only to say a few words with him on business. He then sent out word that he had gone "in the country and would not return for four days." I sent word to him then that "that was all humbug" and that I desired to see him or his representative; and after waiting half an hour, sending messages back and forth, he finally wanted to know "how the foreigners met each other," or in other words, how they shook hands. After answering this silly question I was admitted to his presence, and on the strength of that last question, I walked up to him and presented my hand. Chinese-like, he gave me his left hand.

After concluding the interview I asked permission to go over such portions of the city as I desired and asked for a guide. He readily consented, and after sipping a cup of tea with him I left. I saw all I desired of the city in a very short time, it being very dirty. I was followed by a large number of men, women and children, but was not molested. In the "rounds" I visited a joss-house, and at the request of the priest gave a little coin to "joss" to keep the devil from visiting the innocent people after I had left him. As the old priest at once began a "chin-chin" to the "joss-devil," I suppose no evil happened to them after we "foreign devils" left.

Nov. 14th.—It was blowing so hard to-day that we did not put to sea, preferring to remain in our snug harbor until the wind and sea moderate. In the evening the English mail steamer *Mona* put into this bay for shelter. She is from Hong Kong, bound up the coast, but it was blowing so hard and there was such a heavy head sea on that she made little headway and put in here for relief.

Nov. 15th.—The *Mona* got under way and proceeded to sea, but

on getting outside she found the weather so bad that she returned to her anchorage.

Nov. 17th.—At 7 A. M., it having moderated, we got under way and steamed out of the harbor. As soon as we rounded the headland we met a very heavy chop sea and a strong monsoon, so that we were obliged to steam at full power in order to make any headway against it. The English gunboat got under way with us, but finding it too rough, she went about and returned to her anchorage. We arrived at Amoy about five o'clock, after a short but rough passage, and were glad to get our anchors down in a snug harbor.

Nov. 18th (Sunday).—At divine service to-day we had a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Van Dom, an American missionary. He gave us an excellent sermon, which we were all gratified to hear, it being the second opportunity we have had of hearing a sermon on board since leaving the United States. In the afternoon went with some American gentlemen for a walk back of the city, and there saw the grandest sights in nature I have ever seen.

Nov. 19th.—Went on shore in the morning with some officers for a general exploration of the city, as we generally do on arriving in a strange place. Found Amoy to be the dirtiest and filthiest place I think we have yet visited. It has a population of over three hundred thousand inhabitants, very closely stowed. The streets are exceedingly narrow, the widest not over ten feet wide, consequently the buildings seem to be almost one mass thrown together.

Nov. 20th.—This morning five of our mess went on shore for "a day of it." We each got a Chinese pony, and with a guide started out to see Amoy and its suburbs. We rode over thirty miles out, and had a jolly time of it among ourselves and with the Chinamen we met. Being in citizen's dress we could do as we pleased almost, and as a consequence made "John look." Being unfortunate enough to be perched upon an Amoy "racer" (but a blind one) I got thrown once or twice—much to the amusement of the rest of the party. My heaviest fall was when I rode my blind "racer" up a flight of steep steps.

Nov. 25th (Sunday).—To-day the Rev. Mr. Talmadge preached to us one of the best sermons I have ever heard. He is a missionary, but very wealthy.

Nov. 28th.—At 8 A. M. began to get under way and after an hour of hard work succeeded in getting up one of our anchors, but on

coming awash we found that we had hove up one of the *Cormorant's* anchors (an English war ship which had put into the same harbor) with our own. With a great deal of trouble we succeeded in clearing them and then put out to sea. Blowing a northeast gale, with a very heavy and irregular sea. To-night cold and very dark with increasing gale, but the ship behaving beautifully under the circumstances.

Nov. 29th.—At 3 P. M. anchored in Hong Kong harbor.

Dec. 1st.—Last night the American merchant ship *Powhatan* was attacked by pirates while at anchor in this harbor. The pirates were drîven off only after some of them were killed. This is another piece of high-handed robbery directly in the face of the English authorities. Why all these pirates are not hung I can't imagine, for they are becoming bolder and worse every day.

(*Philip's Journal Continued in Chapter XXIX*)

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN COMMAND AT A PICNIC

Marcus H. Rogers

WHILE the report of the almost sudden death of Rear-Admiral John W. Philip in New York was heard with profound sorrow all over the country, there was a deeper sense of sadness felt by a group of personal friends in Berkshire, who became intimately acquainted with him some years ago through the pleasant associations and experiences of camp life, enjoyed by about twenty-five young people of Great Barrington, during two weeks of happy memory spent on the shore of Lake Garfield, in the near-by town of Monterey.

Captain Philip, as he was then, came to Great Barrington in July, 1877, to visit his cousin, Mrs. J. F. Sanford, and it was upon her suggestion that the camping party was organized, and she became its chaperone, with Mrs. Rogers as the only other married lady in the group. Five ordinary tents were provided, together with a large show-tent, supported by two center poles, which became the dining room and drawing room for the entire party.

Naturally of a retiring disposition, modest and unassuming, Captain Philip had remained a quiet member of the party, when something happened which brought him to the front, and demonstrated his future record of being found ready for any and every emergency. Early

one morning the rumble of distant thunder gave warning of an approaching storm. Who has not seen it—to admire, or to take measure of himself—the sudden and mighty upheaval of cloudy masses, like the coils of gigantic serpents rolling and writhing in deadly embrace, while the sable banners of the Storm King overspread the sky as he marshals his mysterious forces for the grand assault?

The black clouds were rapidly advancing, when the first whirl of the coming tempest blew the large tent completely down! Here was a serious predicament, with the sharp flashes of lightning and the nearing thunder peals foretelling the coming deluge. The sudden catastrophe had for the moment unnerved everybody in the camp except one man—and that man was Captain Philip. Instantly recognizing the necessity of leadership and action, he assumed command, and gave his orders to this one and that, imparting something of his own calmness and confidence to those around him, and he seemed, as the incident is recorded in my memory, as he might have been on a warship going into battle—so completely was his personality lost in the commander and the duty before him.

And it did seem like a contest with the elements, to re-erect the large tent in such a gale. But so quickly was the work accomplished under his directions, that it was put up in proper shape just in time to protect the campers, for the last new guy rope had hardly been secured, when the storm seemed to break directly over us, with a tremendous downfall of rain. But before the deep sense of relief and thankfulness which everybody felt could find expression, Captain Philip, in the gentle kindness of his heart, apologized for having taken it upon himself to give directions! A verdict of for-

giveness was promptly rendered, and he had won the warm admiration of everybody present.

And his companions came to know and appreciate the rare worth of the man, the gentleness and nobility of his nature, as the world knows and honors him to-day. He was a most jovial companion, and heartily enjoyed the almost constant flow of fun and frolic, for there were some wits and wags in the party, and some to manage entertainments, adding much to the life and enjoyment of the camp. Captain Philip was himself a most delightful talker, but the members found it was not easy to get him to talk much of his personal experiences.

So they used to play little games upon him, by having some young lady who might attract his attention manage to get him started upon some subject connected with his command of the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world, and then the others would quietly join the group, one by one, and he would almost unconsciously hold them all charmed for an hour with accounts of his experiences in China or Japan. And then it was rare fun to observe the look of confused surprise when he came to a stop, and realized the large additions to the size of his audience!

The camp was named "Camp Con-Tent," and several marriage engagements were credited to the opportunities for companionship it afforded. One young lady, brim full of fun, pretended ownership of the several hammocks which were swung in a grove close by. She warranted them to hold two, and "rented" them by the hour, and made a great deal of fun in notifying her patrons when "time's up!" One of the fish stories published in "The Courier" at the time, was to the effect that one gentleman who had started out at daylight one morning with the avowed purpose of providing a supply of fish for break-

fast, came back rather late, triumphantly bringing "a pickerel that lacked only a foot and a half of being twenty inches long!"

Captain Philip was accompanied from Catskill by a niece and nephew. Jamie was then a bright and typical boy, out for all the fun he could get, and though there were many demands made upon him, he pretended to avoid as much labor as possible, and he wouldn't hurry.

One day when returning from an expedition in the boats on the lake, there were many things to be carried up to the camp, such as baskets, cushions, chairs and wraps, and one camper volunteered to bring one thing and another to bring something else, until ample provision had been made, Captain Philip taking a full share, when he quietly remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that "Jamie will bring up the rear!"

There were many visitors to the camp, for it was a famous affair at the time, cards of invitation were printed, and dozens of the most prominent people from Great Barrington were often entertained in a single day. Two large photographs were taken, one showing the entire camp with the lake and the landscape, and the other a group of the participants in front of the largest tent.

These pictures have always been most highly prized, but they will now be more than ever valued, since Admiral Philip, after a life of such honor and great achievement, coupled with a nobility of character which has made his name forever glorious in the annals of his country, has been called to his final rest and reward.

CHAPTER XXIX

BUSY ON WAR-LIKE ERRANDS

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

DEC. 4th.—Hong Kong—The flagship *Hartford* came in from Japan yesterday and to-day our surgeon, Dr. Page, was transferred to her and Dr. Penrose of the flagship sent to us in his place. Several of the *Hartford's* officers came on board and spent the evening with me. Had a jolly time of it, they all being old schoolmates at Annapolis.

Dec. 6th.—At 2 P. M. the Admiral came on board to take a look at the *Wachusett*, semi-officially. He called all the officers up in the cabin to see if we had the new "Welles' regulation cap," as per orders of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. He did not admire the cap, but seemed well pleased with the ship.

Dec. 7th.—This morning we ran up the Canton River and anchored off Whampoa, where we are to go into dock to replace our copper and for calking. We were immediately surrounded by hundreds of sampans eager to get the ship's washing and to attend to the ship during our stay.

Dec. 8th.—The ship surrounded all day by sampans innumerable, their occupants eager to get on board to sell their trade and others watching an opportunity to steal something—even to the copper off the ship's bottom. Whampoa is the most noted place along the coast for this class of thieves, and we have to be very vigilant, day and night, to keep them away from the ship's sides.

Dec. 10th.—Went into dry dock. At 5 P. M. the funeral services over the remains of one of our men took place on shore, the man having been drowned in the river last night. The Rev. Mr. Gray, of Canton, kindly offered his services. He is one of the best missionaries we have met in the East.

Dec. 11th.—News came to-day of the entire destruction of Yokohama by fire, leaving only one or two houses standing.

Dec. 15th.—Came out of dry dock to-day, having given the ship a thorough overhauling, inside as well as outside, while in the dock.

Dec. 16th (Sunday).—In the evening went on shore and attended divine service in a private house, the Rev. Mr. Gray officiating. He comes down from Canton every Sunday evening to preach to the few Europeans living here, at great trouble and exposure on the river from the Chinese.

Dec. 20th.—At 8 A. M. took one of the cutters and went with several of the officers up to Canton to attend the "races." These races at Canton are strictly private; no one but gentlemen ride, or own, ponies. At the request of the committee I allowed our boat's crew to act as a guard around the race course. The sailors behaved unusually well, and rendered good service in preserving order. We left Canton about 8 P. M., and after a tedious pull of nearly six hours, got back to the ship about two o'clock in the morning, quite tired out. At this, like other gatherings I have attended in the East, *the handsomest lady present was an American.*

Dec. 22d.—Received orders from the Admiral to report for duty at Hong Kong immediately. As the *Ashuelot* has been seventeen days out from Manila, and as there is some anxiety about her safety, I think we will be ordered to search for her between this and Manila.

Dec. 23d.—Got under way in charge of a pilot. We had some trouble in getting clear of the shipping. We ran over a dock buoy and a sampan and then went on finely until 3.30 A. M., when the pilot ran us high and dry aground about fifteen miles below Whampoa. Worked hard all night to get afloat, but without success. About noon the Yankee tug *Little Orphan* came to our assistance, and at 2.30 P. M. we finally got the ship off the bank.

Dec. 24th.—Ran into Hong Kong and anchored near the flagship. This being Christmas eve we tried to spend it agreeably, and with some of the *Hartford's* officers managed to have a pleasant time.

Dec. 25th.—This, of course, was a holiday, not only on shore but afloat. We were busy all day in making and receiving calls. Although the day should have been kept quietly, yet I fear some of the sailors experienced rather a "jolly time" of it.

Dec. 26th.—We had a court-martial to-day for the trial of two of our men who deserted in Shanghai last July. We have lost sixty men or more since leaving Boston.

Dec. 27th.—In the evening went on shore and attended the Masonic banquet and the installation of the W. M. for the ensuing year. I met His Excellency, the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Richard MacDonald, K. C. B., at the lodge—but *there we were equal.*

Dec. 29th.—Went to sea to-day, bound for the north. As we are obliged to "butt against" a strong northeast monsoon I sent down all the yards and housed the topmasts, so as to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible. Steaming close in to the coast to-night so as to get smooth water.

Dec. 31st.—Steaming along the coast yesterday and to-day. We are now in the Formosa channel. It is so hazy that you could not see land at four miles, and not having been able to get an observation it makes it rather uncomfortable navigating to-night.

Jan. 1st, 1867.—It began blowing strong this morning, with a rapidly increasing wind and sea and with every appearance of bad weather. We "butted head to it" until 3 P. M., when we ran behind an island and anchored. To-night it is blowing a gale, and had we not anchored we would have had a very rough night of it. As it is we are comfortable.

Jan. 3d.—Heavy gale all day yesterday. To-day it moderated and we resumed our course northward, but made little headway against the monsoon.

Jan. 5th.—Arrived in the Yangtse this evening after a slow run up the coast.

Jan. 6th.—No sooner had we anchored off the American consulate at Shanghai this morning than all our old American friends came on board to welcome us. This place is thoroughly American, and seems more like home than any other place on this station.

Jan. 8th.—Busy taking in coal and provisions yesterday and to-day. This evening visited the Ancient Landmark (Masonic) Lodge and witnssed the initiation of two of our officers.

Jan. 11th.—Put to sea this morning, steaming northward. Every appearance of a snowstorm this afternoon.

Jan. 13th (Sunday).—Passed through the Yellow Sea yesterday and entered the Gulf of Pechili to-day. As we could not reach Chefoo to-night, and as there was every indication of bad weather, we anchored in the bay of Wei-hai-wei. We were very fortunate in making this anchorage, for it is very stormy out in the gulf to-night.

Jan. 14th.—Although it was very stormy this morning, we again got under way and anchored under Chefo Bluff this afternoon. Very cold all day, the thermometer standing at 20 degrees.

Jan. 16th.—Very cold and snowing hard, both yesterday and to-day. Captain Shufeldt paid an official visit to the Chinese authorities to-day. We had to keep up a high pressure of steam on the boilers in order to keep warm on board.

Jan. 20th.—So cold the last three days that it was almost impossible to keep warm on board.

Jan. 21st.—This morning we received on board two pilots for the coast of Corea and the Rev. Mr. Corbett to act as an interpreter on our visit to Corea. Got under way and steamed for the entrance of the harbor, but finding it blowing very hard outside, with a very heavy dust storm, we came to anchor again under Chefoo Bluff to await more favorable weather. And it was very fortunate for us that we did so, for just before we anchored some part of the machinery broke, which would have disabled our motive power in a wild storm.

Jan. 23d.—We left Chefoo early yesterday morning, crossed the Gulf of Pechili and at daylight this morning sighted the coast of Corea. We steamed in for the land with guns all cast loose, ready for instant action, for the Coreans are well known for their hostility toward all foreigners. Passed the islands known as the "Sir James Hall's Group" and entered an unknown bay. As we had no charts or idea whatever about this bay we had to advance very cautiously, there being from four to twenty fathoms at different casts of the lead, and the tide rises and falls about eight fathoms, or forty-eight feet. Finally we were obliged to anchor and send a boat out to find a safe anchorage, and having found one for the night we came-to behind an island in the mouth of the Hong Kin.

We came over here to communicate with the Corean authorities in regard to the murder of the *General Sherman's* crew. While waiting an answer from the shore we intend to survey the bay—which is not on the present charts—and will call it for the future "Wachusett Bay." Some Coreans came on board after we had anchored—all curiosity, this being the first steamer or ship they had ever seen. In fact, they had never before seen white people. If it was not so cold we might have had a very pleasant time.

Jan. 24th.—After breakfast an officer was sent with Mr. Corbett to find some one who would carry a dispatch to the mandarin of the district. After a great deal of trouble they succeeded in hiring

a man to make the trip inland. The trouble is that they are afraid of losing their heads if they are known to have held communication with the "Western people."

Captain Shufeldt, the navigator and I went out in different cutters, sounding around the bay and up the river. I ascended the river about six miles and found plenty of water as far as I went. Returned to the ship at four o'clock and got the *Wachusett* under way and stood up the river. At dark, came to anchor in a fine bay which the Captain says shall be called "Philip's Bay" on the chart hereafter. [There is no "Philip's Bay" on the United States naval charts to-day, but there is a "Philip's Islet" to the left of the entrance to Chemulpho harbor—E. S. M.] We are now abreast a fine little Corean town built of straw.

Jan. 25th.—Out all day in a boat sounding up the bay and river. Went about eight miles east of the ship and found plenty of water to go that far up. All the people flocked to the shores to see us, but would run as soon as we approached near them.

Jan. 27th.—Boats away from the ship all day, busy sounding and surveying the bay. Ascended the river about eighteen miles, until blocked with ice.

Jan. 27th (Sunday).—The Rev. Mr. Corbett preached an excellent sermon.

Jan. 28th.—Cold and dreary all day, yet we spent nine hours in boats sounding and surveying. While close into shore a crowd of Coreans (I counted ninety-one) came down to us and being very curious they wished to examine everything about—particularly our garments.

Jan. 29th.—At 10 A. M. a Corean mandarin came on board to "find out our business in Corean waters." He pretended to be a private citizen. On being questioned rather sharply in regard to the *General Sherman* affair he wound himself up in lies and unintentionally revealed his true character. Finding it impossible to get a message to the king or to find out anything definitely from the natives about here, Captain Shufeldt sent the mandarin on shore and assured him that a number of large ships would return in the spring to secure entire satisfaction from the Corean government and would force them to yield. After sending the Corean on shore, we got under way and steamed out to sea bound for the south.

Feb. 1st.—After riding out a heavy snow storm under the lee of an island on the coast of Corea yesterday and the day before,

we went ahead at full speed at daylight this morning and at 4 P. M. anchored in Port Hamilton, an island on the southern coast of Corea. We are here to examine this island and its harbor, with a view to forming a naval depot for the United States. Shortly after anchoring, we were visited by some Corean officials, who "welcomed us from our distant western homes to their shores, etc.," and "hoped that our mission was a friendly one," etc.

Feb. 2d.—To-day we were overrun with Coreans of all classes, very eager to see everything on board and to obtain presents from the officers. But they would give nothing in return for jack-knives, tobacco, money or anything. They wore very peculiar hair hats, which we tried to buy or trade for. But they would not dispose of anything, for fear (as they said) that their king would chop their heads off for communicating with us. Several of our officers visited the shore, but saw nothing of interest. They were worried almost to death by crowds collecting around them, wishing to examine everything about their clothing and persons—wishing the officers to give them things as curios.

Feb. 3d.—Left Port Hamilton early this morning, bound for Shanghai.

Feb. 5th.—Came to anchor this morning off the United States consulate at Shanghai. We were soon visited by a large number of Americans from the different houses to welcome us back. Received a large mail with news, etc.

Feb. 6th.—Everything was closed on shore to-day, as it is the Chinese New Year. They, of course, are having a jolly time with their fireworks, etc.

Feb. 7th.—Went on shore in the morning, and after securing a "fancy turnout," we drove all day about the city and the adjoining country.

Feb. 8th.—Mr. Seward, our late consul-general, came on board to bid us farewell before he left for the United States.

Feb. 14th.—In the evening gave a large dinner party to some of our friends in Shanghai. The same last night.

Feb. 17th (Sunday).—In the morning I attended divine service in the English chapel and in the evening at the American church Heard an excellent sermon preached by a Mr. Nelson of Virginia a late Confederate.

Feb. 21st.—Went on shore and took out of jail one of our runaways of last July. Confined him on board to await trial. Sent word to all the different foreign naval authorities that to-morrow

was Washington's Birthday, and requested them to "dress ship" with us at sunrise.

Feb. 22d.—At sunrise all the men of war dressed ship with us. The Prussian was very anxious to fire a salute at noon, but Captain Shufeldt would not consent, because we are not allowed to fire salutes. In the evening some of us went down on board the Yankee bark *Nellie Abbott* and had a very pleasant evening.

Feb. 23d.—A great many people visited the ship to-day, as we are on the eve of sailing. We flatter ourselves with the idea of having a great many friends here.

Feb. 25th.—At 3.30 P. M. we steamed down the river in charge of a pilot. Arrived at Woosung about sunset to await daylight before proceeding up the Yangtse.

Feb. 27th.—We made one hundred miles up the river yesterday, and resumed our course early this morning. At 2 P. M. we reached our old anchorage, where Captain Townsend died last summer. Now it is much pleasanter, yet we have many unpleasant remembrances of the place and wish to leave it as soon as possible.

Mar. 1st.—Got under way at daylight and proceeded up the river. Passed the grand canal and in the afternoon passed the city of Nankin. Came to anchor at 8 P. M. to await daylight.

Mar. 4th.—For the last three days we have been steaming up the river amid magnificent scenery. At 9 A. M. anchored off the city of Kin Kiang. In the afternoon several of us went on shore and walked all over the city. Saw nothing of interest.

Mar. 5th.—In steaming up the river to-day we enjoyed the finest scenery on the stream. It was really beautiful, and after seeing the barren coast of China for the past year we could appreciate the views.

Mar. 6th.—Got under way at daylight and at 3 P. M. reached the city of Hankow, the end of our journey, so we are at last six hundred and eighteen miles in the interior of China. We are the second but largest American man-of-war that has ever visited this place.

Mar. 8th.—To-day Captain Shufeldt made an official call with our consul on the chief mandarin of Hankow, in order to impress upon his mind the importance of the United States. The old fellow has always had the idea that the United States was a small place, not far, but subject to China, and would not recognize any consular agent from us—hence one reason for our visit to this place. The mandarin comes on board to-morrow in order to

satisfy himself in regard to our demands and rights to have a representative.

Mar. 9th.—At 2 P. M. the great mandarin came on board. Received him with the usual ceremonies and showed him nearly everything on board. The old fellow left apparently very much pleased with his visit.

Mar. 11th.—Several of the officers went on shore to witness the athletic sports. I allowed several sailors to go on shore on liberty, and of course they were on the grounds, and entering into the races, managed to carry off three prizes for the *Wachusett* against the English and French tars.

Mar. 12th.—Early this morning our American friends formed a party and we all visited a camp of Chinese soldiers. Unfortunately we were too late to see their drills, but we inspected their camp thoroughly. Being in uniform we were kindly received by the old general and his officers, who wished us to remain and accept of his hospitality; but, having tried Chinese chow-chow before, we declined. Their camps were in good order for Chinese and laid out quite regularly. The only remarkable thing to us was the great number of flags and banners. There seemed to be a flag for each man, stuck up everywhere.

Mar. 14th.—Left Hankow early this morning and steamed down the river. After proceeding about one hundred miles, every village we came to was on fire. At one time we counted seventeen within a circle of six miles. They had been set on fire by the rebels on the north bank of the river. The south bank was covered with refugees. We anchored at dark abreast of a burning village.

Mar. 15th.—Came to anchor off the city of Kin Kiang about 7 P. M. Great excitement on shore because the rebels are so near. Everybody in a state of alarm. If there is any danger to Europeans we will not leave the river for the present, but will remain to look out for American interests.

Mar. 18th.—Much excitement the last two days. The chief mandarin called on Captain Shufeldt to-day to express his gratification that the *Wachusett* remained near the city. Refugees arriving here continually from the opposite bank of the river. Every night we see one or more villages burning.

Mar. 20th.—Refugees flocking in by thousands. To-day it was reported that the rebels were crossing the river above here to

attack this place, but the report is not correct, although the rascals are in great force just across the river.

Mar. 23d.—As the rebels have retired, we got under way this morning and resumed our course down the river, after having received profuse thanks from the chief mandarin of Kin Kiang for remaining by the city until the rebels departed. On the way down the river there were no signs of the rebels, but at each city and town we passed the people seemed to be preparing for an attack, and all the walls were covered, so far as we could see, with small flags of all sorts and descriptions, intended to frighten off the enemy.

Mar. 25th.—Arrived at Nankin last evening. As this is not an open city we secured permission from the authorities to go ashore and see the place, which we will do to-morrow.

Mar. 26th.—A party of ten of the officers, including our captain, went on shore this morning. Horses were furnished by an English surgeon in charge of the Chinese arsenals. We first saw the ruins of the celebrated porcelain tower, and then rode out to the tombs of the Ming dynasty. We rode nearly thirty miles. In its day Nankin must have been one of the largest cities in the world, for we were at least five hours in riding at a good trot across one portion of it on a street road.

Mar. 27th.—We left Nankin at daylight this morning and steamed down the river to Chin Kiang, forty-five miles distant.

Mar. 29th.—We left Chin Kiang at noon and started down the river, having as passengers the American consul (Capt. Charles J. Sands, U. S. A.) and his sister (now Mrs. Edward L. Marsh, of Des Moines, Iowa) on board as passengers for Shanghai—consequently this has been a very pleasant trip so far. The only objection to it on our part is that it will terminate to-morrow evening and then we must resume the old routine again. Getting under way so soon we disappointed some of our friends who came up from Shanghai in a steamer to return with us. We passed them on the way.

Mar. 30th.—At 2 P. M. we anchored at our old berth off the United States consulate at Shanghai. We had scarcely anchored before nearly all our friends came on board to "chin-chin" with us.

April 2d.—In the evening I attended a meeting of the Ancient Landmark (Masonic) Lodge and witnessed the raising of two of our officers.

A Close Shave.
(By Courtesy of the Century Company.)

CHAPTER XXX

A LONG DEFERRED HOMEWARD VOYAGE

PHILIP'S JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

APRIL 3d, 1867.—Shanghai—At 10 A. M. steamed down the river bound for Foo-Chow.

April 6th.—At 5 P. M. anchored at the Pagoda Anchorage in the Minn River, twelve miles below Foo-Chow.

April 7th.—Spent most of the day aboard the *Ashuelot*, with schoolmates whom I had not seen since leaving the academy.

April 10th.—This morning the *Ashuelot* received orders to go to sea immediately. Of course the greater portion of the day had to be spent with her officers, as we may not see them again for a long time. She is ordered to Formosa, to look after an American ship supposed to be lost and all hands murdered.

April 14th.—Got under way at daylight and steamed up the coast.

April 16th.—At noon anchored off the city of Chin Hae. Sent an officer by steamer to Shanghai to get our mail and dispatches from the Admiral and thus ascertain his whereabouts.

April 18th.—Learned that our Admiral had gone to Japan and had ordered us to remain on this part of the station. This is fortunate for us, as we have broken our shaft. At noon got under way and anchored off the city of Ningpo. Now we have visited every port on the coast of China and are ready to go home.

April 22d.—In the afternoon five missionaries and their families visited the ship. Had a pleasant time, and on their leaving some of the officers accompanied them home to spend the evening with them. The missionaries here and at Foo-Chow are the nicest families we have visited in the East. They seem more "home-like." [The writer will, perhaps, be excused for noting that among the missionary families in Foo-Chow at the time of Philip's visit was that of the Rev. Robert Samuel Maclay. The writer, the youngest of a family of eight children, was then only four years old, and in

his "interview" with the future great admiral made no mention whatever of preparing the "Life and Adventures of 'Jack' Philip." —E. S. M.]

April 23d.—Left Ningpo at noon bound for Shanghai, where we will have our machinery (which is in bad condition and only partially repaired) permanently fixed.

April 24th.—At 8 A. M. anchored off the consulate at Shanghai. The mail from home arrived to-day, but no letters for me—consequently disappointed.

April 25th.—The *Supply* arrived to-day, bringing me my commission as a lieutenant-commander in the navy.

April 27th.—In the afternoon hired a splendid "turn out" and took some officers and friends out to the race course to witness the athletic sports. Then drove outside the city limits for some distance.

May 6th.—To-day I bought a cabinet for a high price and got badly cheated by a Chinaman.

May 10th.—Attended the races in the afternoon. The "Red, White and Blue" carried the field, and consequently brought in the honors and fame for the Yankees.

May 17th.—In the evening I sent sixty men on shore to join in the parade of the "fire department." It being an American institution our men joined with a will on their different engines.

May 19th (Sunday).—Last night one of the large river steamers ran into us, but did more damage to herself than to us.

May 22d.—I landed about seventy sailors in front of the consulate and exercised them in different infantry evolutions. Of course we attracted crowds of "lookers-on," but the drill was such that we were proud to have any one see.

May 25th.—The mail from Europe and the United States arrived this afternoon, but unfortunately I did not receive anything from home. I have not received any for four mails, and am much disappointed and am now afraid almost to receive one.

May 30th.—Yesterday and to-day I landed ninety men for infantry drills, which went off to the satisfaction of "all hands." This afternoon two American ladies visited the ship—thus giving us a treat.

May 31st.—An English ship ran into us to-day and carried away our head booms. I immediately went aboard him and gave

him to understand that he could not sail until all damages were paid for.

June 1st.—Had a spirited race to-day between our gig and a boat belonging to the Spanish consul. Our boat won.

June 9th.—This has been one of the pleasantest days I have spent on shipboard. After the Sunday inspection we had divine service on the quarter deck, the Rev. Mr. Yates officiating, and besides our own people there were ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen from shore who attended the service. In the evening I attended service in the American church.

June 15th.—To-day is one of the pleasantest I have spent on this station, for I spent it with the family of a missionary. It was so home-like.

June 19th.—To-day the *Hartford* and *Wyoming* returned from their mission to Formosa to see about the murder of some Americans by the natives. After landing some two hundred men and suffering greatly from sunstroke, they were obliged to retreat. We learned to-day of the death of Lieutenant-Commander Mackenzie.

June 29th.—In the evening I attended the meeting of the Ancient Landmark (Masonic) Lodge and witnessed the raising of one of our officers. There were present nineteen officers from the American squadron.

July 4th.—At sunrise we dressed ship in honor of the day, all the vessels in the port joining with us. Though it rained hard all day the Yankees were "alive," afloat and ashore, making and returning calls—guns and firecrackers going off at intervals, much to the annoyance of the English residents, but to the glorification of the Yankees. In the evening dinner parties took place throughout the American community in Shanghai. Although we are on the opposite side of the world from the United States, I think the day was observed with as much glorification as if we had been at home.

July 9th.—At 5 P. M. a very spirited boat race came off between the Admiral's barge and one of our cutters. The former challenged our boat and we won, beating the *Hartford's* pet race-boat badly.

July 29th.—Left Shanghai to-day for a cruise among the Chusan Islands. This is a welcome break in the monotony of our long stay at Shanghai.

Aug. 3d.—Yesterday we ran into Ningpo, and to-day our Consul-General at Shanghai and his wife came on board for a short cruise

among the islands. Steamed out to sea, touching at various islands and ports.

Aug. 5th.—While on shore to-day at Ting Hae, we chartered two junks to take us down to the island of Poo-too, a sacred island, on a sort of a picnic. I am detailed by Captain Shufeldt to take official charge of the party, and to act against pirates who frequent this island as a headquarters.

Aug. 6th.—At four o'clock this morning we left the ship in two junks. Unfortunately we had a head wind and did not arrive at our destination until noon. We went on shore to explore the island and its temples. Although Poo-too is inhabited only by priests, and is a rendezvous for pirates, I think it the prettiest island, with the finest scenery we have yet seen in China. We walked about a mile and a half inland, through fine groves and into a splendid valley where the temples are located. They are very old, but in an excellent state of preservation. They contained about sixty images or josses. One was the largest I have ever seen. It stood about forty-five feet high and was eleven feet across the shoulders. It was the "god of plenty." We saw a great many objects of interest and wonder and could have stayed here a week, but one of our officers had a sun-stroke and we had to return to the ship—without having seen any suspicious characters by the way.

Aug. 8th.—The usual routine of keeping the ship clean, but no regular work of any kind, as we are out for the health of the ship's company. We enjoy the fresh sea breezes, and I allow the men to go sailing or on short picnics on some of the islands.

Aug. 9th,—In spite of the fine sea air, our sick list is increasing. We had remained too long in Shanghai and are now reaping the results.

Aug. 11th.—Only two new cases of sickness yesterday. This morning I left the ship in a junk for Poo-too, with one of our guests and some of the officers. We spent two days there and had a delightful time. We returned to the ship on the 14th.

Aug. 15th.—We got under way this morning and ran down to Poo-too and anchored, so as to be nearer to the sea. We are in hopes that the health of the crew will rapidly improve. To-night a great many of the officers and men strolled over the island for health and exercise.

Aug. 18th.—The last two days were spent in wandering about the island, health of the crew greatly improving. To-night I

received a package delivered by the Wells, Fargo Express—so much for Yankee enterprise in this distant part of the world.

Aug. 19th.—The English gunboat *Starling* came in from Ningpo. She reports that it is almost insufferable there and at Shanghai, the thermometer ranging as high as 105, while the highest it has been here was 85.

Aug. 22d.—Returned to our old berth at Shanghai to-day. We learned that we will leave for the United States as soon as we can possibly get ready.

Aug. 25th (Sunday).—As this is our last day in Shanghai all our friends came on board to bid us good-by.

Aug. 26th.—Got under way and steamed down the river, thus bidding adieu to Shanghai. We leave this place with regrets, having made the acquaintance of many people who have turned out to be "friends."

Sept. 2d.—Anchored this morning in Hong Kong harbor near the flagship *Hartford.* We heard that the *Wachusett* will leave for home in a week, but unfortunately for me, I was detached from the *Wachusett* and ordered as executive officer to the *Hartford.*

Sept. 3d.—Reported for duty on board the flagship. Busy all day in packing up my things for a move to-morrow.

Sept. 4th.—After breakfast I took all my things and said farewell to the old *Wachusett* and went aboard the *Hartford.* Busy all day in unpacking and getting settled down. [His detachment from the *Wachusett,* on the eve of her sailing for home, was a bitter disappointment to Philip. No one who has not spent several years in foreign parts, can appreciate the keenness of delight with which officers and men look forward to the day of their sailing for "home." Philip was on his first prolonged absence from the United States. And yet, even in the secrecy of his diary, he has no word or suggestion of reproach for the order which veritably snatched the priceless joys of a "homeward bound cruise" from his lips and doomed him to a longer stay on this sickly and now doubly distasteful station. A finer example of submission to duty cannot be imagined.—E. S. M.]

Sept. 5th.—Busy all day in inspecting the ship and in getting acquainted with everything about her. I find it much different being executive officer of a flagship. The old *Wachusett* hoisted her homeward bound pennant (two hundred and fifty feet long) to-day.

Sept. 7th.—I am beginning to get reconciled to my new home.

Sept. 8th.—In the afternoon we made preparations for a typhoon and during the night we had a terrific one. I was up all night looking out for our ship, while other vessels were drifting around the harbor in all directions. About midnight a Spanish ship dragged down on us and in a few minutes *she capsized, sinking beneath this ship!* Sent a boat and succeeded in rescuing, with great difficulty, all hands excepting the captain's little son, who was lost. *It was a frightful night!*

Sept. 9th.—At daylight this morning the typhoon had subsided somewhat, but it had left terrible traces of its work among the shipping and on shore. Several ships disappeared last night, others were driven on shore, while a very large number were dismasted. Busy all day trying to get clear of the Spanish wreck, directly under us.

Sept. 18th.—At 3 P. M. the old *Wachusett* got under way and steamed out of the harbor bound for New York. As she passed I ordered the rigging to be manned and gave her three hearty good cheers and wished her good luck. All the men-of-war in port cheered her as she steamed past.

Oct. 1st.—To-day we had a terrific typhoon, doing an immense amount of damage. Ships were dragging their anchors and fouling each other in all directions. *We dragged with three anchors and one hundred and fifty fathoms of chain!* Fortunately, no damage happened to us.

Oct. 2d.—This morning the gale had abated, but very sad sights were seen around the harbor. Several ships were foul of each other; others were almost wrecked. Assisted two American ships that had dragged ashore.

Oct. 5th.—The *Great Republic* arrived to-day on her pioneer voyage from San Francisco. She brought a large mail, but no letters for me. I suppose they all think that I am now on my way home, so will not write any more.

Oct. 10th.—Got under way and steamed out to sea this morning, having on board guests of the Admiral, Mrs. Hunter and her two daughters.

Oct. 13th (Sunday).—A very rare thing occurred to-day, namely: that of having ladies to attend service at sea aboard a man-of-war. As we have strong head winds we are making slow progress in our course to Nagasaki.

Oct. 15th.—At noon to-day the mess gave a "swell tiffin" to the ladies, having the Admiral and Captain present.

Oct. 19th.—Anchored in the harbor of Nagasaki to-day.

Nov. 22d.—We have had a long and tedious stay at Nagasaki. To-day Mr. Peterson, the Admiral's secretary, died after a long illness, from disease contracted in the hot climate of Shanghai.

Dec. 7th.—Still in Nagasaki. In the afternoon the *Iroquois* came in. She is the relief of the *Wachusett*. Spent the evening with an old classmate whom I had not seen since leaving the Academy.

Dec. 11th.—After breakfast a party of officers from this ship and the *Iroquois* went off on a picnic on horseback. Rode about ten miles back of the city.

Dec. 17th.—At daylight got under way and steamed out of Nagasaki with the *Iroquois* and *Aroostook*, bound for Hiogo.

Dec. 19th.—We arrived at Shimonoseki last night and stopped for coal. All of the officers visited the shore. As very few officers have ever visited this place, we were objects of curiosity. The town is small, but compares with other Japanese towns favorably.

Dec. 20th.—We left Shimonoseki night before last and arrived at Hiogo yesterday afternoon. We found five English warships, besides several merchantmen, waiting for the port to be opened, which will be on the 1st. The Japanese have several war steamers here to watch, I suppose, the foreigners.

Dec. 22d (Sunday).—Went on shore this afternoon to see the sights of Hiogo. Although the port is not yet open to foreigners, the natives treat us very kindly. To-day seems to be some grand holiday, for everybody almost was dressed out in gay colors, dancing and shouting through the streets, while processions would march down, pass us under some banner and all the stores were closed.

Dec. 23d.—This afternoon the *Shenandoah* arrived with the American minister and his suite.

Dec. 24th.—To-day Assistant Surgeon C. H. Page died, after a short illness. We have lost seven of our original mess.

Dec. 26th.—Unusual amount of official visits between the American and English fleets, and of course much gunpowder burned. The "head officials" are making arrangements for the formal opening of the port. All sorts of rumors afloat in regard to trouble, fights, etc., but I guess it will all blow over before the 1st of January.

Dec. 27th.—The Japs are collecting a large force at Osaka to oppose us next week.

Dec. 30th.—Making invisible preparations for opening the port. Several rumors afloat in regard to war, but I do not think that the Japanese will interfere with us.

Jan. 1st, 1868.—As this was the day for the grand functions, we dressed ship with the Japanese flag at the main and at noon every war vessel in the harbor fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Seventeen vessels joined in the saluting, and for a little while the harbor rang with the report of great guns. In the afternoon there was more saluting, to the governor of Hiogo, the French minister, and the American and Dutch consuls, who all visited this ship. On the whole it has been a lively day, and I suppose the port is now opened in due form. At noon all the different consuls hoisted their flags, and a large number of Europeans (who had been waiting on board different steamers) went on shore and are now ready to open business. Whether there will be any difficulty with the Japs on shore remains to be seen, but so far everything seems favorable.

Jan. 2d.—To-day the Admiral made a grand inspection of all the American war ships and found a great deal of fault. He "gave it" to the officers accordingly.

Jan. 5th (Sunday).—The Rev. Mr. Goble, a missionary from Nagasaki, officiated at divine service to-day.

Jan. 8th.—As we heard that the Japanese were fighting near Osaka, we steamed across the bay to-day and anchored about seven miles from that city.

Jan. 11th.—This has been the saddest day of our cruise. Admiral Bell, Fleet Lieut.-Commander Reed and ten men were drowned by the overturning of their boat. By the last mail we received orders to proceed to Singapore and await the arrival of our relief. Consequently the Admiral was very anxious to finish this business here and return to the south. For the last two days it has been blowing such a gale that it was impossible to visit the shore; but this morning, it having moderated a little, the Admiral thought that he must attempt to communicate with our minister, and ordered his barge to be manned. He and Mr. Reed started for the bar, but the boat had no sooner struck the breakers at the mouth of the river than the barge was capsized.

The officer of the deck and I were on the poop of the *Hartford* watching the boat from the time she left the ship until she went over. We sent two boats from the *Hartford* and one each from the *Shenandoah* and *Aroostook* (four in all) to the assistance of

those in the surf, and, although they arrived there in a comparatively short time, they succeeded in saving only three men; all the others having perished. We then sent a boat inside the breakers to search, and at sunset they found the body of the Admiral and one of his men. It is still blowing hard, but there are two boats inside on the watch, in hopes of finding them all. The opening of the port of Osaka has been a very sad event so far, and it is to be sincerely hoped that no like accident may happen in the future. All the bodies were recovered afterward.

Jan. 14th.—Busy yesterday and the day before making preparations for the funeral. At 10.30 A. M. the boats began to assemble, and after lowering the twelve bodies in the launches, the funeral procession formed in three lines of boats, eleven in each line, and pulled for the shore. All the English fleet joined in the ceremonies, their boats occupying the left line. As the procession started the *Hartford* fired thirteen minute guns; and at our last gun, the *Shenandoah* began and was followed by the *Oneida* and the *Iroquois*—each firing the same number (thirteen) of guns, thus prolonging the salute and making it more solemn—if possible. At the graves the usual military ceremonies were observed and the Chaplain performed the last service. At sunset we saluted the Admiral's flag with thirteen guns and then hauled it down.

Jan. 21st.—Got under way and steamed out of the harbor of Hiogo, bound for Nagasaki. It seems almost incredible that we are really on our way home after so long an absence.

Jan. 26th.—After touching at Shimonoseki for coal we anchored at Nagasaki this afternoon.

Feb. 8th.—We left Nagasaki the 1st inst., and arrived at Hong Kong to-day after an uneventful passage.

Feb. 20th.—Since our arrival in Hong Kong we have been busy in preparing the ship for her homeward passage. But we had bad news to-day from Japan—of a war and trouble with foreigners. We are afraid that this ship will be obliged to return there instead of going home. It will be a great disappointment to us, but *if duty requires us to go back we have no alternative and consequently will do what our country expects of us with pleasure and alacrity.* [A noble sentiment—nobly expressed!—E. S. M.]

Feb. 21st.—Received orders to-day to get ready for sea immediately on account of the trouble in Japan. I suppose we will return to that country and await our relief there instead of at

Singapore, as we had intended. If so we will be detained almost a year longer. Yet it is our duty.

Feb. 26th.—The *Supply* sailed yesterday for Boston. All her people are perfectly happy at the idea of leaving this station and returning to the United States. We cheered them heartily.

March 5th.—We find that we will not be obliged to return to Japan after all. To-day we left Hong Kong and anchored at Whampoa, in order to get clear water with which to clean the bottom of our ship.

We saw quite an exciting engagement between three or four Chinese junks about two miles below us. Although there was a good deal of firing on each side I think there was no serious injury done, as they all sailed away apparently satisfied.

March 13th.—Left Whampoa yesterday and steamed into Hong Kong harbor to-day .It does seem that we will never get started on our homeward voyage.

March 19th.—A telegram was received to-day announcing that war had been declared between England and the United States.

March 20th.—This being our last day in China, we all went on shore in the evening and made Hong Kong "aware" of our presence.

March 21st.—This has been the happiest day I have spent in China. All the morning our friends were coming on board to say good-by, and finally at 2.30 P. M. we got under way and steamed out of the harbor, amid the cheering of all the men-of-war. All the sailors were in the rigging hurrahing at the top of their voices, and at the last cheer nearly every one of them threw his cap overboard, while some let fly from the mast heads game cocks, ducks, etc. I can scarcely realize that we are at last homeward bound!

March 31st.—After a beautiful run down the coast and islands we anchored at Singapore to-day, but were disappointed in not finding our relief ship, the *Piscataqua*, there, so we must wait for her.

April 18th.—The *Piscataqua* arrived to-day, much to our delight. During our stay here I visited the shore several times, but cannot say that I like the place very much.

April 23d.—At daylight we got under way and steamed out of the harbor, after giving the Admiral a parting salute with "full charges." This is "one of the days" to be remembered.

April 28th.—After touching at Anjiers and finding that it would

take three or four days to coal, our captain decided to make his way to Cape Town under sail alone.

May 20th.—Less than two thousand miles from Cape Town; we had an exciting race to-day with a large English merchant ship. At daylight she was abeam of us, standing in the same direction. All day each ship would try to get ahead of the other. We kept quite close to each other; first one, then the other would get ahead until dark, when the Englishman was five miles astern, thus leaving the old *Hartford* victor.

May 23d.—During the night we overhauled another English ship, and just as we got abeam of her, only about two hundred yards apart, the wind died out. We had hard work during the night to keep the two ships from fouling each other. At daylight a breeze sprang up and we kept company all day.

May 29th.—Our English friend, whom we came so near fouling on the night of the 23d, managed to poke her mastheads above the horizon once or twice for several days past, but we finally dropped her for good. To-day we passed another merchant ship, which increases our confidence in the old *Hartford's* ability to make a quick passage home,

June 8th.—After being buffeted around for several days by heavy gales—most of them "butt end foremost"—and having a breakdown in our engines, we finally reached Simons Bay this morning.

June 12th.—I went down to the lighthouse on the Cape of Good Hope. Had a hard ride on horseback for thirty-eight miles, but after getting to our journey's end we were amply repaid. We visited one of the most celebrated lighthouses in the world. It is on the extreme southern point of the African Continent. Standing just outside of the tower you look down a perpendicular height of eight hundred and seventy-five feet to the waters of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans beating on the rocks. Besides the grand view from this height we saw wild deer among the rocks, and ostriches.

June 13th.—Left the ship in the morning and galloped over to Cape Town—a distance of twenty-six miles, and back again in the evening. I had a splendid time to-day. Called upon several of my friends in Cape Town.

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This ends Philip's Journal of a Cruise.

CHAPTER XXXI

PHILIP'S OWN STORY OF SANTIAGO

PHILIP'S career, from the termination of his first three years' cruise on the Asiatic station, has been so frequently touched upon by the writers of articles forming part of this work that nothing more is to be desired except a chronological sketch of his professional advancement from that time down to the outbreak of the Hispano-American War.

On the return of the *Hartford* to the United States, Philip, after a brief rest, served as executive officer of the *Richmond* on the European station, December, 1868, to November, 1871. From September, 1872, to June, 1873, he was again executive officer of the flagship *Hartford* on the Asiatic station, and was then detached to command the old side-wheeler *Monocacy*.

Philip's genial personality made friends for him wherever he went, and from February 28, 1874 to 1876 he enjoyed a leave of absence from the Department as commander of one of the finest steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—having been commissioned a commander December 18, 1874. In July, 1876, Philip was ordered to command the *Adams*, but in April, 1877, a leave of absence was again granted him so he might take charge of the "Woodruff Scientific Expedition Around the World," an enterprise inspired by James O. Woodruff of Indianapolis, Ind., but which did not get beyond the advertising page of a popular weekly periodical.

Officers of the Texas When Philip Was Her Commander.

As this undertaking "fell through," Philip, in December of the same year, was ordered to the command of the *Tuscarora*, engaged in surveying the west coast of Mexico and Central America. He was transferred to the *Ranger* August, 1880, and it was while in command of this ship that he married Mrs. Cowan, of San Francisco.

Our benedict was detached from the *Ranger* October, 1883, and from April, 1884, to April, 1887, he was lighthouse inspector of the 12th district. From May, 1887, to May, 1890, he commanded the receiving ship *Independence* at Mare Island, California; having been commissioned a captain March 31, 1889. He commanded the *Atlanta* from December, 1890, to December, 1891, when he became general inspector of the cruiser *New York*, then building, and on her completion he commanded her until August, 1894. He served as captain of the Boston Navy Yard from August 24, 1894, to October 17, 1897, and was ordered to the command of the *Texas* October 17, 1897. Philip's appointment to the *Texas* and her participation in the events which led to the naval battle of Santiago have already been sufficiently detailed by other writers in this work, so we now have everything clear for the hero's own narrative of the stirring deeds of July 3, 1898.

PHILIP'S OWN STORY OF SANTIAGO

(From the Century Magazine for May, 1899, by courtesy of the Century Company)

Once in the weary days of waiting before the Santiago Morro, when none of us knew whether we were to lie there inactive for a year or to be blown up the next minute by a torpedo, a man came to me and said:

"Captain, I don't know about this thing of standing up to get shot at. I never thought much about the Peace Society before, but I am becoming more and more convinced that I ought to join it. The truth is, if Cervera ever comes out of his hole and begins throwing 11-inch shells at me, I am very much afraid that I *shall* be very much afraid."

I met this man again on that bright July afternoon a week or two later, as we lay off Rio Tarquino, watching the quiet surrender of the last ship of the Spanish squadron, with the decks of the *Texas* sole-deep in saltpeter from her guns, her forward upper works shot away, the marks of a Spanish shell in her pilot-house, and the fragments of another in her fire-room, but still able to flutter the signal "No casualties." He looked twenty years younger. His eyes were still bright with the joy of battle.

"Were you afraid?" I asked.

"I hadn't time to think about it," he replied.

His somewhat whimsical apprehensions had been born of the tension of waiting.

It is easy now to speak lightly of the blockade, but it made more than one man in our squadron hollow-eyed and fitful-pulsed. A less equable race could never have maintained it as did the officers and men under the command of Sampson and Schley.

Although this is intended to be a brief account of the battle of Santiago as seen from the *Texas*, I mention the blockade because it was the blockade that made the battle possible. The battle was a direct consequence of the blockade, and upon the method and effectivenes of the blockade was very largely dependent the issue of the battle. It was necessary to have always before the entrance to Santiago harbor a force of ships amply

sufficient to cope with the Spanish squadron, should it come out to do battle, and it was necessary to have this force so disposed that none of the Spaniards could escape, if that were their object, no matter what direction they should take. Unremitting vigilance by night and by day was an absolute necessity. Under the orders of Admiral Sampson, the blockade was conducted with a success exemplified by the result.

It was a terrible strain, that month of watching for what no man knew. For weeks hammocks were unknown on the *Texas*, with half the entire crew by turns on watch at night. Every one on board, from 'prentice to officer, met the arduous conditions cheerfully. Rarely was there an infraction of discipline. One night two tired boys were reported to me as asleep when they should have been awake. It was an offence punishable with death in time of war. I called them aft next morning, in the presence of the assembled crew, and told them that the safety of all depended upon the vigilance of each. They looked for sympathy from their comrades, but got not a glance. With a few more words of admonition, I sent them below in tears, knowing full well that never again would those two boys sleep on post.

That our officers and men bore up so well under this strain, when a trip to Guantanamo for coal was a welcome relief, and a bombardment of the Santiago fortifications a joyous dissipation, is a cheering instance that the American character has plenty of that dogged steadfastness which is more valuable to the doing of things than dash and brilliancy alone.

So, when the Spanish admiral at last made his dash to escape, we were ready—ready with our men, with our guns, and *with our engines*. Any one who intimates the contrary is mistaken, or is desirous of provoking

technical discussion which would leave the public, not understanding the exigencies of the situation, with the impression that there was somewhere a culpable laxness. The *Texas*, for example—I need not speak for any other ship—was churning a white wake before the first black prow of Cervera's squadron had fairly showed around Puntilla. Within three minutes of the time when the alarm was given she was under way at full speed and firing, with every man at his post. What more can "readiness" demand?

Cervera's sally had been so long expected that when it actually came it was unexpected. I, for one, did not dream that, after declining the issue for a month, he would come out in broad daylight. On the morning of July 3d our ship was in her assigned blockading position a little west of south from Morro Castle, which point was exactly fifty-one hundred yards distant from the *Texas*, then lying between the *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa*. The *Texas* was somewhat farther inshore than either the *Brooklyn* or the *Iowa*, the former being to the westward and the latter to the eastward of her. East of the *Iowa*, again, were the *Oregon* and the *Indiana*, while the *Gloucester* flanked the *Indiana* inshore, and the *Vixen* the *Brooklyn*.

I was half-way up the steps leading from the cabin to the main-deck when the electric gongs sounding the general alarm smote my ears with a fierceness that made me jump. On deck officers and men were running to their assigned stations in time of action, some of the officers who had been off duty buckling on their sword-belts as they ran. I heard some one cry, "They're coming out!" Glancing toward the Morro, I saw three wreaths of smoke blackening the blue sky over the hills beyond the entrance. It was just thirty-six minutes after nine,

The Texas Searchlight.

(By Courtesy of the Century Company.)

by our clock. The ship was already under way, headed in. From our signal-halyards flew the flags representing general signal No. 250, "The enemy is attempting to escape." Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol had been the officer on duty on the bridge, and he had lost no time when his quick eyes had discovered the signs of Cervera's sally. Just as I reached the bridge the foremost of the advancing Spanish ships poked her nose around Puntilla. As she swung around she fired, and almost immediately afterward our forward 6-inch spoke. The first shell fired by Cervera threw up a column of water short of us and between the *Texas* and the *Iowa*.

On each side of the *Texas* the *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa* were coming up with a tremendous rush. The dash of these two ships, as soon as the alarm was given, straight for the enemy, with cascades of water pouring away from their bows (the proverbial "bone in her teeth" of the writers on nautical matters), was one of the most beautiful sights of the battle. They seemed to me to spring forward as a hound from the leash. Farther east, the *Oregon* and the *Indiana* were also headed in, ready for business. From some of the ships fluttered the same signal that we displayed, "The enemy is attempting to escape." When so many hundreds of eyes must have seen the approach of Cervera at once, it is to the credit of all that none claims the distinction of having been the first to discover the sally.

The executive officer of the *Texas*, Lieutenant-Commander Harber, and the navigator, Lieutenant Heilner, joined me on the bridge, Lieutenant Bristol hastening to his post at the port 12-inch turret gun.

It was only a few minutes after we had seen the leader of the advancing squadron that it became apparent that Cervera's plan was to run his ships in column westward

in an effort to escape between the *Brooklyn* and the shore, before our heavier ships could get way enough to stop him. He afterward said that he had hoped to disable the *Brooklyn* if she showed fight, and to show a clean pair of heels to our battle-ships. In this he made two grievous miscalculations: one in the speed and state of preparedness of our heavier ships; the other, and perhaps even more vital, as to the deadly accuracy of American fire at long range. Before he had fairly found himself outside the Morro, the entire blockading squadron—*Indiana, Oregon, Iowa, Brooklyn* and *Texas*—was pumping shell into him at such a rate as virtually to decide the issue of the battle in the first few moments.

All our ships had closed in simultaneously. When we started we were nearly three land miles distant. The first range that I sent to our 12-inch was forty-two hundred yards. At a quarter to ten, or ten minutes after the alarm was sounded, the range was given to me as thirty-four hundred yards by Naval Cadet Reynolds, who was manipulating the range-finder on the bridge. This was for the Spanish flagship, which we could see was one of the *Vizcaya* class, and which we then thought was the *Vizcaya*. As everyone knows now, she was the *Maria Teresa*.

As the Spanish squadron steamed proudly past the gray-walled Morro and swung in seamanlike precision of column under the guns of Socapa, the scene from the bridge of the *Texas*, as the smoke lifted from time to time, was inspiring. A more beautiful morning we had rarely seen, even in those sunlit tropic waters. Scarcely a breath of air rippled the long-rolling green swell of the Caribbean. Over the waters the mountains of Santiago thrust their lofty wooded peaks into the unclouded sky. On each hand were our ships of war rushing to the fray,

at close view battle-scarred and begrimed, but at our distance glistening in the sunlight and majestic in their suggestion of irresistible power. The picturesque old Morro, which we had come to regard with feelings of friendship, or at least of good acquaintance, rose straight ahead of us, still flaunting the red-and-yellow flag.

The Spanish ships came out as gaily as brides to the altar. Handsome vessels they certainly were, and with flags enough flying for a celebration parade. "They certainly mean us to think they have started out, at least, to do business," remarked an officer near me, gazing at the huge battle-flags that swung from the peaks of the *Teresa;* "but perhaps they have some white ones ready for an emergency." It was this array, perhaps, which caused Lieutenant Heilner suddenly to look aloft. There was the old *Texas* pottering along grimly, without any insignia of war except the Stars and Stripes in its usual place at the stern.

"Where are our battle-flags?" he cried.

"I guess they won't have any misconception about our being in battle," I remarked, as one of our 6-inch shells threw up a column of spray that seemed to fall over the *Teresa's* deck. But he wanted battle-flags. "What's a battle without battle-flags?" he demanded, and hurried a messenger after them. The messenger returned with the information that the flags were in the locker and that the chief signal-quartermaster had the key. The signal-quartermaster just then was very busy and somewhat inaccessible, being at his post in the fore upper top. "Then smash the locker," said the lieutenant, and at last we got our battle-flags up. I don't know that the *Texas* fought any better after that, but the lieutenant was certainly happier.

The first shots of the *Texas* were directed, as I have

said, at the *Teresa* at long range, as we were steaming almost direct for the harbor entrance. In a very few minutes the engagement had become general. Every one of the Spanish vessels fired as she came broadside on, rounding the western point of the harbor entrance, and the whistle of shells passing over our heads became unpleasantly frequent. Occasionally I saw a column of water shoot straight up in the air, geyser-like, where one of their shells had struck near the ship, but, as nearly as I could tell, most of their shots had too great elevation and were passing harmlessly over us. I had altered the *Texas's* course to the westward, seeing that that was the direction in which the Spanish squadron was going.

Then occurred the incident which caused me for a moment more alarm than anything Cervera did that day. As the *Texas* veered westward, the *Brooklyn* was plowing up the water at a great rate in a course almost due north, direct for the oncoming Spanish ships, and nearly a mile away from the *Texas*. The smoke from our guns began to hang so heavily and densely over the ship that for a few minutes we could see nothing. We might as well have had a blanket tied over our heads. Suddenly a whiff of breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall, and there, bearing toward us and across our bows, turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the *Brooklyn*. She looked as big as half a dozen *Great Easterns*, and seemed so near that it took our breath away.

"Back both engines hard," went down the tube to the astonished engineers, and in a twinkling the old ship was racing against herself. The collision which seemed imminent, even if it was not, was averted, and as the big cruiser glided past, all of us on the bridge gave a sigh of

relief. Had the *Brooklyn* struck us then, it would probably have been an end of the *Texas* and her half-thousand men. Had the *Texas* rammed the *Brooklyn*, it would have been equally disastrous; for the *Texas* was not built for ramming, and she would have doubled up like a hoop. Few of our ship's company knew of the incident.

It was really the one time in the battle when I thought for a second that I should have to give in to that woman in Brooklyn who shook hands with me just before the *Texas* sailed, explaining that she was the last woman who had shaken hands with the commander of the *Huron*, that ship having been lost with most of her company immediately after the fatal hand-shake. I always wanted to fool that woman if possible.

This happened about a quarter to ten. The *Texas*, after having exchanged compliments with the *Teresa*, was thrashing the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* with her main starboard battery. They were then the second and third ships in line, the *Colon*, which was third in coming out, having drawn inside of the *Vizcaya*. The hottest part of the battle was at about this period. The *Oregon* and the *Iowa* had come up with a rush. Both, from their starting positions, came inside of the *Texas*, the *Oregon*, by reason of her superior speed, gradually forging ahead of us. We found ourselves warmly engaged with a Spaniard which subsequently proved to be the *Oquendo*.

The supreme disadvantage was the smoke from our own guns. It got in our ears, noses and mouths, blackened our faces, and blinded our eyes. Often for minutes at a time, for all we could see, we might as well have been down in the double bottoms as on the bridge. One had the sensation of standing up against an unseen foe,

the most disagreeable sensation in warfare. As the shells were screaming about our ears in uncomfortable frequency, I decided—for the sake of the men exposed with me on the flying bridge, as well as for myself—to go to the lower bridge, which encircled the conning-tower. There one could see as well, and some of the bridge contingent, at least, would have the protection of being on the lee side of the tower. In addition to the executive officer, navigator, and range-finder, I had with me on or near the bridge a corps of messengers. I found the messenger system more advantageous than the sole use of telephones and speaking tubes. For each watch-officer there were special messengers who answered the call of the officer's name. For instance, when I wished to give a direction to Lieutenant Haeseler, in the starboard turret, I called, "Haeseler!" and instantly a messenger was at my side. I gave him the message, and in an instant it was repeated into the ears of the officer. These messengers, mostly apprentice boys, I found in every case alert, eager and fearless. After the first few moments of nervousness, they entered into the spirit of the fight with a marvelous zest. I remember hearing one of these boys, a youngster, surely not over sixteen, in the very hottest of the battle, remark to another: "Fourth of July celebration, eh? A little early, but a good one!"

That we left the flying bridge was extremely fortunate, or providential. Within a minute—in fact, while we were still on the bridge, making our way down the only ladder—a shell struck the jamb of the starboard door of the pilot-house and exploded inside, wrecking the paneling and framing, and carrying away the after-bulkhead. Had we not gone below, the wheel-man must have been killed, and probably some of the others stand-

ing on the bridge. This was the first of the three times we were struck.

The *Texas* fired from her main battery only when a good target could be plainly seen. I gave explicit orders to that effect, and they were carried out faithfully. When the smoke lifted and the enemy could be seen, the gunners took careful aim and fired deliberately. It seemed better to fire a few shells and place them, than a great many and lose them. Had it been necessary, thanks to the improvements made in the turret appliances by Lieutenant Haeseler, we could have pumped a shell every minute and a half from each of our 12-inch guns. As it was, the men in the *Texas* turrets have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that the two big shells which did find their way into the Spanish vessels, so far as discovered by the official board of survey, were 12-inch shells.

There was credited to the *Texas* little or no confusion in any part of the ship at any time in the course of the battle, and no orders went wrong. Although most of the ship's company had to work, as it were, in the dark, they had been well drilled, and did their duty with mechanical precision, fortified by intelligent patriotism.

At ten minutes to ten, as we went to the lower bridge, the *Iowa*, *Oregon* and *Texas* were pretty well bunched, holding a parallel course westward with the Spaniards. The *Indiana* was also coming up, well inside of all the others of our squadron, but a little in the rear, owing to her far eastward position at starting. The *Oregon* drew up with the *Texas*, and blanketed her fire for a moment or two.

In the course of our fight with the *Oquendo* a shell exploded over our forward superstructure. The concussion lifted the bridge contingent off their feet. I

remember pitching up in the air, with my coat-tails flying out behind me, as if I had been thrown by one of Roosevelt's broncos. No one was hurt except Cadet Reynolds, one of whose ear-drums was split. Our port cutter was blown into kindling, the woodwork of the superstructure was torn to bits, and the ship took fire. But the *Texas* was ready for just such an emergency, and in a twinkling a score of willing men were playing the hose upon the blaze, regardless of danger.

A few moments later the Spaniards got in a luckier shot. A shell about six inches in diameter struck forward of the ash-hoist, and, after passing through the outer plating of hammock-berthing, exploded, the mass of pieces penetrating the bulkhead and casing of the starboard smoke-pipe. This shot, fortunately, hurt nobody, but it caused considerable excitement in the fire-room. Fragments of the shell dropped down there; the hammocks and portions of the sailors' clothing stored in the berthing caught fire and also fell below, causing such a gush of smoke in the fire-room that some of the men thought the ship had blown up. That there was no panic there, nor anything like one, speaks volumes for the discipline of the men and the efficiency of the engineer officers.

Soon after ten o'clock we first observed the so-called destroyers, and at once turned our secondary battery upon them. The *Iowa, Oregon* and *Indiana* also devoted their attention to the much-dreaded little craft. The hammering they got from the four ships must have been terrific. As we passed on down the coast, leaving the destroyers in the rear, we saw the *Gloucester* was pounding them to a finish at close range. The *Furor,* the leading destroyer, blew up with a crash that sounded high above the roar of battle. There was a great gush of black

Philip Watching the Chase.

(By Courtesy of the Century Company.)

smoke, and a sheet of flame seemed to leap above the tops of the hills under which the doomed craft lay. The men of the *Texas* have always insisted that this was caused by a shell from Ensign W. K. Gise's 6-inch gun.

About a quarter past ten the *Teresa*, which had been in difficulties from the moment she left the shelter of the Morro, turned to seek a beaching place. She was on fire, and we knew that she was no longer a quantity to be reckoned with. Five minutes later, our special enemy, the *Oquendo*, also turned inshore. The *Vizcaya* was then in the lead, with the *Colon* not far away and inside. It seemed to us as if the *Colon* were trying to shield herself, and that was undoubtedly the reason why she gave us so long a chase. When her sister ships were blown up she was uninjured.

At twenty-five minutes to eleven, as the *Texas* passed the *Oquendo*, that ship ran up a white flag, and I gave the order, "Cease firing." The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* were in the lead, the *Oregon* considerably farther inshore, hammering at the *Vizcaya* and the *Colon*. The two Spanish ships ashore were seen to be burning fiercely. We could see boatloads of men leaving them. The *Indiana* and the *Gloucester* went in to receive their surrender and rescue their survivors, while the rest of us pushed on after the two remaining ships. Then we knew that the battle, which had lasted less than an hour, was virtually over. But there were still two of the enemy's ships to run to ground. The *Colon* forged well ahead, and was running like a greyhound for safety, but keeping so far inside that she followed the sinuosities of the coast. The *Texas* followed the *Oregon* at her best speed, the men in the engine and fire-rooms working like beavers. The *Vizcaya* kept blazing away viciously, but the pounding she got from our four ships, more

particularly the *Oregon*, was too much for her, and in half an hour she too headed for the beach. At a quarter to eleven the *Brooklyn* was abeam of her, about two miles outside; the *Oregon* was nearly abeam, half a mile farther inshore; and the *Texas* was on the starboard quarter of the *Oregon* and about a mile in the rear. All three were steering parallel courses to the westward. The *Vizcaya* was still firing occasionally, and at fairly long intervals our ships took a well-aimed shot at her. We could see that she was on fire, and knew that her surrender was only a question of time. Just after eleven o'clock she veered toward the shore. The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* paid no further attention to her, but put after the *Colon*, which was scurrying westward at a great rate. As we drew up on the *Vizcaya*, a moment or two later, her stern flag came down on the run. There were colors still flying from her truck, however, and as she displayed no white flag, some of our officers thought that she might not yet have surrendered, and that the stern flag might have been shot away. But we could not fire on her, even if she had not surrendered. Flames were shooting from her deck fore and aft, and as her nose touched the beach two tremendous explosions in succession literally shook her to pieces. The *Iowa* having been signalled by Admiral Sampson to go in to her, I determined to push on with the *Texas*, to render assistance, if any were needed, in capturing the last survivor of the squadron.

That ship, wiliest of all the Spanish vessels, was making a great race for liberty. Something might happen to the *Oregon;* the *Colon* was supposed to be the superior of the *Brooklyn* in strength: it was very clearly the duty of the *Texas* to keep along in the chase, with all her energies. It gives me pleasure to be able to write

that, old ship as she is, and not built for speed, the *Texas* held her own and even gained on the *Colon*, in that chase. When it was seen later that there was no earthly chance for the *Colon* to escape, I shut off our forced draft, remembering the hard-working and gallant fellows in the engine and fire-rooms. In this chase but few shots were fired on either side. It was a test of engines, and not of guns, and we hoped to capture the ship uninjured.

For two hours this grim and silent chase was pursued over the smooth and foamless seas, under a sky of blue, and with a background of beautiful Cuban mountains. The *Colon*, following the coast, was in a trap. The *Brooklyn*, drawing ahead, made to cut her off at a point of land jutting out farther westward. The *Oregon*, nearly abeam, cut off any attempt to escape by striking out to the open sea. The *Texas*, in her wake, prevented her doubling. Hemmed in on all three sides, there was only the shore to choose, and the *Colon* wisely chose it. At a quarter past one the *Colon* surrendered and beached. The *Texas* signaled, "Enemy has surrendered." The signal was repeated by the *Vixen*, then coming up behind us, to the *New York*, some miles to the eastward, but was not acknowledged. The *Texas* closed in on the *Colon* a few minutes after the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*.

It has been asserted that Cervera would have had a better chance had he led his squadron to the east instead of to the west. He then would have had a clear run, with only the *Gloucester* in the way, and the only one of our blockading ships supposed (on paper) to be the equal of his in speed, the *Brooklyn*, away over at the westward end of the line. But he must then have reckoned with the *Indiana*, the speed of which was impaired, but whose guns and men were not; he would have run into the teeth

of the *New York*, coming up from the direction of Siboney, and the *Oregon* and the *Iowa* would have had as good a chance to go after him to the eastward as they had to the westward. For my part, I cannot help thinking that had Cervera been able to steam straight out, radiating the ships of his squadron from the Morro as a center, one or more of them, in the confusion that must have resulted, might have got safely away for the time. More especially would this have been the case had he sent his torpedo-boat destroyers in advance, under full head of steam, straight for our line of battle-ships. I do not think that the destroyers could possibly have lived long enough to do any damage to one of our ships. They would have been sacrificed, but they were sacrificed anyhow. The effect might easily have been, I conceive, that, with our ships blanketed in the dense smoke from their guns and not knowing at times whether their neighbor was friend or enemy, some of the Spaniards might have pierced our line and got to the open sea without material injury. But the reception they got, literally at the very moment of showing themselves, made it advisable to hug the shore and keep one eye out for a soft place to beach, where, if life survived the peril of shot and shell, it might not be snuffed out by drowning.

The Funeral Procession Leaving the Commandant's House in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

CHAPTER XXXII

CONCLUSION

AS we have already seen, Philip, at the conclusion of the Spanish war, served on sea duty a short time, and on January 14, 1899, took command of the New York Navy Yard. It was the pleasure of the writer to meet "Jack" Philip in the commandant's office of this yard, shortly before the admiral's lamented death. Philip was just receiving a sailor who had fought under him at Santiago, and whose splendid record really entitled him to exceptional recognition. The old tar evidently had ferreted out all the snug berths ashore and presented the list to Philip—any one of which, the gallant Jackie said, would suit him. It was a long list, including a position as page in the U. S. Senate, messenger in the Treasury Department, doorkeeper at the White House, etc. The Commandant patiently listened to the argument and having gravely scanned the list, laid it down and said: "My lad, you are too modest. Your record entitles you to something better. I would prefer to secure for you a Democratic nomination for Congress in a Tammany district, or a consul-generalship in the Diplomatic Service, or a commission as a lieutenant in the navy, or an appointment as Master of the Buckhounds to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Any of these would be easier for me to secure than the jobs you have asked for—I have, absolutely, no political influence!"

On June 30, 1900, Philip died at the Commandant's home in the navy yard. The funeral was attended by many of the distinguished men of the country, the interment taking place in the beautiful cemetery at Annapolis, near the Academic grounds where he had received his first training for naval service. His widow and two sons survive him.

L'ENVOI!

—o—

Years have gone by since together we trod
The deck and looked forward to fates fair and bright,
And now by old Severn, you're under the sod,
Loaded with honors. Old messmate, good night.

Grit to the bone in the face of the foe,
Fierce as the cyclone in hazardous fight,
Soft as the south wind for hurt or for woe,
Chivalric seaman, Jack Philip, good night.

"Don't cheer, they are dying. Thank God, we have won,"
Cries the soul of the man in the victory's height.
Faithful below, every duty was done;
Now aloft, like "Tom Bowline," brave captain, good night.

Good night, ay, good night, in the language of Time,
Its joys, its sorrows, its greetings or warning,
But in the fair dawn of a happier clime
God willing, old friend, I shall hail thee good morning.

J. C. P.

(*Philip's shipmate in the Wachusett.*)

—o—

THE END